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JOHN SHADOW OPENING THE COFFIN OF HIS MURDERED SON.

A YOUNG GIRL FROM THE COUNTRY.

BY VANE IRETON ST. JOHN, er of "The Queen of Night," "In Spite of the World," &c

CHAPTER XXXI

What is that shadow, 'mid the tombs, Which wends its stealthy way?

A DEEPER shade on the wall—a rustle as of gliding otsteps over a marble floor-and it was gone

John Lewis, the sexton of Thornton, lived in a

domy spot.

His house, in fact, was no other than a lodge at the door of the burying ground. His father and his grandfather before him had been sextons, and the house that mane refore him had been sextons, and the house that thelered him now, had sheltered them. Need we tell more of its antiquity—or say that the walls were rough and bulging, the windows queerly fashioned and rusty laking, the roof patched and straggling, the chimney-tacks uneven and tottering? Old Lewis was now a lone man.

His wife had been dead some years, and of his three hildren the only remaining one was gone to sea. But somehow or another, the sexton was far from

ng an unhappy man.

He lived upon memories; and as he sat by his fire and conjured up before him the dimly lighted past, he facied himself again young—again smiling at a suny face younger still, and happier, and blessing its owner for one of the treasures she had brought him only to see them fade away from her sight, and preher to the land of stars.

Upon the night we return to the hamlet of Thorn-ton, Lewis had come home to his cottage somewhat

The Holly Farm gossips had been under the in-fluence of a kind of torpidity, brought on, it may be, by the approach of winter; and Lewis had quitted the inn with a grumbling declaration that he should be as lively over his glass of grog at home.

So over this glass, and with his welcome pipe, Lewis sat by his wood-fire, which blazed and crackled merrily

up the chimney.

The quiet around was deathlike, but Lewis was used to this.

His cottage was, as I have said, near the large gate, with its quaint awning, and its bell to ring in the dead, and yet he lived amid a cluster of tombstones.

The early inhabitants of Thornton had not reckoned that posterity would die as well as they, and the burying-ground was so small, that it was necessary to encreach upon what had been a kind of ornamental ground round the sexton's dwelling.

Lewis had made no objection.

Lewis had made no objection.

As long as he could remember, he had been accustomed to death. Death had been his companion, his employer, and it had no terror for him.

Yet that sound startled him.

He was unused to the slightest noise in that lone spot, except a chance vehicle along the road; and now he had not noticed even a fortall

he had not noticed even a footfall.

Had any one approached, he felt sure he must have heard his coming; for the night was frosty, the ground hard, and, in that deathly silence, a pinfall might have been detected.

He rose and looked out.

All was still.

The moon was high in a blue, clear sky, studded with stars.

with stars.

with stars:

The tombs looked white, weird, unearthly.

Here a plain stone slab, here an iron-railed block of stone, here a tall pilaster, standing out in bold relief against the cold sky, here a mound of turf-covered earth to show how the head that rested there was humble while it lived—to show, too, how man strives to keep up after death the hollow distinctions of life. Clear away the headstones—break up your marble monuments—dig down two feet below and level the ground. Who, then, in searching shall distinguish noble from peasant—king from subject!

What are these headstones but tributes to regret—monuments to our own littleness? Do we not place them there in sorrow because our life is so brief? Do we not place there in fear lest the world

should pass by in its wanderings and forget us for

So old Lewis stood at his door and looked out

So old Lewis stood at his door and looked out
But he could see nothing—hear nothing.

"Ah!" he said, "I must have made a mistake.
However, I'll leave the door ajar and listen."
He half-closed it, and then, returning to his seat by
the fire, resumed his pipe.
Whether it was the soothing effect of the fragrant
tobacco or the cool night air, I cannot say, but certainly the old man closed his eyes and dozed.
From this he was roused by the rustle of feet, and
as he started he caught sight of the shadow of a
man's form on the doorway—deep, clear, unmistake-

man's form on the doorway—deep, clear, unmistake-able as it fell between it and the moonlight.

Alarmed and full of superstitious awe, Lewis sprang up and rushed out into the night.

There was nothing to be seen.

All was again still, hushed as usual.

The savion trembled

All was again still, hushed as usual.

The sexton trembled.

"This is very dreadful!" he murmured, as he wiped the drops of cold perspiration from his brow; "me an old nan, too, and all alone. I don't half-like it, an" wish I'd ha stopped at the inn I"

He looked fearfully round him.

"Yet I don't know," he went on, "as anybody would harm me. There ain't no good to be got by it, —an old man here like me, what has got nothing to be robbed of, and has done no harm to no one. Put on your hat, Lusy, and go and see what it is—that's what I say."

So, talking and murmuring to keep his courage up, the eld man re-entered his cottage, took his hat and a stout stick, and walked out along the broad path towards the church, never dreaming that danger was before him.

before nim.

John Shadow, it will be remembered, rushed away immediately after his interview with Madame Delaume, and took the train to Thornton.

He did not, however, go on to the Thornton sta-

He feared recognition, although few knew him; and it was not safe for him to risk it, engaged as he was upon a hazardous and doubtful enterprise.

Getting out, therefore, at Burnley Bridge, which was about ten miles from Thornton, he went to the inn, paid down a handsome deposit, and borrowed a swift horse.

the back of this, he dashed away at a speed along the frosty ground, nor stopped until the ivy-mantled spire of the hamlet church came in sight, boldly relieved against the starlit sky.

Here he descended.

Tying his horse to a tree, he entered the which he had six months before entered with the stranger from Australia, and proceeded to the spot where Madame Delaume had discovered the body of the expected heir.

he took from his pocket a lantern and a brick-

He must have been a bold man indeed who would at that moment have ventured to disturb him. His face was as pale as death, his lips trembled, his

He dug fiercely, despairingly, eagerly, as one would dig who was seeking the lost secret of eternal life on

At length he stopped.

At length he stopped.

The trowel had touched something solid.

Then he groped about with his hands, and took from out the earth a small parcel.

This he secreted in his pocket, and after shovelling the earth back and relaying the turf, went rapidly

Noiselessly along the hedgerows, scarcely dis-nguishable amid their shadows, crept the man of tinguishable crime; until he reached the moss-grown palings, near the entrance of the burying-ground. Over these he leaped lightly, and approached the

He listened.

Old Lewis was talking to himself, and through the keyhole John Shadow saw him rise and approach entranc

Shadow drew away, and concealed himself be the tombstones.

"Hang the old fool !" he cried. "At this moment I made certain he would be at the Holly Farm Inn.

When the sexton, therefore, left the door open, and started at the sound of rustling feet, it was John Shadow, who had entered, and purloined from behind the door the heavy bunch of keys admitting to all parts of the church.

Shadow took his way quietly over the graves, and

reaching the church door, let himself in. In his hurry, however, he left the portal slightly

He passed rapidly through the church, as one does knows his way, and reaching the altar, opened a which led into the vaults below.

door, which led into the vaults below.

All this time he had advanced almost in the dark,

with only the merest gleam from his lantern.

When, however, he entered the landing-place from which the staircase descended to the vaults, he allowed the full glare of the light to play on the damp stone walls and steps, and descended quickly.

Any man less bold than John Shadow would have

feared to proceed.

The air was cold and damp; the silence only broken by the echoes of his footsteps, and a dull dripping of water from the ceiling on to the stone

On reaching the foot of the steps he found himself

On reaching the foot of the steps he found himself in a broad corridor.

Along this were doors, each having a number, and the words "Family vault of," &c.

He stopped at No. 105—the family vault of the Conyers family—selected a small key from the bunch, and let himself in, closing the door behind him.

Drawing a long steel instrument from his pocket, he then proceeded to open the coffin, containing the body of the supposed heir of the Castleton peerage.

The lid was off.

Down upon the cold, pale face peered the fierce eves

Down upon the cold, pale face peered the fierce eyes

Dimly over the coffin-the dead and the livingdimly over the damp, recking walls, and the rugged floor, and the brass plates, shone the gleams of the dark lantern.

Fearfully, through the little window in the door, reered two brilliant eyes

And John Shadow sat down upon a coffin, and drew from his pocket the packet he had dug up in the

The first paper was a letter. It was signed "John Shadow." It was that he had It was signed

written to Australia, calling upon Ralph Convers to return to England.

Then there was a portrait.

At this he feared to look.

The back was turned towards him, and en it was written, in a clear bold hand—
"Portrait of my dear mother."

(Signed) HENRY RA
Then in pencil was added "Ralph Conyers." HENRY RAITEN. John Shadow waited a moment, and then, with a novulsive effort, as it were, turned round the little

And the Eves in the Dark still watched him.

CHAPTER XXXIL

My child—my child! he's gone for ever! Death is relentless—he doth sever Hearts which love as hearts that hate. Walter Scott.

HAD any one been above in the still church, or even in the burying-ground, he must have heard the cry which escaped from the lips of John Shadow, as his eyes fell upon the face on the miniature. It was the face of a woman. A woman, young—beautiful—with soft blue eyes

and fair hair, clustering in golden ringlets over arble brow.
"Heavens!" cried the wretched man, as he glared

on it through the darkness; "this his mother I the must be some terrible error. This is my wife—the mother of my Henry—what can if mean?"

He paused a moment.

n he resumed in a changed voice :

"But why should I alarm myself thus, for nothing.
The papers were changed—it is natural he should
make this mistake. Fool that I am! Why I was terrified as if I had seen a ghost?"

He placed the miniature in his pocket, and took up

the next paper.
It was scaled carefully.

On the outside was written—"To be opened only by John Shadow or Milton Conyers." With a trembling hand the man of crime tore this

In it was written the following memorandum: "Some day there may be a question as to the iden-tity of the two boys whom we now call Granby Saville and Henry Raiten. We have signed this paper, therefore, because, if we die first, there may be nothing to prove their identity. The one named Granby Saville is Ralph Conyers, heir to the Conyers property; he will be known by the week of he will be known by the mark of a double burn his right arm. The one named Henry Raiten is apon his right arm. the son of John Shadow, and the undersigned, Emily Florence Shadow. He will be known by his having lost a toe upon the right foot.

(Signal)

"EDWARD BARNETT.

"EMILY FLORENCE SHADOW." This Barnett who signed the paper was the man ith whom Mrs. Shadow had fied to Australia. Shadow leaped up—seized the coffin as if it had

been a feather—tore it from the shelf where it stood, and laid it on the floor.

Then he knelt down, and, raising the body, drew off with eager hands the covering which concealed the

One glance was enough.
With a cry like a wounded tiger, the man of crime

With a cry life a wounded age, and had of terms recoiled, and then bursting into a passion of tears:

"My son—my dear, dear son!" he cried; "murdered—murdered with these hands. Oh! God! This is not just—this is not just!"

So, in the blackness of his heart, he blamed the

Creator for deadly crimes he himself had wrought!

His agony was terrible—his rude, strong form, vayed to and fro like a broken reed.

It was the rage—the fearful grief of the wild beast deprived of its young.
Pity a strong man in sorrow, reader! for when he

ceps he weeps tears of blood! And the Eyes in the Dark saw him, and sympa-

thized with him, and the door opening, admitted the with well he knew that John Shadow was a criminal—

murderer; but he was a father, and his children And so old Lewis knelt by his side, and placed his

hand kindly on his shoulder.
"Cheer up, John Shadow," he said, "there is hope

The stricken man sprang up as if a serpent had

bitten him. "Who are you," he said, "who thus intrude upon my sorrow?

The place was dim and dark under the unearthly light of the lantern, and he could not distinguish the ce of the sexton.
"It is I, Lewis, the sexton, do you remember me?"

asked he. Shadow trembled.

What if this man betrayed him?

He seized him by the wrist. "Old man, you have done wrong."
"In what?"

"In what?"
In following and watching me—in listening at doors, and peering through chinks to discover my secrets. There is danger here."
His voice was hoarse and thick, and the sexton knew what he threatened.

But he was an old man—a very old man, and the rave had few terrors for him. "Let us sit down a moment," he said, "and talk."

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John Shadow obeyed. The man's fearlessness awed him.

The man's fearlessness awed him.

"Shadow," continued the sexton, "I too have had children, and they are all gone away—gone before me, as my wife has gone. I have a son—a brave and handsome lad, whom I shall never see again, for he's gone to see, and I'm too old to expect to be alive when he's back again. If your son is dead, grieve but don't curse Heaven. Let it be a lesson to you—let it soften wor heart." your heart.

your heart."

The convict laughed in bitter scorn.

"Soften my heart!" he cried; "why look you, old man. In that coffin at your feet lies a young fellow upon whose future my heart was bent; he was my hope in life—the one redeeming point in a character blackened by Heaven's injustice, was my love for that child. And he lies there dead—murdered—murdered by my had! Oh! don't shrink array. by my hand! Oh! don't shrink away—you heard it before, and you did not fear to come to me. Think you now I've reason to be softened?—think you not rather I've reason to curse the whole world, and try to revenge myself on it for the bitter, cruel misery I am doomed to endure for ever."

His words were bitter—terrible enough.

But it was not this which made the sexton tremble: it was the voice—the hollow voice in which they were uttered: the vehement expression, which showed they came from the heart.

So he answered not.

"Lewis," said John Shadow, "let us understand one another. You have heard te-night my secrets—you must pay the penalty."

must pay the penalty."

"What mean you?" cried the old man, springing up. "What, man! Would you add another crime to your long list of iniquities? Would you stain your son's winding-sheet with the blood of a murdered victim? I don't fear death, for I have done no wrong; but why should you destroy me?"

"Is it safe for me to let you go free? Is it safe for to move about the world, when I know that

another has my secret?"

The sexton shook his head solemnly, and laid his

hand on the convict's arm.

"Man!" he said, "I will preserve your secret. I will not take upon myself to punish you for slaying your son: let that rest between you and Heaven: if it be not already sufficient punishment to find that you have made so terrible an error.

"You swear not to betray me?"

"You shall go free, then. But remember, if you do prove a traitor, no matter when or where, my vengeance shall overtake you in its most terrible form. You know me well—I should be stayed by nothing." Lewis smiled. Spare your threats, John Shadow," he answered.

"Spare your threats, John Shadow," he answered.
"Heaven will soon release you from all dread of me."
"Come, then, let us restore things to their usual order," cried the convict. "Let no one know of this—let no one know by whose hand he fell, or who was his father. Let him lie here in peace as the heir to the Castletons, for no one shall, through my means, enjoy the wealth I meant him to possess, and to obtain which for him I perilled my soul."
Silently they restored to his narrow home the murdered man, and then, closing the door, they took their way up the stone steps, along the church, out into the night air.

But in the few moments preceding their departure the sexton had secured an invaluable document. While they had been talking, he had noticed that

John Shadow had dropped the paper signed by his wife and Barnett; and as they stooped to raise the coffin he grasped the document eagerly, and transferred it to his pocket.

Several papers lay strewn about the floor.

These, together with the portrait of his wife, the convict had gathered up and crammed into the coffin, which was screwed down so as to appear never to have been touche

At the door of the burying-ground, they parted.
"Farewell, Lewis," said Shadow, " if you keep youth you have seen me for the last time. My rever upon others for the bitter, cruel misfortune which has befallen me, will be a strange one: but one more effectual than open hostility. I shall keep myself out of the way; I shall conceal myself: and I then shall not be alone in my sorrow."

be alone in my sorrow."

With these words he disappeared.

Who can tell what were the feelings of this man as he crept away through the darkness—away, away anywhere, anywhere, for any spot in the world now was as full of terror and sorrows as another.

And yet his misfortune had not in the least softened

There was one grand triumph in his heart and that was, that others besides himself would suffer; others would know the terrible grief of losing a long-sought-

for child, others would have the sweet cup of joy dashed from their lips ere they tasted it. To carry out the plan he had formed it was neces-

to have money.

had exhausted all his resources and the re-

of more than himself, for the time had arrived when his plans were ripe for execution. his plans were ripe for execution.

But a man desperate and unscrupulous as John Shadow, is not to be defeated by ordinary obstacles; more especially if the obstacles are but those placed in his way by honesty.

The convict went back to the inn, entered the house, slept there, and the first train in the morning krought him to London.

He want straight to his chambers and inquired if Granby Saville was there.

He was

Shadow evidently wished to avoid him.

He therefore went away, entered an hotel close at hand, had breakfast, and returned in an hour.

and, has oreasses, and test stepped out.

Accordingly he went in, and looking himself in the
out room, opened a secretaire and took out a chequecok. Out of this he tore three blank cheques, which front room.

These, with a contented smile, he placed in his pocket, and then indicted a short note to Granby Saville.

"MY DEAR SAVILLE,—Circumstances have come to my knowledge which have proved satisfactorily to me that I have been working on the wrong tack. I have made a grand mistake—the greatest error of my life—and if you suffer from it, blame me not. Go on in whatever course you may choose for yourself, but hope for no more aid from your friend,

"John Shadow."

Then he visited the bank, drew some money, and eeded to Folkestone.

At the Grafton Hotel he ordered dinner, and aske the waiter about the boats to France.

The man walked to the window and looked out. "Well," he said, "it's very bad weather. It lo cloudy, and the wind is getting up. I doubt if the packet will leave to-night."

Shadow made a gesture of impatience. Shadow hade a gestive of imparation.

He despised those who feared danger.

"The mail must go?" he said.

"Yes; but it ain't bound to carry passengers."

The state that the count to carry passengers."
Shadow rose, too, and looked out.
The weather was truly unpropitious; but to a man bent upon an important mission, it did not present any decided terror.

"Certainly," he said, "it is unpleasant weather,

do not see any reason why the packet should ail. What time is that fixed for starting?"

Nine. "Good," he thought, "if money will effect any

thing, I will be on board the packet at eight."

He ate his dinner calmly, with the air of a man who is conscious of having achieved a triumph.

His great sorrow at the loss of his son was swal-lowed up in the pride he experienced at being able so thoroughly to punish others for his own self-in-flicted misery.

At seven o'clock he left the hotel, paying his bill,

and engaging one of the men to carry his portman-teau. At the shipping-office he saw the clerk, booked hinself without difficulty as a passenger by the Ocean Mail, and went on board at eight. There was a lullin the wind—the sea was calmer—the clouds a little broken, and the captain looked upon the coming

passage as a rough, but a safe one.
At nine o'clock the Ocean Mail steamed out of the harbour, and dipped down into a sea which was white with foam, and hoarse with the continued roar of the

SUCTY Waves. Onwards it plunged, beneath a sky which every mement became more black and threatening—strug-gling with a side-wind, which blew not steadily but in fitful gusts, plunging, rearing, staggering—trem-bling beneath the storm.

This in a pitchy darkness.

For the lights hung out were dashed from their holdings, and, rec they had left Folkestone three miles behind, the ship was drifting anywhere, through a sea

of blackness.

John Shadow kept on deck, in spite of the wind, which chilled his blood, and the sleet which blinded

He leaned against the bulwarks near the prow, with a rope twisted round his arm, looking over every-thing—surmounting everything like a spirit of the

Suddenly, when no one was prepared for it, there was a loud crash !

The Ocean Mail trembled and reeled backwards.

Then there was a plunge forward—another crash—loud cries for "help," and the timbers began to

There had been a collision.

And then arose into the dense air of that dark night the wailing cries of agonized human beings; the faint complainings of women—the shouts and the curses, too, of strong men.

With a rush and a gurgle, the Ocean Mail went down, and the place that had known it knew it no more for ever.

And with the wish and the words are the complex of the complex

And with the rush and the gurgle went John Shadow—down—down into the fathomless sea—away from the stormy waves and the howling wind into

the quiet deep.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A very rascal—a base—a base deceiver! Send him away—he has no home with me.

The débût of the Signora Constantia Ervelli, at Layston, was a brilliant affair.

The Layston theatre was a splendid building in

It had, in fact, been built by an enthusiastic coun-try manager, in rivalry of the London establishments, and was as well known in the country side as Mor-

timer's Folly as the Theatre Royal.

But as usually is the case, those who followed the unsuccessful manager reaped the benefit of his lavish magnificence; and to these, who had nothing to spend on decoration or re-embellishing, it brought in a comfortable income.

Constantia Ervelli had made a wonderfully-suc-cessful season in London, as we have said, and, anticipating an equal success, Sykes McIntyre, the lessee of the Theatre Royal, had inundated the town with bills, promising an unlimited treat to the towns-

people.

Of course he had "spared no expense; "of course the "scenery was new;" of course the theatre had been "re-decorated;" of course everything had been a unprecent the second of t done to render this the most attractive and unprece dented performance in Layston.
On this first night of performance, the theatre

crowded, and the applause which greeted the graceful actress and accomplished singer was deafening and universal.

The performance was over; the lights were out; the dingy coverings were placed over the bright velvet cushions; the audience had gone to their several

toushions; the augustee toushions; the augustee toushions; the portice lingered an old man.

Under the portice lingered an old man.

His face was expressive of anxiety, but not of sorrow. He had been rapt in admiration of his sorrow.

Augustee to the source of the sou sorrow. He had been rapt in admiration of his daughter's acting and singing; proud of her beauty, proud of the well-merited praise she obtained, but never for one moment doubtful as to her reception of

Presently the theatre-door opened, and a carriage drew up at the same moment.

Constantia Ervelli appeared. By her side was Signor Foscari.

Eagerly Burnett Crowe approached.
"Cicely, my dearest child," he said, tremulously, do you remember me?

She uttered a smothered cry—knew the voice, knew the face—and in a moment her arms were about his

neck.

The scene was dramatic.

Some stragglers collected—murmurs of surprise and loudly utterred suggestions were heard, and Signor Foscari was scandalized.

"Signora," he said, coldly, "if this person is a friend of yours, pray offer him a seat in my carriers."

Cicely did not observe the tone.
"He is indeed a friend!" she said. "He is my father!"

The signor started. He had imagined her father to be dead, and his recovery might prove fatal to many

a cherished scheme.

However, what could be do but appear friendly?

"Indeed, sir!" he cried; "pray let me invite you to return home with us. Let us be quick and escape this gaping crowd.

The carriage once reached, the horses started off, and in a few minutes had dragged them over the rugged pavement of Layston to the residence of

rigged pavement of Layson to the residence of Signor and Signora Foscari.

Burnett Crowe was very silent during the journey.
His heart was too full for utterance, and he gazed at his only ohild with an affection far stronger than that felt by the most ardent young lover for his mis-

When they reached the house, the signor, with studied politeness, introduced him to his wife, and they sat down to supper together, apparently the best of friends.

Burnett Crowe made little mention of his accident

"How different it has been with you, my dear child." he said: "while I, an old, decreptd man,

was wandering after you, thinking that perhaps you were in want and trouble, you were in the lap of luxury, with kind and considerate friends." The signor and signora acknowledged this compli-

ment by a smile.
"Kind friends, indeed!" cried Cicely; "they have "Anno Iriends, indeed!" cried Cicely; "they have made my fortune—they found me in poverly, and fear, and despair—they did their best to wear me from the memory of my sorrow—they have borne with me in a way only second to you, dear father—thank them for me." thank them for me."

Tears stood in her eyes as she spoke: they seemed

truly infectious, for Burnett's eyes were brimful, too.

as he answered: he answered:
'Aye, I do thank them—heartily, sincerely. They
be my blessing, and deserve that of all good

The signor and signora smiled again.

Their manner of smiling, however, was anything but pleasant; and, indeed, their faces seemed scarcely

adapted for joviality.

The signor was a middle-sized, wiry man, about five-and-forty, with black hair and eyes, and a dark, sallow complexion. His restless orbe flashed hither and thither with a baleful light, and his manner of speaking was quick, yet hesitating and suspicious. His wife was well suited to him, if we are to sup-

ose that opposites agree in married life. She was a broad, heavily-built woman, with a very

pose that opposition as the same of the sa her cheeks red and puffy, and her whole appearance that of an animal.

She had learned that diabolical smile, however,

from her husband, and copied it well.

After supper, Burnett Crowe retired to rest; as did

Atter supper, Burnett Urowe retired to rest; as did also Cicely, and the Italians were left alone.

"Well," said Foscari, with a bitter smile, "what think you of this new acquisition?"
The signora looked at him in languid surprise.

"What do I think of him? In truth I have

"What do I think of him? In truth I have scarcely noticed him," she answered.
"Batta I" cried the Italian fercely, "are you a fool that you do not see what will be the result of all

Probably I am a fool, Antonio," answered the lady, quietly, "and as you evidently appreciate my folly, why not always explain yourself distinctly, without troubling yourself to ask me questions?" Her husband laughed.

"Well, well, it would be better," he said. "I will ex-

vent, went it would be better, he said. "I will explain. This girl has hitherto been in the position of our own child; she is not bound to us by any legal documents. I did not see the use of them, because we were not aware whether the father was dead or not. Her earnings have been ours; and this old man can

come upon us and claim everything she gets."

The lady's eyes opened wide.

Before the introduction of Cicely Crowe into the world of music, their establishment and their means had been limited; but the wonderful success of their pupil had filled their coffers, and enabled them to launch forth in style. unch forth in style. Foscari was, as I have said, the man who introduced

to the opera the principal Italian singers, and of course had a good income. But his wife's tastes were exhad a good income. But his wife's tastes were ex-travagant, and as he kept a carriage and a pair of good

travagant, and as he kept a carriage and a pair of good horses, he required everything he earned. His ordinary pupils, and those not his pupils whom he introduced to the theatrs, gave him a share of their earnings, but the whole of Cicely's salary went into Foscari's pocket.

Foscar's pocket.

Naturally, therefore, the lady was astonished, and not a little alarmed at the prospect of such a loss.

"Dear me, Antonio," she said, no longer languidly,
"do you think there is any chance of such a misfortune?" tune

Chance!" cried Foscari, as if angry at the imchance: cried Foscar, as it saigry at the im-possibility of entertaining a doubt, "chance! there is no chance of its being otherwise. Why, the old man, if he loves his daughter, and is not a fool, will natu-rally desire to secure her money to herself; if he is a rogue, he will desire it for himself. So, in both ways,

we are left in the luren.
"He might be a fool." The Italian shook his head.

The Italian shook in Bread.
'No; he is the father of Constantia; he is no fool."
'But the girl is a good girl," cried the signora;
he will be grateful to us."
'Grateful!" he said, laughing; "yes, no doubt she

"Grateful!" he said, laughing; "yes, no doubt she would be grateful; but gratitude holds not out for ever, nor has it any stability in law. Gratitude is

good; but a parchment deed is better."

Burnett Crowe was not a fool; but he had no idea of treating in any way unfairly those who had behaved with such kindness to his daughter. Indeed he never had, for one moment, regarded her good fortune as likely to be of benefit to himself, except in so far as it might enable him to be always with

her, and relieve him for a time from the necessity of work, for which he was unfitted,

So when the Signor Antonio Foscari said, with a wave of the hand:

"My home has been your daughter's: let it be yours also!"

Burnett Crowe imagined that the Italian was doing benevelent action, and thanked him accordingly.

It was on the evening of the fifth day after Cicely's

debút at Layston that the Signor returned home with

We are in a pretty position now," he said to his e; "this old man will get us into trouble."

What has he been doing?" wife: "this old n

"What has he been doing?"
"I cannot tell. I only know that two men have been te the theatre, have seen me, and have informed me that they are seeking Burnett Crowe. They refused to tell their business, but it is of no pleasant nature, I am certain.

"Why do you assume that?"

"Because a policeman at the theatre recognized one of them as Masterman, a celebrated Bow Street

The signora's cheek paled.
She had a wonderful notion of respectability, a terrible fear of appearing "low" in the eyes of the world.

"Dear me" she said, "has the girl, do you think, been doing anything wrong? was that the reason, why she was hiding away, and was her story a mere fiction, after all?"

after all?"
The Italian thought a moment.
"No, no," he said, "that is not likely; in fact, it is impossible, since if it were so, they would have no difficulty in taking her as she left the theatre. No, this old man is guilty of some theft, and that is the reason he concealed himself."

When ?

"When he pretended to have an accident. It is

really a most unpleasant affair."

"It is," said the signora. "Yet, to tell you the truth, I am not surprised."

"Not surprised."

" Not surprised !

Fosoari recoiled in astonishment.

"No; I always fancied him to be a low fellow. He is ill-dressed. He speaks well, but he has no manners. He is not at all the gentleman. We had better send him away at once, before anything un-pleasant occurs." is ill-dressed.

The Italian paced the room nervously.

"It is very well to speak of sending him away," he said, "but it is not so easy as you imagine. Cicely loves her father, and will not see him treated as a felon. We leave this place the day after to-morrow, as you know, to fulfil our engagement at Foltham—we must keep him out of the way till then, and when we arrive there I must have an interview with him, and tell him that he had better leave the country."

"And the daughter? "Oh, she will remain with us."

The lady sighed.

"Your plan is very good, I dare say," she said,
"it seunds very well, but you've got to make the girl

The Italian ground his teeth.

"She must," he cried, "or be ruined."
At this moment there was a knock—a
tive knock, at the outer door. -a loud impera-

The husband and wife started.

"Suppose it is these men," said the lady, "where is the old man?"

"He is up-stairs, in Cicely's room."
"I will warn him, then he had better go at once

by the back way."

The Italian was delighted at this unwonted display

of energy on the part of his wife. "Yes, yes," he said; "arrange this quickly—they will search the house."

She left the room hastily.

Hardly had she done so, when a servant entered, announcing the arrival of two gentlemen on important

Show them up! " cried the Italian, savagely. They entered with all haste, and on being asked to sit down, one took a chair near the table—the ether,

close to the door. "If you have come here, gentlemen, on the same business as before!" said Foscari; "you are wasting

your time, I assure you."

One of the men smiled; he was a detective all over, as was indeed his companion.

"Perhaps not so much as you imagine?" he an-vered; "since seeing you, I have received a wered;

letter."

He said this impressively, but it took no apparent effect upon the wily Italian, who, drawing from an elegant secretaire a cigar-box, corred it to his annoyers.

They declined; he himself lit one and smoked. "This letter has given me further information!" continued the detective. "Burnett Crowe has been

traced to Layston-he is now in the town, and in this

Foscari smiled.

You certainly are giving me information!" he said.

"I know nothing of this man!"
"Furthermore," continued the man, "the Signor Constantia Ervelli, as she is called, is his daughter."
Foscari nodded his head, as if in quiet amuse

ens.
"And we have now," added the officer; "a warrant

authorizing us to search this house!"
"And pray, sir," said the Italian—this time with show of steraness; "on what occasion is all se and annoyance? What crime has been comsome show mitted by this man, whom you will persist in identify-

The officer took a paper from his pocket.

It was the bill offering the reward for the appreion of Burnett Crowe.

The Italian read it through.

"By Heavens!" he muttered; "this is too much Such a rascal as this is a disgrace to us. The gir must give him up, or, great singer as she is, she must go into the street. I can harbour no one who will ruin

"Gentlemen," he said, aloud, "you have a warrant—use it. I warn you that in this house you will find nothing, and that I shall make this insult and outnothing, and that I shall make that insult and our-rage, as I may truly call it, the subject of future pro-ceedings. Be as quick as possible about it, as I shall be glad to see the last of you."

Detectives are rarely looked upon with a kindly

They were used, therefore, to rough words, and

took no offence at this speech.

A thorough search was made; every nook and corner in the house was examined, but Burnett Crowe was nowhere.

length, disconcerted, crest-fallen, the officers prepared to leave,
"And now, gentlemen," cried Foscari, passionately,
have you found any trace of the thief?"

"No, sir, we must confess, none,

"Then go, and do not let me see you again.
Warrant or no warrant, you will not be admitted."
The Italian paced the room angrily, until Cicely

When she entered the room, he thrust the notice of reward into her hand.

"You see," he cried coarsely, when she had read it,
"Your father is a thief and a vagabond. You must
choose between him and us—between a splendid
future and beggary. I will harbour no rascals who
will disgrace me."

(To be continued.)

OUR CHRISTMAS STORY.

THE DARK DAYS BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

A STORY IN FOUR PARTS .- PART III.

CHAPTER VIIL

THE COUSINS.

AGNES MARKHAM and her cousin Bella were at their toilettes, and those charming little ceremonies which are proper to the occasion were receiving due and, on one side at least, devoted attention. It was the whim one sue at least, aevoted attention. It was the whim of these two girls, though the Gables was a large house, with plenty of spare bedrooms, to occupy one sleeping-chamber, in which, when they retired at night, they had a good deal to say; and when they woke in the morning, a variety of small feminine fancies to exchange and barrier.

fancies to exchange and barter.

This had especially been the case for some weeks past: for the approaching marriage of Agnes was a theme of never-ending interest. To a young, pure-minded girl, marriage is a mystery, to be approached in a timid, half-reluctant spirit, and yet not to be kept out of the conversation, when the new feelings and sympathies it awakens can be shared with a fitting confidant. confidant.

And on the eve of a wedding, there are so And on the eve or a weeding, there are so many things that necessarily give rise to remark, and lead the female mind to dwell upon the subject with an engaging fancifulness. All those drawers and those boxes are filled with the new garments for a new life. There is the wedding-dress, continually finding its way into the daylight, to be scanned and dwelt upon with advisting for the transition that the most of the second with admiration for the twentieth time! There is the bridal well, that is to hide the blushes and the tears; and the wedding-bonnet, with the blossoms that em blem purity—the blossoms that once in a lifetime, and been purity—the blossoms that once in a lifetime, and once only, have any real meaning! And there are all the other delightful items of the trousseass to be turned over, with a strange, wistful feeling, that somebow they are soon to lose a little of their sacredness,

and to meet that other eye which is not a woman's!

All these strange and novel sensations Agnes Markham felt in their deepest force; and Bella had not

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scrupled now and then to chide her cousin for little whims and fancies, that her own less impressionable nature had small sympathy with.

"My dear Agnes," she said, one day, when the bride expectant was blushing over her wedding-dress, and somewhat hastily consigning it to its sanctum, "why, you turn red at a mere piece of saik! One would really think that Greville was peeping through the

Agnes was silent, while her cousin to sed the ossily garment over and over, and indulged in similar rough play with other articles of apparel that need not be

"Don't, Bella!" said Agnes, reprovingly, but with a vain attempt to hide a smile that would steal over

her face.

"My dear Agnes," said Beila, "when I'm to be married—and I suppose I shall shall be, some day, like other people, you know—I shall have a grand reception in my boudoir, and half the county to admire my trousseas! I shall put it in the paper, 'On such a day, Miss Markham's wedding outfit will be on view! Come early.' That's what I shall

'Nonsense!" said Agnes.

"I tell you it is not nonsense, and I shall make you you'll be an old married woman then, you see—my chief exhibitor!"

chief exhibitor!"

They had many playful contests of this kiad; for Bella's delight was to tease and quiz her cousin upon little matters connected with the approaching ceremony. And on the morning after the arrival of the letter, and when the two girls were together putting the last finishing touch to their breakfast toilettes, Bella was as lively upon the engrossing subject as

But on this especial morning, Agnes was in an ill-humour for bastering; a black shadow had crossed the path that led to the church and the altar, and, for the first time since her love had been avowed, she was sickened by doubt, and affrighted by omens of dis

Gradually, the yearnings of her spirit towards her father—about whose fate there hung a mystery that had never been made thoroughly clear to her—had suffered the lessening influences of time. She had come to think of him as one irretrievably lost to her; and as for five years or more she had not heard from him, and a report had even reached England that he was dead, she must be excused for ceasing to think of him in connection with the new life she was about to enter upon.

But that well-known handwriting came to her like a message from the grave, and stood between her and Greville Markham with terrible significance.

Greville Markham with terrible significance.

All those bright wedding-clothes took a cold, scabre colour! All those tender hopes and trembling anticipations were chilled by one great fear!

And then ahe recollected that that letter had gone into other hands; that is the yielding confidence of her first love she was blind to what might be the outpourings of a father's broken heart!

No wonder that her great were red with the teach

No wonder that her eyes were red with the tears that had flowed fast in the night, and that Bella's voice grated harshly on her ear, and seemed to mock the

ad reality.

Timid as Agnes was, and subservient as she had mostly been to her cousin's bolder nature, she was not devoid of spirit when aroused by any great necessity. And after a sleepless night, in which her lover and her father had alternately occupied her thoughts, seemingly in vivid antagonism, she rose with a strong resolve to act for herself in the terrible emergency that had come upon her.

"Bella," she said, as they were leaving the dressing-room, "I must see Greville at once. I was weak and foolish last night."

"See Greville!" exclaimed Bella. In astonishment.

"See Greville!" exclaimed Bella, in astonishment.
"What on earth do you want to see Greville fer—at least, in such a hurry, and now more than at any other time ? "

The letter that he took from me I must have back gain. Bella stared harder than ever. What had come to

that mild, submissive cousin of her's?

"I believe," she said, "that that letter is burnt."

"Burnt!"

"Yes; my father thought it could only distress you, and so did Greville. And they took the wise course of burning it—at least, I know that that was their intention." intention

You are serious? " I am.

Agnes turned pale. "You are quite sure that what you say is true?"

she asked.

Bella was getting impatient of being questioned.

"My dear Agues!" she exclaimed, "I am not a witness, you know, upon my oath in a court of justice. You had better, as you wish, see Greville at once, and ask for yourself."

And putting on her most stately air, she walked the principal door, and behind this barrier, the dozen

wn-stairs.

Agnes lingered behind. She felt that that dark adow which had crossed the path to the altar was

growing blacker.

She returned to her room and sat down. Before her, complete in its delicate magnificence, was the wedding-dress. Bella had been examining it with a view to some fancied alteration.

view to some fanoied alteration.

Agnes deliberately took the glossy silk in her hands and folded it up. Opening the drawer, she put the dress carefully away, and then, with a great sigh, shut the drawer closely and locked it.

"If the letter is burnt," she said, "when will that dress be worn—by me?"

When Bella came up, all in a hurry, to see why Agnes had not followed her to the breakfast-table, she found her cousin leaning upon the window-sill, said looking out tearfully at the winter prospect.

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11. ed and looking out tearfully at the wintry prospect.
"My love," she said, taking her hand kindly and

dissing it, " you must not be so sensitive. Come

Agnes rose gently up, wiping her tears away as she did so; when Bella, pointing to the avenue that led to the house, said:
"Why, lack, Agnes! What do all those people

want here?"

Agnes looked towards the avenue.

The two sturdy men who had paid a visit to the Greyhound, accompanied by a dozen others, were coming to have an audience of the justice of the peace.

CHAPTER IX.

THE EXAMINATION AT THE "GABLES,"

Mr. VINCENT MARKHAM was seated at breakfast, discussing seriously with his son the events of the preceding evening. He was just wondering why the girls were not down as usual, when a heavy knock at the door arrested the progress of the coffee to his lips, and disturbed his morning meal with anticipations of

Some disturbance in the village, I suppose, last night," he said. "We shan't get over Christmas without a few broken heads to patch up. But they're beginning early this year.'

A servant appeared.
"You're wanted, air. I've shown them into the

What is it, Jarvis?"

Something about a man that's been killed, sir, I think."

Yes, sir; there was a man killed in the old chalk-pit, I heard, sir, this morning."
"Very well. I'll be there directly."

"Very well. I'll be there directly."
And the servant retired.
The justice of the peace took a sip at the coffeecup, and looking towards his son, said:
"Why, what can this be, Greville? Just go in for me; I'll fellow you directly."
When Greville Markham had left the room, his father took from his pocket a letter. He turned it over and over, and looked at it attentively. It was the letter that came overnight.
Somehow, when he heard the words "a man killed in the old chalk-pit," he connected that man with the letter he held in his hand; for he had read it, and he knew that the writer would probably be in the neighbourhood. He had controlled his feelings, however, till his son left the room; but then he grow pallid, and till his son left the room; but then he grew pallid, and

shifted nervously in his chair.

He tried to fortify himself by remaining quiet. a tred to forthy himself by remaining quiet. He sipped his ooffee carefully; but his hand trembled as he took the cup, and when he rose from his seat, he was utterly unnerved, and reluctant to face the business that awaited kim.

His confidence was not increased by the sudden and

his confidence was not increased by the sudden and hurried appearance of his daughter, followed by her cousin; both with inquiries on their lips. Bella stopped her mouth, however, when she saw her father's white face, and Agnes was silent.

father's white face, and Agnes was silent.

The justice sat down again, and tried to be calm.

"You're late, girls," he said, with a feeble attempt
at good-humoured chiding.

"Where's Greville?" asked Bella.

The justice was now fairly run to earth,

"There's a little affair—some trilling matter, I dave
say—that requires his attendance in the Blue-room,"
he said, hesitatingly; "and, indeed, mine, I believe,
also."

And with a wavering and agitated look, he left the

breakfast-parlour.

We must also leave the cousins to their alarmed re-

flections, and follow him.

The Blue-room was a large, square apartment, the principal furniture of which consisted of a leather-covered table, a large, high-backed chair, and several quarte volumes, arranged on rough book-shelves, within easy reach. There was a barrier, however, Estween the table and the open part of the room, near

men or so that had walked up the avenue were standing, hats in hand, conspicuous in front of them being the two sturdy visitors to the Greyhound. A snuffy old man, dressed in seedy black, and

A sunty on man, dressed in seedy mack, and wearing large silver-rimmed spectacles, sat at one side of the leather covered table, busily engaged in mending a pen, and now and then casting furtive glances towards the crowd at the other side of the barrier. He was the clerk to the justices.

He had smoothed out before him a sheet of foolscan aper, and was heading it with some legal formulary, then a side-door opened, and Greville Markham made

his appearance.

He leant down and spoke to the old man, and then taking his seat looked at the anxious faces that were watching these simple proceedings. He stared very hard at the two officers from London, and they, in return, stared somewhat hard at him, for they were used to a less homely way of administering the law. and they had a supreme contempt for the country justice's room, and indeed, for country justices in general. They were even unmannerly and irreverent enough to whisper to each other; and a sharp ear might have detected the words:

"I wonder what they'd say to these yokels at Bow

When Mr. Markham, however, entered and took his seat in the high-backed chair, and the countrymen pulled their hair, and scraped their feet, in humble token of recognition, the metropolitans were attentive, and even condescended so far as to make a seeming obeisance.

As men used, however, to study character and beerve the workings of the human face under solemn circumstances, they noticed that the justice was sin-

circumstances, they noticed that the justice was singularly pale, and somewhat unsteady in his demeanour. They specially made a note of this.

The examination now commenced; and the first witness was the village constable, who had hastened up to Manor House in time to give his evidence.

"I was called," he said, "this morning, about four o'clock, to the old chalk-pit."

"Who called you there?" asked Mr. Markham.

"Tom Hawtherne, here, and old Joe Stevens."

"And what did you see at the old chalk-pit?"

"Old Sam, 'the Badger,' as he was called in the

"Old Sam, 'the Badger,' as he was called in the

" Well."

"He was lying on his back in the snow, all but dead. I sent Ton Hawthorne at once for the surgeon."
"Was there anyone else there?"
"Yes-these two."

And he pointed out the London officers.
"What were they doing?"

"Smoking their pipes, your worship, and walking

Mr. Markham now looked at the two men, and asked them to state why and for what purpose they

"You're strangers, I perceive?" he said.
"Yes," replied one of them, with an assumption of aportance. "We're detective police of the A diviimportance.

The clerk took down their names, and the examina tion proceeded.

tion proceeded.

"W were down here after a party."

"A party?" said Mr. Marklam, anxiously, "Not the unf rtunate man you were found with?"

"No another party."

A something crossed the justice's mind that made him refrain from asking this "party's" name.

"Then how came you at the chalk-pit?"

"Because the party we were after had slipped us, and was hiding there?"

"Dis you find him there?"

"Die you find him there?"

"They '.e. 'slipped' you again?'
"Somenow he did."
The clerk here inquired of the village constable whether Old Sam was dead, and was answered in the

"And can you tell us anything of how this man met his death?" asked the justice of the detectives.

"We believe he was pushed back into the pit by

the party we were after."
"Believe!" said Mr. Markham, sharply, "that's not evidence!"

"We know that, your worship," replied one of the men, roughly; "but still we believe it." The justice took no notice of the discourtesy

"Then you've nothing else to say?" he asked.
"Nothing."

"Hum! you must be aware that this is a very suspicious case, so far as you are concerned. But who was it that despatched the two mea to the constable with the news?

"We did."
"Indeed!" said the justice, thoughtfully. "And you remained near the pit, or returned to it, to await the constable's arrival?"

Yes."

Mr. Markham was puzzled. This scarcely looked like guilt. There was only one course, however, to be pursued.

I am sorry," he said, "I cannot release you. You

must await the inquest."
The two officers looked exceedingly hard at each other. They were caught in a very tight trap of their own making!

At this moment the clerk interposed, and passed a very greasy-looking and dirty paper packet to the justice.

"This," he said, "your worship, was taken from the pocket of the deceased!"

Mr. Markham took the packet, and carefully opened it. The outer covering was all but falling to pieces, and the edges made by the folding were worn to holes. It had evidently been carried about for many years. The enclosure was very little better than the envelope; but, as the justice carefully opened it, a name was the content of the met his eye that shook his equanimity, and made his net ms eye that shook his equalimity, and made his face turn deathly pale. He recovered himself, however, in an instant, and then, carefully refolding the packet, sealed it closely, and stamped the wax in several places with his crest. He then delivered it to the clerk, and, rising, after some necessary formularies, dismissed the audience.

CHAPTER X.

OVER THE CHRISTMAS SNOW

WHEN Mr. Vincent Markham returned to his room. when are vincent marking returned to his room, accompanied by his son Greville, he found Bella and Agnes making a pretence of breakfasting. Agnes was vacantly stirring up something in her coffee-cup, and Bella was drumming an egg-shell into minute and Bella was drumming fragments with her spoon.

fragments with her spoon.

Greville was by Agnes's side in a moment. He disturbed the stirring by imprinting the morning kiss upon her unusually pale check.

"My darling," he said, fondly toying with her golden hair, and pretending to set straight what he was in reality ruffling, "you've slept so long that your roses have turned to lilies."

Acrose looked no and smiled faintly noon him. His

Agnes looked up, and smiled faintly upon him. His words seemed like sad music—the mere echo of yes-

words seemed like sad music—the mere echo of yesterday's vocal sweetness.

"Am I pale?" she asked, the old love saddened, lighting up her soft blue eyes.

"You have forgotten," he said playfully, "to look in the glass. A wondrous omission for a woman, you know! And for a lovely—"

"Greville," said Bella, sharply, "you want to cure Agnes of the pallor, I suppose. I'm sure your digestion will suffer from such high-flown complimenta—and before breakfast, too! Look at Agnes now!"

Greville did look, and he saw the roses in full colour. But the eyes that lighted them up were tearful.

"Come," said Bella, "it is time we changed the bject. What have you been doing in the Bluesubject. room ?

Greville was so far innocent of his father's fears as to treat the matter he had been engaged upon with

comparative coolness.

"It's a very melancholv subject," he replied, "and not to be talked of much—at least, out of school."

"But you must tell e," said Bella; "for I see by father's looks that it is something of unusual im-

portance."

portance."

The justice of the peace was musing. He had not resumed his breakfast since he returned.

"My looks, Bella!" he said, endeavouring to look unconcerned, and failing miserably. "You know that these things are always unpleasant."

"But not always so unpleasant as to spoil your breakfast or your dinner. Come, let me be the justice, and you the witness. I know how, well enough. Now, what is it? Has John Styles had his Christmas beef stolen. or William Nokes lost his wits at mas beef stolen, or William Nokes lost his wits at the Greyhound, overnight?" "Bella," said Mr. Markham, "do be a little

serious."

Serious, father? Why we are all so serious that one would think a funeral was in prospect instead of a wedding, and that, instead of to-night being Christ-mas eve, it was a solemn fast and thanksgiving, with the salt-fish all spoilt, and the eggs addled. Why, if we are to be more serious, we may as well be mutes at once, and stand at a door with red noses, calculatwhen the spirits will be brought out, and the cold beef be distributed.

Mr. Markham looked at his daughter reprovingly. He was not at all in the humour to encourage her

natural talent for raillery and banter. "Well," she said, "if you will be serious, so will I.

And the best way for us all to be so, is for you to tell
us what took you to the justice-room."

Her father shook his head somewhat angrily, and

rising, left the room.

"Greville will tell you, I daressy," he said; "but I have business to attend to, and must be excused."

Greville followed his father's example by leaving to table. He thought a diversion would be as well,

under the circumstances. to Put your hats on, and your cleaks, too, girls, said, "and we will take a turn in the park. Quie

you know. In five minutes I shall be ready."

Greville Markham went to the hall and took down a fowling-piece. He changed his coat for a shooting-jacket, put on a round hat, and, taking a cue in his hand, made a few random strokes on the billiard-

By this time, Bella and Agnes were attired for walking, and the three left the manor-house.

walking, and the three left the manor-house.

It was one of those bright, wintry days that make an English Christmas so cheery and enlivening. The wind had dropped, and blew only sharp enough to send a pleasant thrill through the veins, and to warm the blood into healthy action. The snow on the ground had hardened, and was orisp and pleasant to the feet, and upon the trees the white flakes had settled into bright crystals that glittered in the faint,

wintry sun.

The two ladies were dressed in suitable winter apparel. Their stout Balmoral boots, bright coloured petticoats, and close, warm jackets, with the smart hat and feathers "of the period," made them contrast adand feathers of the period, made them contrast sa-mirably with the prospect around; and as they tramped across the snow-covered path, escorted by the stalwart young equire, who moderated his strides to suit their circumseriled but springy paces, a more pleasant trio could scarcely have been found for a

pleasant trio could scarcely lave even found for a painter to put into a Christmas landscape.

Now and then a little appealing robin, springing from a tree, would slight on the snow a few paces before them and seem to wait for their approach, as though he wished to have speech with them, but was timid of submitting to an audience; and occasionally a blackbird, flying straight and swift across the open, would lend the contrast of his dark plumage to the

would lend the contrast of his data plannage to she cold, white picture.

At one of these Greville raised his gun, and the sharp report was followed by a bunch of black feathers tumbling over and over, till the little creature's warm blood thawed a small circle of snow with a crimson

Agnes burst into tears. The death of a blackbird

Agnes burst morning to her a tragedy.

Greville shouldered the fowling-piece without reloading it, and placed his hand about her waist.

"My pretty Agnes," he said, "why are you so sensitive this morning?"

Bella was indignant. She fancied that Agnes was acting a little; or, at least, if what she did was the result of real feeling, that that feeling was a trifle mawkish.

Give me the gun!" she said.

"Give me the gun!" she said.
She had not noticed that it was unloaded.
A thrush started from a tree at that moment, and
flew across the path before her. She pointed the gun
and pulled vainly at the trigger. Greville released
Agnes, and laughingly took the weapon from his
given."

'A pretty sportswoman!" he said. "You see a

girl can't be cruel!"

Bella was silent. She felt that she had made—
as her thoughts expressed it—a "little fool" of hevself!

""" than had you reached the ex-

They had now reached the ex-They walked on. then the park, and were approaching the plantations. To reach these they had to cross a stile, and a narrow pathway, descending rapidly, was be-

"Shall we go on furthcr?" asked Greville.
"As far as you please," replied Bella, somewhat ruffled

"What do you say, Agnes?"

Agnes suddenly brightened up. A feeling she could not account for seemed to impel her to cross that stile, and take the path before her.
"Let us go on," she said.

And they crossed the stile

They had not walked many paces through the wood, when a gamekeeper came hastly towards them. He touched his hat to Greville, and drew him

"There's a man, sir," he said, "in that hut yonder, that I took at first for a poscher. I don't think he's one now, but he's well-nigh dead with cold and exhaustion."

Agnes heard this, and a sudden fear came upon

her.
"Which hut?" she asked, coming forward, and

alarming Greville by her energy.

i "Just over yonder, miss," said the keeper. "Through the troes there, you can just see it."

Agnes started off rapidly in the direction pointed out. Bella and Greville stood speechlessly looking on at her unwonted determination.

Greville at last fairly ran after her, followed by the keeper, Bella remaining alone in the pathway.

But Agnes was at the hut first. There was no door, and the interior of the miserable shed was plainly exposed to view.

Half-reclining in one corner of it was a man, appa rently unconse

Agnes started, and passed her name measurements and, as though trying to revive some bygone remembrance. What was the meaning of the eager impulse es started, and passed her hand across her forewithin her?

She knelt down, and took one of the man's hands in her own. And as Greville and the keeper entered. they heard her sobs, and saw her looking into the dreamy, half-closed eyes of the stranger with wild and agonized emotion.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CHRISTWAS PIG.

The Christmas eve, and Crayfield, notwithstanding the singular events that had disturbed the quiet of the neighbourhood, was not at all inclined to give up the sports that had been promised it. The great barn, dressed up with white and pink calico, and the flags of all nations, was ready to receive its humble visitors, and the rector was preparing himself to hold forth upon Christmas topics. The toast and ale were forth upon Christmas topics. The toast and ale v being brewed, and the fiddle and the flute, in persons of their respective performers, were walking through the snow to the village rendezvous.

There were some few persons, however, in Cray-field, who preferred to spend Christmas eve after their own fashion, and in a more congenial atmosphere than the great barn afforded them; and these few persons found their way to the always hospitable shelter of the Grev-hound.

Mine host had done his best to make the place attractive. He had given out that on Christmas eve, a great bowl of punch—a real, unmistakeable wassail bowl—would be set on the table, at which every man present was free to repleuish his glass; while the great brass tobacco-box was to be permanently open, for all pipes to be filled at.

no wonder, then, that the "upper classes" It was of the village, the tradesmen, and the smaller farmers, congregated at their usual resort, in place of staying at home, or listening to the rector's Christmas dis-course; and that the parlour of the Greyhound pre-sented a very animated some some four hours before

There was another attraction, too, A fat hog was There was another attraction, too. A late log was to be raffled for on that night at the Greyhound, and this fat hog was grunting out his satisfaction at hav-ing forty members in the stable adjoining the ing forty hostelry.

It was about eight o'clock that the contest for this

fat hog was in progress, and the parlour was crammed with the subscribers. The landlord was seated at the head of the chief table, acting as secretary, and Diggles the wheelwright was checking the throws of the dice. The hog, in blissful ignorance of his contested ownership, was lying on his side, munching carrots, and accumulating lard for his lucky winner.

Wiggles the barber had thrown a very high number, and was watching, with fearful interest the luck of his antagonists. The thirty-ninth member had thrown, and still Wiggles was the highest, when the fortieth, who was Diggles the wheelwright, came forward.

"I'll gie ye five poond for the pig, Master Wiggles," id a voice, "and stand your chance o' losing it." Wiggles was silent. He was watching Diggles's

The wheelwright cast a high number.
"I'll take the five pounds!" said the barber,

Done, mon, and shake hands over it!" exclaimed the farmer.
Diggles threw another high number, and the farmer

ew terribly anxious.

The final cast came, and there was a squeezing of shoulders, and a leaning of heads over the table, to see the result. Then all the eager faces turned to-wards the farmer who had offered Wiggles the five pounds, to see how he looked.

Diggles had won the pig!
"Hooray!" exclaimed the wheelwright.
"Hooray!" shouted Wiggles.

"The pig be --" exclaimed the farmer. out a leathern bag, however, and counted

to the barber five sovereigns.

"Thou'st won 'em, mon !" he said, as Wiggles took up the gold. "But the next time I buys a pig in a poke, I'll eat him, skin and bristles!"

The barber, with the five pounds in his pocket, was

inclined to be generous.

"When that bowl of punch is out," he said, as the steaming liquor came in, "there's my money for

And he put a sovereign on the table.
"And mine, too," said the wheelwright, adding his Our former friend, Mr. Grumford, now rattled his hammer on the table. He had the steaming punch-bowl before him; and he was about to commence the

bowl before him; and he was about to commence the real business of the evening.

The first part of this business was for the company present to fill their glasses; and that being done, Mr. Grumford stood up and proposed a toast.

"A merry Christmas to us all!" he said; and forty the said; and forty the said; and some and the said of the said; and some and the said; and some said; and

glasses of punch disappeared down as

throats in an instant.

It was now quite time to call upon Mr. Hogben, and that gentleman, with proper bashfulness, at length consented to sing the first song.

"Order!" said Mr. Grumford, "Mr. Hogben will

sing ___"
" The 'Mistletoe Bough!'" put in Hogben.

"The Mistletoe Bough," repeated the chairman.
There was a very general clapping of hands at this
announcement, for "The Mistletoe Bough," besides announcement, for "The Mistletce Bough," besides being a popular song of startling interest, was sea-sonable. Mr. Hogben, too, when he sang a song of this kind, shut his eyes, and kept pressing his hand about the region of his heart, in a manner that was deeply sentimental; and on this occasion, when he got

At length an old chest that had long lain hid,
Was found in the castle, they raised the hid,
he paused significantly, with his gaze apparently
fixed upon some horrible object, and "a tear unbidden
trembled," or seemed to tremble, in his eye, as he
sepulchrally brought out the words,

A skeleton form lay mould'ring there In the bridal wreath of that lady fair.

Mr. Hogben, after this excellent song, ant down, covered with blushes and with glory; and then Mr. Grumford proposed another toast.

"Gentlemen," he said, rising; "fill your glasses!" The glasses were duly filled.

"The roof we're under!" said the chairman, who

was a man of few words.

Forty throats again received a pleasant titillation from the steaming punch, and then, in due order, came another song.

This was a comic song, with a good deal of "Hey down derry!" in it, and not much else; and when it had received due honour, the gratified landlord proceeded

received due moder, the granted mannora processes to return thanks for his roof.

The substance of his speech was that he should always be "most proud" to do what he was then doing; that he was not much used to "speechifying." doing; that he was not much used to "speechifying," and that he should conclude by returning them his

hearty thanks, and sitting down.

He had just done so, when Mary, the smart waiting-

maid, entered the room, looking full of concern.

"If you please, sir," she said, addressing hermaster,
"Joe's just been in to say he don't know what's the
matter with the pig! lie's turned quite over, and
groanin' awful! He've somehow got at the bushel of
carrots, and he's eat 'em all!"

At this news, Diggles started up, pale with appre-nation. So did Wiggles, and the landlord. They hension. all went to the stable.

all went to the stable.

There was the pig, certainly "groanin' awful," and showing the whites of his eyes, and gasping in the agonies of sufficcation.

"Bleed him!" said Wiggles.

"Bleed him!" said Wiggles.

Diggles took out his penknife, and made an incision in the unfortunate pig's ear. But the pig, taking this trifle of blood-letting as an earnest of the greater ceremony that he may have expected, gave one grunt more, and disappointed the butcher by dying off like a lamb."

"He's gone," said the landlord, "sure enough."
Gone?" exclaimed Diggles, incredulously.

"Aye, that he be!" said a farmer, who had followed them to the stable. "He's dead meat now, Master Digeles, and you'd better have the butcher to dress him at once, and pack him off to London for the cockneys. 'They'll eat him!"

Whether this 'cute suggestion was carried out, need

not be stated here, for matter of more general importiddenly aros

At the bar of the tavern was the village con-

Here's a pretty mess for Christmas eve," he said. "Squire's brother's turned up, and what the deuce is to be done? There's a warrant out to arrest him upon suspicion of the murder of old Sam!"

(To be continued.)

MORTALITY AMONG INDIAN SOLDIERS .- A soldier MORTALITY AMONG INDIAN SOLDERS.—A soldier might go through three battles of Waterloo with no greater risk of life than he incurs during a residence of a year in Fort William. Out of every thoxand soldiers quartered in Bengal, sixty-five die in the twelvemouth. And these not oid Quihyes, with clogged livers and shattered nerves, but picked men in the very spring and prime of life, sent forth from home sound in wind and limb, with open chests, and arched feet, and broad, straight backs. Of soldiers' and the straight backs. arched feet, and broad, straight backs. Of soldiers' wivesforty-four die yearly in the thousand; and, of their

ruy in Be men 1 portality a Bengal.

Id ice, and aughs to 1 nights to anstant are rerage to lat a hard hat he is I as Climate, гн

T WAS ! A love o vice, and a ing nothin Lynnwood I had n a country mas prese Pretty used to sa

within a r One da brought t the statio firm of H haste to down un could fall eleven, or "Yes, "Whe "He b

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" Certa the same priated to Lgot hot, and pressure " Mak Charlie. cried the The r

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we reach rain won might co apprehe we dash My co "By with fes toss off

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thing of iron into I look ture of borne it into my glowed pipes w force be I pull of the l I looke

miles of ten. "We panion. Goo matters

SETZIANSE MOULD OF SEES

children, eighty-eight in the thousand. The European emy in Bengal has, hitherto, disappeared in every remaids half years. This computation of course includes the men who have been invalided. The yearly mutality among the officers rises from nine in the dussand in London to twenty-four to the thousand in Bengal. The civilians, by dint of horse-exercise, call ce, and cool rooma, and trips to Simla, and furlengths to Europe, and (a better medicine than any) cestant and interesting occupation, keep down their scrage to something over seventeen in the thousand, hat a hard-worked official finds no lack of indications of the is not at Malvern or Torquay.—"Calcutte and that he is not at Malvern or Torquay.—" Calcutta and in Climate," in Macmillan's Magazine.

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

I was a locomotive engineer on the railway in

A love of adventure first led me to accept the ser-

A love of autenties in a tea the to accept the ser-res, and afterwards I became to like it. I was but twenty-four then—a little reckless, know-ing nothing of fear, and known as Dave Devil Charlie Lynnwood.

had no relatives in the world, save an old aunt in a country town, to whom I sometimes made a Christ-mas present, and to whose rambling old country-house went when a boy. Pretty girls I knew nothing about. I had no

Pretty garis I knew nothing about. I had no altachment, as most young fellows of my age have. I usel to say, laughingly, that if I had any particular passion for anything, it was Sultan, that grand old sysmi-engine, with which I could easily run a mile

within a minute.

One dark Saturday night, a little past nine, I had brought the train into the —— terminus, when I saw the stationmaster hastening towards me with a strange of leman.

gendeman.

Charlie," said he, "this is Mr. Hanbury, of the firm of Hanbury and Brothers, bankers. He is in great laste to reach L—— to night. There is no train down until Monday morning. Do you think you could take Sultan and manage to get him to it by

leven, or a little after?"
"Yes, sir, if you take the responsibility."
"Of course; we take all that."
"Yes, sir,"

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"Where is the fireman? Whistle him up at once."
"He has gone home, sir. His wife is sick, and I let him off from his duty to-night. I think I can, with the boy, do alone, if this gentleman has no ob-

"Certainly not," replied Mr. Hanbury, frankly, at the same time climbing into the narrow space appropriated to the fireman.

I got into my place, the fire was still glowing red-lot, and soon the steam-gauge indicated sufficient pressure to warrant our starting.

blake the best speed you can with safety, arlie. Good-night, and a pleasant journey to you, cried the stationmaster after us, as we whizzed out of

The night was dark and starless. There were thick clouds hanging overhead, and a sort of ominous calm over everything. The month was August, and we had every reason to expect a furious tempest before we reached our destination, if we did not run from under the clouds into a clearer atmosphere. A heavy rain would not affect our speed, but astrong west wind night considerably diminish it, and to make up for apprehended contingency, I gave Sultan full rein, and we dashed ahead like an arrow. My companion took a sort of triumphant pride in

"By George! this is exhilarating!" he cried, hold-"by George ! this is exhibitating! he check that in you his hat with one hand, as the engine sped on with fearful rapidity. "Joye's winged bird could not toss off the miles like this flery monster. Doesn's is ever even to you that a power like this must have something of life, itself, latent, about it, and behind all this interest of the check of the che ron intelligence?

"Almost that, sir."

"Almost that, sir."
I locked at the gauge. We were under fearful pressure of steam. No locomotive on the line could have borne it, save the Sulian. The red-hot air streamed into my face like the breath of a live coal; the furnace glowed blood-purple with heat; the valves of the pipes were almost sprung open by the imprisoned ce beneath.

I pulled the whistle, relieving the laboured snorting of the boiler, and just then we flew past the station. I looked at my watch. We had made the first forty miles of our journey, and it still lacked ten minutes of

We are doing well, sir, "I remarked to my comion. "I think we shall reach some time before

"God grant it! Young man, there are momentous matters depending on my being there in season. We tusiness speculators in mency are not always the

easiest-minded men in the world. We are, in a great measure, the slaves of fortune.

"Well, your shackles are golden ones. Only thirty miles remain, sir."

The great reflector on the front of the Sultan was glowing brightly—a steady, intelligent eye of fire—and illuminated the track for a full mile ahead, casting grotesque shadows of the trees across our path, and magnifying every insignificant shrub into a black giant, beckoning us on to our doom. All around, not pierced by the light, lay in a dense, palpable

shadow.

We were approaching the river, and a low, boggy tract of land, through which ran a sluggish, treacherous stream, spanned by a single stone arch. This culvert was not very high—the volume of water seldom rose so rapidly as many streams do—but it was broad, and above it there was a covering of gravel, two or trules feet deep.

broad, and above it there was a covering or graves, ten or twelve feet deep.

I had often scanned the culvert when I had gone past, and thought how the displacement of a single stone in that arch would doom a passing train to destruction, for the river was deep at that place, with a

struction, for the river was deep at that place, with a muddy, miry bottom.

We were getting near the commencement of the "fill;" I could tell by the quivering of the engine as it struck the unsteady foundation. The road there always shook under the weight of a train. I checked the speed a trifle, but Mr. Hanbury remonstrated. There could be no danger, he said—he would risk it; and what he dared to risk, I would not shrink from.

I glanced out of the front window. The light shed a steady glare far ahead over the straight track. Good

a steady glare far ahead over the straight track. Good

a steady glate far shead over the straight track. Good Heavens! what did I see? I strained my eyes so intensly that for a moment almost total blindness came upon me; then I made it out clearly. Far in the distance, just over the culvert out clearly. Far in the distance, just over the culvert a flaming torch was waving on high as if to warn us back; and beneath it, faintly outlined against the dark background, was the figure—yes, the figure of a woman, clad in some light-coloured garments.

I flew to the valves, shut off and reversed the steam, flung open the door of the furnace, and opened the throttle-pipe.

But our career was not checked. The tremendous momentum we had acquired—and we were running on a down grade, too—hurled us on. Another second, and we should be there; no human power could arrest

I could see the face of that woman, who was peril-I could see the face of that woman, who was perilling her life in a vain effort, distinctly now. It was white as death, and stamped all over with a lofty courage. The signal-light was waved frantically; her pale lips were forming themselves into a cry. I shut my eyes. Instant annihilation I expected, but I could not bear to go open-eyed—to see that noble woman beat into the dust before the hoofs of this releastless reaster. Happung dipty comprehended it. woman beat into the dust before the hoofs of this re-lentless monster. Hanbury dimly comprehended it. I heard him mutter, "All is lost!" and simultaneously we plunged on to the culvert. The Sultan shook in every iron sinew, snorted defiantly, leaped upwards, as it were, from the swaying, sinking track, and shot ahead. We were saved! But the solid ground failed behind us; there was a rumbling roar, rising high above the clatter and strain of the machinery, a crash like the availage of empite weaks and though the above the clatter and strain of the machinery, a crash like the rending of granite rocks, and through the murky air I saw the white dust rising slowly upward from the sunken embankment, and heard the dull, choked gurgle of the river, as it rolled over something it would soon swallow up.

And then we came to a dead halt. I seized the lantern, Hanbury laid his hand upon my arm, as he

"A moment's delay may be fatal. Go on; we have no time to return. You may save me from ruin if you

keep on!"
"Not to save you from perdition!" I cried, spring-

"Not to save you from perdition!" I cried, springing out.

A whole year of suspense was crowded into those
few brief moments of search before I found her. Indeed, I had hardly dared to think I should find her;
but, thank Heaven, I did.

She was lying, white and still, on the extreme verge
of the chasm, one hand still grasping the broken lantern, with which she had tried to apprise us of danger.

I sought for the other hand. It lay crushed to a I sought for the other hand. It lay crushed to a shapeless mass beneath a huge stone.

I seemed to have the strength then of a dozen men.

I flung away the great stone with soarcely an effort, and litted her up from her perilous position.

and inted her up from her perious position.

Her eyes flew open. The pain of moving her brought back her consciousness.

"Were they killed?" she asked anxiously.

"No; we are saved. But you suffer."

"I am not much hurt, I think."

"Can you sit up?"
"Oh, yes; it is only my arm. I shall do well enough."

A sudden idea had flashed through my brain. I spoke it out. 'You must have surgical aid. Unfortunately, I am engaged to carry this gentleman before eleven o'clock. I cannot leave him, neither can I think of leaving you. I must take you along, and get the aid of a physician

There was no false modesty about this girl.

There was no false modesty about this girl. She gave me a close scrutiny; her countenance said she was not afraid to trust me.

"Very well," she said; "do.as.you think best. I cannot cross the river to my home to-night, unless I walk back, and that I could not do. I think I must go n with you."

I lifted her into my seat in the engine box, and took

I fitted her into my seat in the engine box, and took off my coat to wrap round her.

And then we were off. During the rapid transit, she said but little, though from it I gathered all that I wished to know. Her name was Annie Greyleigh, and she was an operative in the factory two miles from S — River. She mostly lived with a distant cousin, who resided just across the river, and was accustomed to go there every Saturday night to spend the Sabbath. She usually took the railroad track because it lessened the distance. On that night, she because it lessened the distance. On that night, she had been detained in the mill longer than common, and when she reached the culvert found to her dismay that the track had sunken some feet. The continual friction of the water had worked some of the masonry loose, and the jar of a train must destroy the entire

Tired as she was, and late as was the hour, she felt the necessity of returning, and notifying the station of the condition of the road. But just as she had turned for the purpose, she heard the whistle of our engine. And she had remained where she was, hoping to be able to arrest our speed in season to prevent us from crossing the dangerous place.

If we had been running at an ordinary rate, her object would have been accomplished; but Providence

had seen fit to save us by nothing short of a miracle.

We reached L —— fifteen minutes before eleven. Mr. We reached L—fifteen minutes before eleven. Mr. Hanbury leaped off, and without the ceremony of a "good night," hastily departed I took the girl to an inn, and a surgeon was called. He pronounced her injury serious—a compound fracture of the wrist, besides a bad laceration of the muscles. A nurse was procured, her wound dressed, and I left her with the

attendant.

I did not close my eyes that night; I was too busy thinking of the sweet pale face of Annie Greyleigh. It was the first time a woman had ever kept me awake. I saw her the next day, and the next.

I notified Annie's relative of the accident, and a

week afterwards took the invalid home myself.

In the middle of September, I received a packet superscribed with my name in an unknown chirography. The contents sufficiently explained themgraphy. The c selves, though:

"Mr. Lynnwood,—By getting me to L.— in time that 20th night of August, you saved me the sum of twenty-five thousand pounds, which a fraudulent agent was about walking off with. Please accept the accompanying trifle as a token of my respect and gratitude.

Yours, &c.,

"B. Hanburk."

The "accompanying trifle" was Mr. Hanbury's cheque for two thousand pounds. My pay made me independent; but I knew that he could afford it, so I accepted the windfall, and was duly grateful.

I called several times to see Annie Greyleigh. She always met me with a blush, that told me better than words that the sight of my bronzed face was not un-pleasant to her. She convalesced very slowly, and pleasant to her. She convalesced very slowl would never be able to do hard work any more.

At Christmas, I went to see her. She was looking sad and downcast. The prospect before her was not a cheering one.

I took up her wounded hand.
"What do you intend doing with this, Annie?" I She smiled sadly. It is useless now. I am so afraid

She smiled sady.

"I do not know. It is useless now. I am so afraid that I shall be unable to get my living——"
She stopped abruptly. Somewhing she saw in my face made her hesitate.

"Give it to me, Annie. Give me the right to devote

oth my streng hands to you, henceforth, for I love you, Annie Greyleigh—love you, my darling!"
"But I am poor and crippled——"
"No more! I want you as you are. You more than satisfy every requirement."

satisty every requirement.

I made her mine that very month; and afterward, at her desire, I gave up my situation on the engine, and devoted myself to mercantile pursuits.

But I am not likely to forget that ride over the But I am river bridge.

WARLIEE INGENUITY OF NEW ZEALANDERS.—
perseverance and ingenuity of the Macries have much underrated. They are (says a New Zea letter) hard pushed for powder, but somehow

another manage either to procure it or else manufac-ture a substitute. The latest instance of their cleverness was discovered when a native woman offered a sovereign for a quantity of little brass eyelet-holes, such as ladies use in lacing. Inquiries were made, and it turned out that the Moories required them for percussion-caps, having found that the top of a comon lucifer match inserted in the centre of one of these eyelet-holes answered every purpose.

THE DETTIFOSS WATERFALL

THE grandest sight in Iceland, however, is not the principal Geyser, even when in a state of violent It is the gigantic waterfall of Dettifoss, which Mr. Baring-Gould so well describes. Henceforth, the Icelandic traveller will be sure to make a struggle to reach this spot, and behold the marvellous spectacle. The author has the distinction of being the first The author has the distinction of being the first Englishman who set eyes upon it.

The Jokulsa, the greatest river in Ireland, rolls finally over a mighty ledge of rock, and falls into an abyss two hundred feet in depth:—"The sight was so overwhelming, as I came out above it through a natural door in the dislocated trap-wall on the side of the river, that I could only stand lost in amazement. I the river, that I could only stand use in amazement. I have never felt so thoroughly the helplessness of man, when nature puts forth her strength, as at that moment when standing amidst the wreek of creation, in a waste and howling wilderness, where no grass can find root, nor flower blossom, above an awful clasm, into which the mighty stream plunges with a

roar like a discharge of artillery.

In some of old earth's convulsions, the crust of rock has been rent, and a frightful fissure formed in the basalt about 200 feet deep, with the sides columnar and perpendicular. The gash terminates abruptly at an acute angle, and at this spot the great river rolls

in.

The bottom of the abyss is invisible from the point. at which I am standing, and I have to move a couple of hundred yards down the edge, before I can see to the bottom of the gulf, and make a sketch. The wreaths of water sweeping down, the frenzy of the confined streams where they meet, shooting into each other at either side of the apex ing into each other at either such of the apex of an angle, the wild rebound when they strike a head of rock bursting out half-way down, the fitful gleam of battling torrents obtained through a veil of eddying vapour, the geyser spouts which blow up about seventy feet, from holes whence balsation columns have been shot by the force of the des water; the blasts of spray which rush upwards and burst into fierce showers on the brink, feeding rills which plunge over the edge as they are born; the white, writhing vortex below, with now and then an ice-green wave tearing through the foam, to lash against the walls; the thunder and hollowing of the water which make the rock shudder under foot, all stamped on my mind with a vividness which will take years to efface. The Almannagia is nothing to this chasm; and Schaffhausen, after all Mo efforts to give it dignity, is dwarfed by Dettifose.

ELECTRICAL PHENOMENA IN THE ALPS.-A party consisting of three Englishmen and a lady, with two guides, endeavoured to make the ascent of the Alps, on the 10th of July last, but when they had proceeded some distance they were prevented by a storm, during which they get into the middle of an electric cloud. Their hair emisted a hissing, crackling sound, as if it had been under the influence of a powerful electrical machine, and over their faces and bodies they experienced a pricking, burning consation. There were peals of thunder heard, at each of which the party received an electric shock, but no lightning was so The right arm of one of the party was paralyzed several minutes; the snow emitted hisring sounds; the veil worn by the lady stood straight out, as also did the hair of all of them; which looked so ludicrous that they could not help bursting into laughter. These phenomena lasted for about twenty-five minutes, and no evil effects were felt afterwards

A Sad Stort.—Some time ago a young lady who is most respectably connected, went to reside for a few weeks at an hotel in Liverpool. A middlered gentleman, a captain of a barque, was living the same place, and an intimacy seems to have trung up between him and the young lady. com the disparity of age of the parties and

at the same place, and any spring up between him and the yearing up between him and the parties and ether things, the intimacy seems to have escaped the notice of the other residents of the hotel. fortnight ago, however, the captain sailed in vessel, and the young woman left the place the protence of visiting some relatives, but were led to suspect that she had ith the captain. A near relative of hers olyhead, and found her there with one board his ship, but, despite all

it was discovered that she had taken a shawl with her belonging to a female relative, a warrant was procured for her apprehension on the charge of felony, and she was then brought back to Liverpool, felony, and she was then brought back to Liverpool, but no evidence being offered against her, she was discharged, her friends taking her under their care. She was conveyed home, but after remaining there a short time she managed to get away. It is stated that she went to Holyhead again, and there met with the captain, whose vessel was still lying at that place. During the late terrific gale, the vessel which the captain commanded was wrecked near Holyhead, and he and all the rest of of the crew were drowned. It is also stated that the body of a female, whose description answered to that of the lady in question, was found on the beach at Holyhead, and there is too much reason to fear that Holyhead, and there is too much reason to fear that she has been drowned also.

AN INDIAN DINNER-PARTY.

We had a dinner-party on the following day. I invited Otelne, Arkaske, the Nasquapees, who had arrived a few days before, Domenique, Bartelmi, Michel and Louis. I gave them fried pork and potatoes, fresh cod-fish, pancakes, and molasses, also tea and sugar.

Without thinking that our wild visitors were not accustomed to the ways of the politic world, I handed to one of the Nasquapees a canister containing about three pounds of lump sugar, in order that he might

sweeten his tea.

sweeten his tea.

He looked at the sugar, asked Otelne a question, put a piece in his mouth, nodded his head, saying, "Ho! ho! ho!" With lump after lump, he charged his capacious mouth, holding firmly on to the canister

canister.

He had got through about half a pound when the cook, a French Canadian, said to me "that Nasquapee's cating all the sugar."

I touched Domenique and called his attention to the Nasquapee. Domenique himself was so deeply en-Nasquapee. d with the molasses that he had not observed his gaged with the molasses that he had not observed his neighbour's partiality for the sugar, but as soon as he observed him putting three or four lumps in his mouth and grinding them between his magnificent teeth, he snatched the canister and upbraided him for his greediness. The Nasquapee laughed. Louis laughed so heartily he could scarcely interpret what the Indian said. It was to the effect that he

thought the sugar was his share of the dinner, but he had no objection to try the pancake and molasses. Domenique, with wise caution, helped him, but he found taking the sweet stuff up with his fingers rather slow work, and nodded his thanks to me with "Ho, ho, ho!" when I handed him a spoon.

After the molasses and pancake, he tried the pork d potatoes, and then the cod fish, finishing off with

and potatoes, and then the cod fish, finishing off with a handful of sugar which I presented to him. The other Indians having been accustomed to the proprieties of at least half-civilized life, behaved very well, abused the Nasquapee for his want of manners, at which he laughed, and said he would do better next time, but was not in the least degree abashed. He told Louis confidentially, after the dinner was over,

It has the sugar was very fine.

I gave him a piece of tobacco by way of dessert; he thanked me with another "Ho! ho!" and begged for a pipe. Having filled and lit it, he stretched himself sfore the fire, and looked the picture of contentment.

Explorations in the Interior of the Labrador Peninla. By Henry Youle Hind, M.A., F.R.G.S.

A STRONG MAN .- The last lift by Dr. Windship, of America, that we have heard of was 2,600 lbs., which is about the weight of seventeen men of ordinary size. The strongest European ever heard of was one Becka, a porter of Mayence, who would get under a cask weighing 17 cwt. and lift it up with his back.

TESTING POLISH LOYALTY.-The Russian autho-TESTING POLISH LOYALTY.—The Russian authorities have discovered a new mode of testing the loyalty of the Poles towards their oppressors. Public balls have been given at Ledz and Lublin, and the inhabitants have been informed that any of them who do not come will be regarded as suspected persons. Officials who do not bring their wives and children with them are to receive instant dismissal. with them are to receive instant dismissal.

ECLIPSES OF THE SUN IN 1864 .- Next year there ECLIPSIS OF THE SUN IN 1864.—Next year there will be two eclipses of the sun. The first will be on the 5th of May. It will begin on the earth at 9.30 p.m. of London time, and 126 deg. 56 min. of east longitude, and 1 deg. 23 min. of south latitude. It ends on the earth on the following day 3.3 a.m., in longitude, 130 deg. 25 min. west, and 20 deg. 9 min. of north latitude. The total eclipse will be visible only in the North Pacific Ocean, and it will be visible only in the North Pacific Ocean, and it will be visible. p.m. of London time, and 126 deg. 56 min of east longitude, and 1 deg. 23 min. of south latitude. It ends on the earth on the following day 3.3 a.m., in longitude, 130 deg. 25 min. west, and 20 deg. 9 min. of north latitude. The total cellipse will be visible only in the North Pacific Ocean, and it will be visible as a partial cellipse in a part of Siberia and the north-erramout part of North-America and the north-formular part of North-America and the north-of Australia. The second cellipse of the sun will be on October 39. It will begin on the earth at 3.31 p.m.

Lendon time, in longitude 100 deg. 14 min. west of Greenwich, and 6 deg. 25 min. north latitude. It will end on the earth at 6.30 p.m., in longitude 6 deg. 25 min. west of Greenwich, and latitude 19 deg. 25. min. west of Greenwich, and latitude 19 deg. 25. min. south. The line of central eclipse passes across South America between 20 deg. and 30 deg. of south latitude, and will also be visible in the South Pasific and South Atlantic Oceans. A partial eclipse will be visible for a short time in the United States and on the western count of Africa. at the first for a few moments after. coast of Africa, at the first for a few moments after sunrise, and at the latter just before sunset.

THE LATE STORM

M. Marie-Davy, who is entrusted with the meteorological department at the Observatory, of Paris, has communicated a paper to the Academy of Sciences on the great storm of the 2nd and 3rd of last month. He confirms the statement that it was owing to a cyclone coming from the north-western coast of Ireland, and

coming from the north-western coast of treland, and now continuing its course across Russia.

On the 1st inst. the meteorological map, constructed by means of observations taken at eight a.m., and telegraphed to Paris from every part of the French coasts, clearly announced the arrival of the clyclone in Ireland; its centre was about 60 leagues from the N.W coast of the island. On the 2nd, at 8 a.m., irs centre was found in the neighbourhood of Shrewsbury, south of Liverpool, while the storm itself was raging at Paris at 1 p.m., the barometer falling 781 millimetres, or 28-3 inches English. Shortly after, however, it rose again with as much rapidity as it had fallen. The tempest, therefore, which had been moving southwards, had been driven back towards the north. On the 3rd the centre of the cyclone had gone back to England, and was in the neighbourhood of York. From that moment it resumed its natural course, moving eastwards; on the 4th it was somewhere north of (hagen, and on the 5th it left the Baltic between Liban and Königsberg.

The centre of the storm travelled at the rate of 10

leagues per hour; now, as this is the usual rate of much weaker storms, there is no reason to believe that their velocity is independent of their violence.

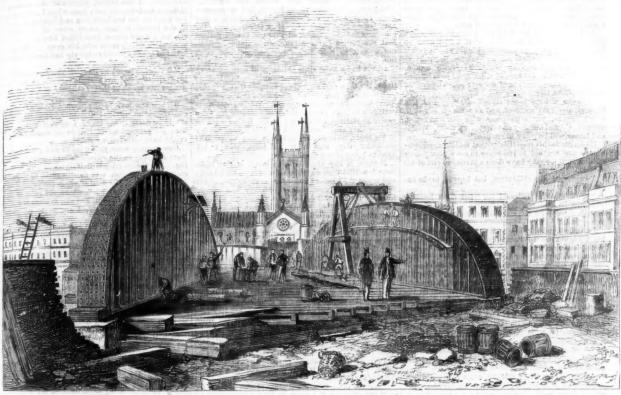
M. Marie-Davy, after a general review of the state of the barometer in Spain, the Bay of Biscay, England, and Ireland, says that, although this storm originated in the lower latitudes, other storms may be formed much nearer to our own; and that the knowledge of their point of departure must necessarily precede all attempts to explain the manner of their fermation. The study of the theory of tempests is still in its infancy; but every step in advance which telegraph may take on the Atlantic will tend to improve the theory, and render casualties at sea more and more court to available.

easy to avoid.

DEATH FROM HYDROPHOBIA.—John Merser, a boy of 15, living with his mother (a widow), at 111, Upper Frederick Street, Liverpool, died on Monday night, in dreadful agony, from the effects of the bite of a dog. About five weeks ago the lad interfered to prevent a dog from worrying his younger brother, when the dog turned upon John Merser, and bit him severely over the eye. The lad thought nothing of it at the time, and the wound afterwards partly healed. On Saturday last, however, he complained of a numbness and alternate pricking sensation in the region of the wound. His neck grew stiff, burnt when rubbed, and he experienced a feeling of choking. On Sunday night and Monday morning the more palpable symptoms of hydrophobia set in; he trembled at the sight of water, particularly in a basin, and implored his mother to re-move it. Towards evening he commenced to bark like-a dog, feamed at the mouth, wnd ultimately died in-dreadful agony. who gire brief bri

is tic

THE CIVILIZED INDIAN.—The first impressions of Nasquapees when they see the ocean are strongly exhibited by their behaviour as well as by the questions they ask. They gaze at it without speaking for some minutes, approach the huge waves rolling up on the sandy beach, and look long and wonderingly to the right and the laft. Stooping down, they touch the water with their finger, and tasts it, spitting it out quickly. They ask many questions about the size of the ocean, how far it is across to land, its depth, the kind of fish it contains, and whether devils live in it. After their curiosity is satisfied on these points, they appear to take no further interest in the matter. They hugh at the schooner sailing by, gaze with astonishment at the immense number of cod-fish which they see lying on stages on the beach or brought in by the THE CIVILIZED INDIAN .- The first impressions of



THE CLUDERS OF THE CHARING CROSS RAILWAY AT LONDON

CHARING CROSS RAILWAY.

Our accompanying engraving represents the works, when fast arriving towards the completion, of the great girder bridge of the Charing Cross Railway. This bridge crosses the principal entrance of the London Bridge terminus, and is the most expansive on the line. The length of the largest of its girders is 207 feet, and of the smallest, 176 feet. The height is 18 feet, and the width, 50 feet, and, notwithstanding the rapidity with which the work in all its several de-partments has been carried on, the great principles of security with accommodation, have never been lost sight of.

Captain Tyler, the Government inspector, in com-pany with Mr. Hawkshaw, has more than once in-quired into the condition of this line, and has recently tested the numerous iron road bridges that carry it from the Charing Cross bridge to the London Bridge terminus. The structures on that occasion were severally tested with weights equivalent to a ton per severally tested with weights equivalent to a ton per foot on each line of rails, the general average deflection being only half an inch on the centres and a quarter of an inch on the cross girders, the result being considered highly satisfactory. The iron-plate girder bridge at the London Bridge extends over a total span of 186 feet, and weighs upwards of 300 tons. The bow and string bridge over Southwark Street has a span of 132 feet in the clear. There is no other line in the kingdom that, within the short space of three miles, has such massive and masterly engineering works. The eviloders and pieze of the engineering works. The cylinders and piers of the structure were subjected to the severe dead weight, over all the 16 piers. of 1,200 tons, and this terminates

the Government inspector's experimental testing.

The Charing Cross Railway began to be used for public traffic for the first time, on the 14th ult., in the conveyance over it of the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Prussis and suite from Windsor direct to Dover. Though the opening of the railway has not yet been formally sanctioned by the Board of Trade, it is understood that the result of the careful inspection of the line by Captain Tyler was such as to justify him in authorising it to be used for this special purposes. The royal train left Windsor by the South-Worstern Railway at 6.30, passing through Waterloo station at 7.10. It then proceeded over the Charing Cross Railway, passed London Bridge station at 7.18, and theses by the South-Eastern line to Dover. Compared with the route usually taken by her Majesty's guests on their journeys between Windsor and Dover, there was a saving of more than an hour between the Princess of Prussia and suite from Windsor direct to

two points—a matter of no small importance in the month of December. By Reading or Wokingham, the journey would have occupied 3½ hours; whereas by the new route it was and will be performed in 2½ hours. without shunting.

WILHELMINA.

CHAPTER L

AT the age of thirty I found myself a misanthrope. I had tasted the pleasures of this world and found them like the "apples of the Dead Sea." But I will not anticipate.

will not anticipate.

I am the only surviving son of a proud, aristocratic family, therefore no one will know who it is that has passed through the scenes of exquisite joy and suffering I shall depict here. Not being the "eldest son" or possessing a fortune, society did not open its arms to receive me and welcome me, as it did my brother Harold, though he left college with no more honours than I—the grave student already wearied with the heartlessness of the world. I chose a profession, that of medicine; not that I had any particular preference for that, but I could not endure the wrangling of the bar, and for a clerical position I was not fitted.

for that, but I could not endure the wranging of the bar, and for a clerical position I was not fitted.

A small legacy from my grandfather's estate brought me an income sufficient for my limited desires. From boyhood I have had a dislike to meeting strangers, and often have I envied the ease with which some empty-headed fop could converse with those he met for the first time. the first time.

for the first time.

Nature was not lavish of her favours to me. My mother was a Spanish lady, and from her I inherited dark skin and eyes, but from my father my massive frame. I do not know what particular features rendered my face so unattractive, but it was so, and the consciousness of this did not give me case of manner. The village where I began practising as a physician was situated on the bank of a beautiful river, and

was situated on the bank of a beautiful river, and though it could not boast of much architectural beauty it certainly might of many pleasant places for both drives and walks. So thought the students of the university, whom I occasionally met in my rambles about the place, at least I should judge so by the exemplary perseverance with which they accompanied the young ladies of the village in their walks and wides.

I was personally acquainted with but very few of the young people of the place. The young ladies whom I saw at church were so gay in their dress and frivolous in manner, that I saw scarcely one among them whose

The students were, generally speaking, rather a wild set, and they neither sought my society, nor I theirs. I lived at this time as in a dream. My father gave me a liberal education, and I had spent two years in travel, but at this time he died, and my elder and only brother succeeded to the estate.

only brother succeeded to the estate.

One dreamy afternoon in early summer I took
a volume of Scott's Poems and a telescope, and
sauntered to a quiet spot on the river-bank,
where I often went to read, and muse, and
wonder why I was born with no one to love me, for wonder why I was born with no one to love me, for my mother died when I was an infant, and a sister's love I never knew. The day was bright and cloudless. I was reading "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," when, chancing to look across the water, I saw a small boat push off from the opposite shore. There was but one person in the boat, and he a slender youth I had seen about the village lately—probably a student. The boat was coming directly towards the spot where I was sitting, and I amused myself in watching his feeble oar-strokes, and the imperfect manner in which he managed the tiny craft, till he had nearly reached the shore, when, rising in the boat to wave his cap to some ladies whom he had left standing on the opposite side, he lost his balance, and, falling, struck the some lattes whom he had rely standing of the oppo-site side, he lost his balance, and, falling, struck the edge of the boat, which immediately upset. Though the water was not deep, and he was within a few yards of the shore, he was in as much danger, if no one had seen him, of drowning, as though he had been on the ocean, for I saw in an instant that he could not

If there was anything about myself of which I was roud, it was the strength with which I battled with he waves. I believe I could then have swum the 'Hellespont' to meet a "Hero."

A moment more and I was in the water, where he disappeared; when he rose I seized him, and almost immediately we were both standing on the bank, with the water dripping out of our hair and clothes, he pale the water dripping out of our hair and clothes, he pale as death, and I—well! the little adventure had startled me from my lethargy, and sent the blood coursing through my veins at a considerably increased rate. My sense of the ludicrous was always keen, and now, seeing him shivering, his clothes clinging to his person, face pale, eyes seemingly set, staring at me, his hair saturated and hanging perfectly straight, I fear my perception of the ridiculous got the better of my politeness, for I laughed heartily, and then said: said :

"Young man, you had better hasten and change your apparel, and comb your hair, for your health's sake, to say nothing of your personal appearance." My speaking seemed to arouse him, for he immedi-

Getting out, therefore, at Burnley Bridge, which was about ten miles from Thornton, he went to the inn, paid down a handsome deposit, and borrowed a swift borse.

wift horse.

Upon the back of this, he dashed away at a rapid
seed along the freety ground, nor stopped until the
y-mantled spire of the hamiet church came in sight,
sldly relieved against the starlit sky.

he dose FE.

are ne descenced, ying his horse to a tree, he entered the wood ch he had six mouths before entered with the ager from Australis, and proceeded to the spet re Madame Delaume had discovered the body of

ok from his pocket a lantern and a brick-

layer's trowel, and commenced digging.

He must have been a bold man indeed who would at that moment have ventured so disturb him.

His face was as pale as death, his lipe trembled, his

He dug fiercely, despairingly, cagerly, as one would dig who was seeking the lost secret of eternal life on

At length he stopped.

At leagth he stopped.

The trowel had touched something solid.

Then he groped about with his hands, and took from out the earth a small parcel.

This he secreted in his pocket, and after shovelling the earth back and relaying the turf, went rapidly

away.

Noiselessly along the hedgerows, scarcely distinguishable amid their shadows, crept the man of crime; until he reached the moss-grown palings, near the entrance of the burying-ground.

Over these he leaped lightly, and approached the

sexton's doo

Old Lewis was talking to himself, and through the syhole John Shadow saw him rise and approach

Shadow drew away, and concealed himself behind

tombstones.
4 Hang the old fool!" he cried. "At this moment ade certain he would be at the Holly Farm Inn."
When the sexton, therefore, left the door open, and

started at the sound of rustling feet, it was John Sindow, who had entered, and purloined from behind the door the heavy bunch of keys admitting to all parts of the church.

Shadow took his way quietly over the graves, and

reaching the church door, let himself in.

In his hurry, however, he left the portal alightly

ajar.

He passed rapidly through the church, as one does who knows his way, and reaching the altar, opened a door, which led into the vaults below.

All this time he had advanced almost in the dark, with only the merest gleam from his lantern.

When, however, he entered the landing-place from which the staircase descended to the vaults, he allowed the full glare of the light to play on the damp stone walls and steps, and descended quickly.

Any man less bold than John Shadow would have

feared to proceed.

The air was cold and damp; the silence only broken by the echoes of his footsteps, and a dull dripping of water from the ceiling on to the stone

On reaching the foot of the steps he found himself

On reaching the foot of the steps he found himself in a broad corridor.

Along this were doors, each having a number, and the words "Family vault of," &c.

He stopped at No. 105—the family vault of the Conyers family—selected a small key from the bunch, and let himself in, closing the door behind him.

Drawing a long steel instrument from his pocket, he then proceeded to open the coffin, containing the body of the supposed heir of the Castleton peerage.

The life was off. he lid was off.

Down upon the cold, pale face peered the fierce eyes of John Shadow.

Dimly over the coffin—the dead and the living dimly over the damp, recking walls, and the rugged floor, and the brass plates, shone the gleams of the dark lantern.
Fearfully, through the little window in the door,

peered two brilliant eyes.

And John Shadow sat down upon a coffin, and drew from his pocket the packet he had dug up in the

The first paper was a letter.

It was signed "John Shadow." It was that he had written to Australia, calling upon Ralph Conyers to return to England.

Then there was a portrait. At this he feared to look.

The back was turned towards him, and en it was written, in a clear bold hand—
"Portrait of my dear mother."

Then in pencil was added "Ralph Conyers." HENRY BAITEN. John Shadow waited a moment, and then, with a convulsive effort, as it were, turned round the little miniature. And the Eyes in the Dark still watched him.

CHAPTER XXXIL

My child.—my child! be's gone for ever! Death is reientions—he dosn sever Hearts which love as bearm that hate.

HAD any one been above in the still church, or even

HAD any one been above in the still charge, or even in the burying-ground, he must have heard the cry which escaped from the lips of John Shadow, as his eyes fell upon the face on the miniature.

It was the face of a woman.

A woman, young—beautiful—with soft blue eyes and fair hair, clustering in golden ringlets over a

rbis brow.
Heavens!" cried the wretched man, as he glared "neavens!" cried the wretened man, as ne gared on it though the darkness; "this his mother! It must be some terrible error. This is my wife—the mother of my Henry—what can it mean?"

He pansed a moment.

Then he resumed in a changed voice:

"But why should I alarm myself thus, for nothing.
The papers were changed—it is natural he should
make this mistake. Fool that I am! Why I was rrified as if I had seen a ghost?"

He placed the miniature in his pocket, and took up

the next paper.
It was sealed carefully.

On the outside was written—"To be opened only by John Shadow or Milton Conyers."

With a trembling hand the man of crime tore this

In it was written the following memorandum:

Some day there may be a question as to the iden tity of the two boys whom we now call Granby Saville and Henry Raiten. We have signed this poper, therefore, because, if we die first, there may be nothing to prove their identity. The one named Granby Saville is Ralph Conyers, heir to the Conyers pro-Conyers pro-Saville is Raina Conyers, near to the Conyers property; he will be known by the mark of a deable burn upon his right arm. The one named Henry Raiten is the son of John Shadow, and the undersigned, Emily Florence Shadow. He will be known by his having lost a toe upon the right foot.

(Signed) "EDWARD BARNETT.

(Signed) "EMILT FLORENCE SHADOW."

This Barnett who signed the paper was the man with whom Mrs. Shadow had fled to Australia. (Signed)

Shadow leaped up—seized the coffin as if it had en a feather—tore it from the shelf where it stood,

and laid it on the floor.

Then he knelt down, and, raising the body, drew with eager hands the covering which concealed

cet.

One glance was enough.

With a cry like a wounded tiger, the man of crime ecolled, and then bursting into a passion of tears:

"My son—my dear, dear son!" he cried; "murlered—murdered with these hands. Oh! God! This snot just—this is not just!" So, in the blackness of his heart, he blamed the

reator for deadly crimes he himself had wrought!
His agony was terrible—his rude, strong form,
wayed to and fro like a broken reed.
It was the rage—the fearful grief of the wild beast

leprived of its young.
Pity a strong man in sorrow, reader! for when he veeps he weeps tears of blood!

And the Eyes in the Dark saw him, and sympa-thized with him, and the door opening, admitted the exton.

Well he knew that John Shadow was a criminala murderer; but he was a father, and his children were dead.

And so old Lewis knelt by his side, and placed his hand kindly on his shoulder.
"Cheer up, John Shadow," he said, "there is hope

The stricken man sprang up as if a serpent had

bitten him.
"Who are you," he said, "who thus intrude upon my sorrow?

ne place was dim and dark under the unearthly the lantern, and he could not distinguish the

of the sexton.

It is I, Lewis, the sexton, do you remember me?" asked he.

Shadow trembled.

What if this man betrayed him? He seized him by the wrist.
"Old man, you have done wrong."
"In what?"

"In what?"
"In following and watching me—in listening at doors, and peering through chinks to discover my secrets. There is danger here."
His voice was hoarse and thick, and the sexton knew what he threatened.

But he was an old man—a very old sea, and as grave ined few terrors for him.

"Let us eit down a mound," he said, "and talk."
John Shadow obeyed.

The man's fearlaneous swed him.

"Shadow," continued the sexten, "I too have led oblideren, and they are all gene away—as believed handsome lad, whom Labad never see again, fee his gone to sea, and I'm too did to expect to be always he's back again. If your son is dead, grieve he day curse Heaven. Let it be a busion to you—ist it also your heart." our beart.

The convict laughed in bitter corn.

"Bofton my heart!" he cried; "way look yes, et man. In that coffin at your feet lies a young feller upon whose future my heart was beat; he was phope in life—the one redeening point in a channel blackened by Hoaven's injustice, was my love for the child. And he lies there dead—merderel—serviced by my hand! Oh! don't shrink away—you head it before, and you did not fear to come to me. Think yes now I've reason to be softened?—think you not rake I've reason to curse the whole world, and try to revenge myself on it for the bitter, cruel misery I su doomed to endure for even."

His words were bitter—terrible coough.
But it was not this which made the sexton trealistit was the voice—the hollow voice in which they were uttered: the volcement expression, which showed they came from the heart.

So he answered not.

Work users from the heart.

So he answered not.

"Lewis," said John Shadow, "letus understanders another. You have heard to-night my screet-ju must pay the pedalty."

"What mean you?" cried the old man, springing up. "What, man! Would you add another crise to your long list of iniquities? Would you sain you your long list of iniquities? Would you sain you sain?" winding-sheet with the blood of a murismi son's winding-sheet with the blood of a murismi

victim? I don't fear death, for I have some no wrag: but why should you destroy me?"

"Is it safe for me to let you go free? Is it als for me to move about the world, when I know the another has my secret?"

The sexton shook his head solemnly, and laid his

hand on the convict's arm.
"Man!" he said, "I will preserve your se man: he said, "I will preserve your sernt. I will not take upon myself to punish you fee slaving your son: let that rest between you and Heaven: it be not already sufficient punishment to find that you have made so terrible an error."

"You swear not to betray me?"

"I do."

"You shall go free, then. But remember, if you's prove a traitor, no matter when or where, my re-geance shall overtake you in its most terrible ton. You know me well—I should be stayed by nothing."

Lewis smiled. "Spare your threats, John Shadow," he answer Heaven will soon release you from all dread of m

"Come, then, let us restore things to their us order," cried the convict. "Let no one know of this let no one know by whose hand he fell, or who whis father. Let him ile here in peace as the heir tol Castletons, for no one shall, through my mean, sai

the wealth I meant him to possess, and to obtain wish for him I perilled my soul."

Silently they restored to his narrow home the medered man, and then, closing the dcor, they took the way up the stone steps, along the church, out into in night air.

But in the few moments preceding their departs the sexton had secured an invaluable document. While they had been talking, he had noticed its John Shadow had dropped the paper signed by its wife and Barnett; and as they stooped to raise its coffin he grasped the document eagerly, and transfer

it to his pocket.

Several papers lay strewn about the floor.

These, together with the portrait of his wif, is convict had gathered up and erammed into the officers are to annear new which was screwed down so as to appear as have been touched.

have been touched.

At the door of the burying-ground, they paried.

"Farewell, Levis," said Shadow, "if you keep wonth you have seen me for the last time. My reraupon others for the bitter, cruel misfortune which is the same way to the more distributed by the same way and the memoral way. upon others for the bitter, cruei mistorium which befallen me, will be a strange one: but one more that than open hostility. I shall keep myself out the way; I shall conceal myself: and I then shall shall be alone in my sorrow."

With the small the discussion of the shall sha

With these words he disappeared.
Who can tell what were the feelings of this man he crept away through the darkness—away, any where, anywhere, for any spot in the world aw was as full of terror and sorrows as another.
And yet his misfortune had not in the least solicil him.

There was one grand triumph in his heart and is was, that others besides himself would suffer; other would know the terrible grief of losing a long-sough no especia a his way by The convi-less along the less along the l nat room, o he filled up.
These, with socket, and serile.

"MY DEAL

to my knowle ne that I have

lave me

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ib-and if y Then he v ded to At the Graine ab The man w doudy, and packet will be Shadow ma He despised "The mail "Yes; but

Shadow ros

best apon at any decided t "Certainly.

not sail, Wi Good, h thing, I will He ato his rho is consci His great lowed up in therough! ficted misery At seven o and engaging can Mail, a full in the passage as a bour, and

ment beca ging with a in fitful gusts ling ber entl This in a j behind, the s John Shar He leaned

with foam, as

s rope twist Suddenly, was a loud or The Ocean Then then loud cries

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train other would have the sweet cup of joy had hen their lips ore they tasted it. Ye say out to plan he had formed it was necessaris her money. It is exhausted all his resources and the resources to his exhausted all his resources and the resources does the himself, for the time had arrived when his analogous and uncorapulous as John Bais, in not to be defeated by ordinary obstacles; not appeally if the obstacles are but those places; his way by heavy, back to the inn, entered the low, short twent the first train in the morning legal lim to London.

It was streight to his chambers and inquires to

registion to London.

It was straight to his chambers and inquired if only faville was there.

is was.

It was state writerity wished to avoid him.

In therefore went away, entered an hotel close at least led leakfast, and returned in an hour.

teally faville had just stopped out.

Laurlingly he went in, and looking himself in the laur rom, opened a servinire and took out a cheque
led. Out of this he tore three blank cheques, which

the one of this no sore three blank cheques, which is filled up.
These with a contented smile, he placed in his solet, and then indicted a short note to Granby helps

"My Drag Savel.is.—Circumstances have come up how long which have proved satisfactorily to stat! have been working on the wrong tack. I he made a grand mistake—the greatest error of my list—and if you safer from it, blame me not. Go on it whateve course you may choose for yourself, but legalst se more aid from your friend,

"JOHN SHADOW."

"JOHN SHADOW."

Tim be visited the bank, draw some money, and moveded to Folkestone.

At the Grafton Hotel he ordered dinner, and asked

At he (fratton more an evener uniner, and sever the valler about the boats to France. The man walked to the window and looked out. "Well" he said, "if's very bad weather. It looks easy, and the wind is getting up. I doubt if the mater will leave to-night."

schet will leave to-night."
Stadow made a gesture of impatience.
He depited those who feared danger.
"The mail must go?" he said.
"Yes; but it aim't bound to carry passengers."
Stadow rose, too, and looked out.
The weather was truly unpropitious; but to a man less upon as important mission, it did not present ay decided terror.

ay decided terror.

"Ostanily," he said, "it is unpleasant weather, but do not see any reason why the packet should stail. What time is that fixed for starting?" "Nine."

"Mine."
"Good, he thought, "If money will effect anyting, I will be on board the packet at eight,"
Be the his dimer calmly, with the air of a man
the remeious of having achieved a triumph.

Eligrat sorrow at the loss of his son was swallead up in the pride he experienced at being able
to thereighly to punish others for his own self-infletd misery.

At seven o'clock he left the hotel, paying his bill,
and eggaing one of the men to carry his northman-

At were occor he left the note, paying his ban, and eaging one of the men to carry his portmanian. At the shipping-office he saw the clerk, booked limed without difficulty as a passenger by the Ceau Mail, and went on board at eight. There was ald in the wind—the sea was calmer—the clouds a little broken, and the captain looked upon the coming

pange as a rough, but a safe one.

At size viclock the Ocean Mail steamed out of the larbor, and dipped down into a sea which was white with feam, and hourse with the continued roar of the

ony waves.

Onwards it plunged, beneath a sky which every meant became more black and threatening—strugging with a side wind, which blew not steadily but is side guest, plunging, rearing, staggering—trem-line beneath the strugger.

This in a pitchy darkness.

For the lights hung out were dashed from their bidings, and, ere they had left Folkestone three miles thind, the ship was drifting anywhere, through a sea of blackness.

Toka Shadow kept on deck, in spite of the wind, Toka Shadow kept on deck, in spite of the wind, which chilled his blood, and the sleet which blinded

He leaned against the bulwarks near the prow, with tope twisted round his arm, looking over every-

Saddenly, when no one was prepared for it, there

The Ocean Mail trembled and reeled backwards.
The Ocean Mail trembled and reeled backwards.
The three was a plunge forward—another crash—bad cries for "help," and the timbers began to get. There had been a collision.

And then arose into the dense air of that dark night the wailing cries of agonized human beings; the faint complainings of women—the shouts and the curses, too, of strong men.

With a rush and a gurgle, the Ocean Mail west down, and the place that had known it knew it no more for every.

more for ever.

And with the rush and the gurgle went John Shadow—down—down into the fathomics sen—away from the stormy waves and the howling wind into the quiet deep.

CHAPTER XXXIII

A very rascal—a base—a base deceiver! Send him away—he has no home with me.

THE dibit of the Signora Constantia Ervelli, at Layston, was a brilliant affair. The Layston theatre was a splendid building in

It and, in fact, been built by an enthusiastic country manager, in rivalry of the London establishments, and was as well known in the country side as Mortimer's Polly as the Theatre Royal.

But as usually is the case, those who followed the unsuccessful manager reaped the benefit of his lavish magnificence; and to these, who had nothing to spend on decoration or re-embellishing, it brought in a comfertable income.

fortable income.

Constantia Ervelli had made a wonderfully-successful season in London, as we have said, and, anticipating an equal success, Sykes MoIntyre, the lessee of the Theatre Royal, had inundated the town with bills, promising an unlimited treat to the towns-nearly.

people.

Of course he had "spared no expense;" of course the "scenery was new;" of course the theatre had been "re-decorated;" of course everything had been done to render this the most attractive and unprece-

ented performance in Layston.

On this first night of performance, the theatre w crowded, and the applause which greeted the graceful actress and accomplished singer was deafening and

universal.

The performance was over; the lights were out; the dingy coverings were placed over the bright velvet cushions; the audience had gone to their several homes delighted.

Under the portico lingered an old man,

His face was expressive of anxiety, but not of arrow. He had been rapt in admiration of his sorrow. He had been rapt in admiration of his daughter's acting and singing; proud of her beauty, proud of the well-merited praise she obtained, but never for one moment doubtful as to her reception of

Presently the theatre-door opened, and a carriage drew up at the same moment.

Constantia Ervelli appeared. By her side was Signor Foscari.

Eagerly Burnett Crowe approached.
"Cicely, my dearest child," he said, tremulously,

"de you remember me?"
She uttered a smothered cry—knew the voice, knew
the face—and in a moment her arms were about his

neck.
The scene was dramatic.
Some stragglers collected—murmurs of surprise and loudly utterred suggestions were heard, and Signor Foscari was scandalized.
"Signora," he said, coldly, "if this person is a friend of yours, pray offer him a seat in my carriers."

riage."
Cicely did not observe the tone.
"He is indeed a friend!" she said. "He is my
father!"

The signer started. He had imagined her father to

be dead, and his recovery might prove fatal to many cherished scheme.

However, what could he do but appear friendly?

"Indeed, sir!" he cried; "pray let me invite you to return home with us. Let us be quick and escape this gaping crowd."

The carriage once reached, the horses started off, and in a few minutes had dragged them over the rugged pavement of Layston to the residence of

Signor and Signora Foscari.

Burnett Crowe was very silent during the journey.
His heart was too full for utterance, and he gazed at
his only child with an affection far stronger than
that felt by the most ardent young lover for his mis-

tress.

When they reached the house, the signor, with studied politeness, introduced him to his wife, and they sat down to supper together, apparently the best of friends.

Burnett Crowe made little mention of his accident

—none of his poverty.

"How different it has been with you, my dear child." he said: "while I, an old, decrepid man,

was wandering after you, thinking that perhaps you were in want and trouble, you were in the lap of luxury, with kind and considerate friends."

The signor and signora acknowledged this compil-ment by a smile.

"Kind friends, indeed!" cried Cicely! "they have

"Kind Irlends, indeed." oried Closity: "they have made my fortune—they found me in powerty, and fear, and daspair—they did their bast to wean me from the memory of my serrow—they have borne with me in a way only second to you, dear father—thank them for me."

Tears shood in lor eyes as she spoke: they seemed truly infectious, for Burnett's eyes were brimful, too, as he answered:

"Aye, I do thank them—heartily, sincerely. They have my blessing, and deserve that of all good men."

have my blessing, and deserve that of all good men."

The signor and signora smiled again.

Their manner of smiling, however, was anything but pleasant; and, indeed, their faces seemed scarcely adapted for joviality.

The signor was a middle-sized, wiry man, about, five-and-forty, with black hair and eyes, and a dark, sallow complexion. His restless orbe flashed hither and thither with a baleful light, and his manner of speaking was quick, yet hesitating and suspicious. His wife was well suited to him, if we are to suppose that opposites agree in married life.

She was a broad, heavily-built woman, with a very full bust, and a very full face.

She had, no doubt, been handsome in her youth, when the size of her eyes was not concealed by the surroundings of fat; but now her skin was coarse, her cheeks red and puffy, and her whole appearance that of an animal.

that of an animal.

She had learned that diabolical smile, however,

She had learned that diabolical smile, however, from her husband, and copied it well.

After supper, Burnett Orowe retired to rest; as did also Cicely, and the Italians were left alone.

"Well," said Foscari, with a bitter smile, "what think you of this new acquisition?"

The signora looked at him in languid surprise.

"What do I think of him? In truth I have scarcely noticed him," she answered.

"Basta I" cried the Italian fiercely, "are you a fool that you do not see what will be the result of all this?"

that you do not see what will be the result of all this?"

"Probably I am a fool, Antonio," answered the lady, quietly, "and as you evidently appreciate my folly, why not always explain yourself distinctly, without troubling yourself to ask me questions?"

Her husband laughed.

"Well, well, it would be better," he said. "I will explain. This girl has hitherto been in the position of our own child; she is not bound to us by any legal documents. I did not see the use of them, because we were not aware whether the father was dead or not. Her earnings have been ours; and this old man can come upon us and claim everything she gets."

The lady's eyes opened wide.

Before the introduction of Cicely Crowe into the world of music, their establishment and their means had been limited; but the wonderful success of their pupil had filled their coffers, and enabled them to launch forth in style.

unch forth in style. Foscari was, as I have said, the man who introduced to the opera the principal Italian singers, and of course had a good income. But his wife's tastes were extravagant, and as he kept a carriage and a pair of good

horses, he required everything he earned.

His ordinary pupils, and those not his pupils whom he introduced to the theatre, gave him a share of their earnings, but the whole of Cicely's salary went into

Foscari's pocket.

Naturally, therefore, the lady was astonished, and not a little alarmed at the prospect of such a loss.

"Dear me, Antonio," she said, no longer languidly, "do you think there is any chance of such a misfortune?"

"do you think there is any chance of such a misfortune?"

"Chance!" cried Foscari, as if angry at the impossibility of entertaining a doubt, "chance! there is no chance of its being otherwise. Why, the old man, if he loves his daughter, and is not a fool, will naturally desire to secure her money to herself; if he is a rogue, he will desire it for himself. So, in both ways, we are left in the lurch."

"He might be a fool."

The Italian shook his head.
"No; he is the father of Constantia; he is no fool."
"But the girl is a good girl," cried the signora; "she will be grateful to us."
"Grateful!" he said, laughing; "yes, no doubt she would be grateful; but gratitude holds not out for ever, nor has it any stability in law. Gratitude is good; but a parchment deed is better."

Burnett Crowe was not a fool; but he had no idea of treating in any way unfairly those who had behaved with such kindness to his daughter. Indeed, he never had, for one moment, regarded her good fortune as likely to be of benefit to himself, except in so far as it might enable him to be always with

her, and relieve him for a time from the necessity of work, for which he was unfitted.

So when the Signor Antonio Foscari said, with a wave of the hand:

My home has been your daughter's: let it be yours al

Burnett Crowe imagined that the Italian was doing a benevolent action, and thanked him accordingly. It was on the evening of the fifth day after Cicely's débût at Layston that the Signor returned home with untenance. a troubled

"We are in a pretty position now," he said to his wife; "this old man will get us into trouble."

"Whet has he been doing?"

"What has he been doing?"

"What has he been doing?"

"I cannot tell. I only know that two men have been to the theatre, have seen me, and have informed me that they are seeking Burnett Crowe. They refused to tell their business, but it is of no pleasant

"Why do you assume that?"
"Because a policeman at the theatre recognized one of them as Masterman, a celebrated Bow Street

The signora's cheek paled.

She had a wonderful notion of respectability, a terrible fear of appearing "low" in the eyes of the

"Dear me" she said, "has the girl, do you think, been doing anything wrong? was that the reason, why she was hiding away, and was her story a mere fiction, after all

The Italian thought a moment

The itsian thought a moment.

"No, no," he said, "that is not likely; in fact, it is impossible, since if it were se, they would have no difficulty in taking her as she laft the theatre. No, this old man is guilty of some theft, and that is the reason he concealed himself."

When he pretended to have an accident. It is

really a most unpleasant affair."

"It is," said the signora.
truth, I am not surprised."

"Not surprised!" "Yet, to tell you the

" Not surprised!

Foscari recoiled in astonishment.

Foscari recoiled in actonishment.

"No; I always fancied him to be a low fellow. He is ill-dressed. He speaks well, but he has no manners. He is not at all the gentleman. We had better send him away at once, before anything unpleasant occurs."

The Italian paced the room nervously.

"It is very well to speak of sending him away," he said, "but it is not so early as you imagine. Cicely loves her father, and will not see him treated as a felon. We leave this place the day after to-morrow, as you

loves her lather, and will not see him treated as a leion. We leave this place the day after to-morrow, as you know, to fulfil our engagement at Foltham—we must keep him out of the way till then, and whenwe arrive there I must have an interview with him, and tell him that he had better leave the country."

And the daughter i

"Oh, she will remain with us." The lady sighed.

"Your plan is very good, I dare say," she said,
"it sounds very well, but you've got to make the girl

The Italian ground his teeth.

"She must," he cried, "or be ruined."
At this moment there was a knock—a loud impera-

tive knock, at the outer door.

The husband and wife started.

"Suppose it is these men," said the lady, "where is

man?" the old He is up-stairs, in Cicely's room."

"I will warn him, then he had better go at once by the back way." The Italian was delighted at this unwonted display of energy on the part of his wife.

"Yes, yes." he said; "arrange this quickly—they will search the house."

She left the room hastily.

Hardly had she done so, when a servant entered, announcing the arrival of two gentlemen on important

Show them up!" cried the Italian, savagely. They entered with all haste, and on being asked to sit down, one took a chair near the table—the ether, close to the door.

"If you have come here, gentlemen, on the same business as before!" said Foscari; "you are wasting your time, I assure you." One of the men smited; he was a detective all over,

as was indeed his companion. Perhaps not so much as you imagine?" he an-ered; "since seeing you, I have received a

He said this impressively, but it took no apparent effect upon the wily Italian, who, drawing from an elegant secretaire a cigar-box, offered it to his an-

novers.
They declined; he himself lit one and smoked. "This letter has given me further information!" "tinged the detective. "Burnett Crowe has been traced to Layston-he is now in the town, and in this

Foscari smiled.

"You certainly ore giving me information!" he said.
I know nothing of this man!"
"Furthermore," continued the man, "the Signora onstantia Evrelli, as she is called, is his daughter."
Foscari nodded his head, as if in quiet amuse-

"And we have now," added the officer; "a warrant

"And we have now," added the omoer; "a warrant authorizing us to search this house!" "And pray, sir," said the Italian—this time with some show of steraness; "on what occasion is all this fuss and annoyance? What crime has been committed by this man, whom you will persist in identifying with me?"

The officer took a paper from his pocket.

It was the bill offering the reward for the appre

hension of Burnett Crowe.

The Italian read it through

"By Heavens!" he muttered; "this is too much. Such a rascal as this is a disgrace to us. The girl must give him up, or, great singer as she is, she must go into the street. I can harbour no one who will ruin

us."

"Gentlemen," he said, aloud, "you have a warrant
—use it. I warn you that in this house you will flad
nothing, and that I shall make this insult and outrage, as I may truly call it, the subject of future proceedings. Be as quick as possible about it, as I shall
be glad to see the last of you."

Detectives are rarely looked upon with a kindly

They were used, therefore, to rough words, and took no offence at this speech.

A thorough search was made; every nook and corner in the house was examined, but Burnett Crowe was nowhere.

At length, disconcerted, crest-fallen, the officers prepared to leave.

"And now, gentlemen," cried Foscari, passionately,
" have you found any trace of the thief?"

"No, sir, we must confess, none.

"Then go, and do not let me see you again. Warrant or no warrant, you will not be admitted." The Italian paced the room angrily, until Cicely

When she entered the room, he thrust the notice

of reward into her hand.

or reward into her hand.

"You see," he cried coarsely, when she had read it,
"your father is a thief and a vagabond. You must
choose between him and us—between a splendid
future and beggary. I will harbour no rascals who
will discreas me." will disgrace me.

(To be continued.)

OUR CHRISTMAS STORY. THE DARK DAYS BEFORE CHRISTMAS

A STORY IN FOUR PARTS -PART III.

CHAPTER VIII

THE COUSINS.

AGNES MARKHAM and her cousin Bella were at their toilettes, and those charming little ceremonies which are proper to the occasion were receiving due and, on one side at least, devoted attention. It was the whim of these two girls, though the Gables was a large both these two gars, though the Crabes was a large house, with plenty of spare bedrooms, to occupy one alceping-chamber, in which, when they retired at night, they had a good deal to say; and when they woke in the morning, a variety of small feminine fancies to exchange and barter. se, with ple

This had especially been the case for some weeks past: for the approaching marriage of Agnes was a theme of never-ending interest. To a young, pureminded girl, marriage is a mystery, to be approached in a timid, half-reluctant spirit, and yet not to be kept out of the conversation, when the new feelings a sympathies it awakens can be shared with a fitting confidant.

And on the eve of a wedding, there are so ma And on the eve of a weating, there are so many things that necessarily give rise to remark, and lead the female mind to dwell upon the subject with an engaging fancifulness. All those drawers and those boxes are filled with the new garments for a new life. There is the wedding-dress, continually finding its way into the daylighs, to be scanned and dwelt upon with admiration for the twentieth time! There is the bridal veil, that is to hide the blushes and the and the wedding-bornet, with the blossoms that em-blem purity—the blossoms that once in a lifetime, and once only, have any real meaning! And there are all the other delightful items of the trowsseas to be turned over, with a strange, wistful feeling, that somehow they are soon to lose a little of their sacredness, and to meet that other eye which is not a woman's!

All these strange and novel sensations Agnes Mark-ham felt in their deepest force; and Bella had not

scrupled now and then to chide her counin fer little
whims and fancies, that her own less impressonable
nature had small sympathy with.
"My dear Agues," she said, one day, when the bride
expectant was blushing over her wedding-dress, and

"My dear Agino, and over her welding-dres, and expectant was blushing over her welding-dres, and somewhat hastily consigning it to its sanctum, "sty, somewhat hastily consigning it to its sanctum, "sty, as a mere piece of alk! One would you turn red at a mere piece of silk! One would really think that Greville was peoping through the

Agnes was silent, while her cousin toss Agnes was silent, while her cousin tossed the easily garment over and over, and indulged in similar rough play with other articles of appared that need not be named.

med.
"Don't, Bella!" said Agnes, reprovingly, but with
vain attempt to hide a smile that would steal over a vain attempt to hide a

a vain assempt to the face.

"My dear Agnes," said Bella, "when I'm to be married—and I suppose I shall shall be, some day, like other people, you know—I shall have a graad reception in my boudoir, and half the county to admire my troussent! I shall put it in the pape, 'On such a day, Miss Markham's wedding outfit will be on visw! Come early.' That's what I shall be on visw! Come early.' Come early.' That's what I shall

Nonsense!" said Agnes.

"I tell you it is not nonsense, and I shall make you
—you'll be an old married woman then, you see—my
chief exhibitor!"

chief exhibitor!"

They had many playful contests of this kind; for Bella's delight was to tense and quix her cousin upon little matters connected with the approaching commony. And on the morning after the arrival of the letter, and when the two girls were together putting the last finishing touch to their breakfast toilettes, Bella was as lively upon the engrossing subject as

But on this especial marrning, Agnes was in an ill-humour for bantering; a black shadow had crossed the path that led to the church and the altar, and, for the first time since her love had been avowed, she was sickened by doubt, and affrighted by omens of dis-

aster.

Gradually, the yearnings of her spirit towards her father—about whose fate there hung a mystery that had never been made thoroughly clear to her—had suffered the lessening influences of time. She had come to think of him as one irretrievably lost the decimal of the mean of more aba had not beard into and as for five years or more she had not heard from him, and a report had even reached England that he was dead, she must be excused for ceasing to think of him in connection with the new life she was about to

him in connectator.

But that well-known handwriting came to her like a message from the grave, and stood between her and Greville Markham with terrible significance.

All those bright wedding-clothes took a cold, somes colour! All those tender hopes and trembling anticipations were chilled by one great fear!

tions were chilled by one great fear!

And then she recollected that that letter had gone into other hands; that in the yielding confidence of her first love she was blind to what might be the out pourings of a father's broken heart!

wonder that her eyes were red with the tears ad flowed fast in the night, and that Bella's voice grated harshly on her ear, and seemed to mock the

d reality.

Timid as Agnes was, and subservient as she had mostly been to her cousin's bolder nature, she was not devoid of spirit when aroused by any great necessity. And after a sleepless night, in which her lower and her father had alternately scoupied her nover and her father had alternately scoupled har thoughts, seemingly is vivid antagonism, she row with a strong resolve to act for herself in the tartible emergency that had come upon her.

"Bolla," she said, as they were leaving the dressing-room, "I must see Greville at once. I was weak and foolish last night."

"See Greville!" exclaimed Bolla, in astonishment.

"What on earth do you want to see Greville for—at least, in such a hurry, and now more than at any other time?" The letter that he took from me I must have back again. Bella stared harder than ever. What had come to

that mild, submissive cousin of her's?
"I believe," she said, "that that letter is burnt."

Burnt!

Yes; my father thought it could only distress yes, and so did Greville. And they took the wise coul of burning it—at least, I know that that was the intention

ou are serious ? "

" I am.

Agnes turned pale. "You are quite sure that what you say is true?" she asked.

Bella was getting impatient of being questioned.

My dear Agnes!" she exclaimed, "I am a "My dear Agnes!" she exclaimed, "I am now witness, you know, upon my oath in a court of jus-tice. You had better, as you wish, see Greville at once, and ask for yourself."

And putting of down-stairs.

Agnes lingered special s ires carefully a out the drawer o dess be worn—b.
When Bella ca and looking out to "My love," at issing it, "you wagnes rose go the did so; whe led to the house, "Why, look, want here?" Agnes looked t The two sture and acce oming to have

THE EXAL Mr. VINCENT discussing serior irls were not do the door arrested and disturbed his siness.
Some distari zight," he said rithout a few br

ning early

A servant app

You're want

What is it, J "Killed ? " Yes, sir; then "Very well.

And the serva
The justice of
up, and looking "Why, what When Gravil ther took fro over and over, a tie letter that or Somehow, wh ster he held in hew that the w

shifted nervous! He tried to fo sipped his coffe te took the cup
was utterly unr
tess that await
His confidence torried appear er's white f The justice s

til his son left

good-humou Where's G The justice There's a l my-that require he mid, heritat And with a

And with a breakiast-parlo We must als dections, and if the Blue-re principal furnit covered table, quarto volume within within easy r

Ages ingered behind. She felt that that dark

giving blacker.
She returned to her room and sat down. Before the returned to her room and part down. Delore in complete in its delicate magnificence, was the widing-dress. Bella had been examining it with a cied alteration.

rise to some funcied alteration.

Agree deliberately took the glossy silk in her hands and folded it up. Opening the drawer, she put the dress carefully away, and then, with a great sigh, sat the drawer closely and locked it.

"If the letter is burnt," she said, "when will that the same be worn—by me?"

"If the letter is burnt," she said, "when will that the stem worn—by me?"

When Bells came up, all in a hurry, to see why kees had not followed her to the breakfast-table, the found her cousin leaning upon the window-sill, all loking out tearfully at the wintry prospect.

'My low," she said, taking her hand kindly and tissing it, "you must not be so sensitive. Come!" Agos rose gently up, wiping her tears away as the did so; when Bells, pointing to the avenue that whe house, said: to the house, said:
"Why, look, Agnes! What do all those people

Agnes looked towards the avenue.

agas some cowarus me avenue.

The two sturdy men who had paid a visit to the Gerhound, accompanied by a dozen others, were eming to have an audience of the justice of the

CHAPTER IX.

THE EXAMINATION AT THE "GABLES,"

Mr. Viscent Markham was seated at breakfast, decasing seriously with his son the events of the reading erenting. He was just wondering why the gir were not down as usual, when a heavy knock at the fore arrested the progress of the coffee to his lips, addisturbed his morning meal with anticipations of

"Some disturbance in the village, I suppose, last sight" he said. "We shan't get over Christmas vihouts few broken heads to patch up. But they're

inning early this year."

Agreement appeared.
You're wanted, sir. I've shown them into the

What is it, Jarvis?" Something about a man that's been killed, sir, I

Yes, sir; there was a man killed in the old chalk-ni, I beard, sir, this morning."

"Yery well. I'll be there directly."

And the servant retired.

As the servant retired.

The justice of the peace took a sip at the coffeeman keak looking towards his son, said:

"Why, what can this bo, Greville? Just go in
ma; I'll follow you directly."

When Greville Markham had left the room, his

ther took from his pocket a letter. He turned it we and over, and looked at it attentively. It was

of and over, and looked at 11 attentively. It was do litter that came overnight.

Sombow, when he heard the words "a man killed it itseld chalk-pit," he connected that man with the litter he held in his hand; for he had read it, and he baw that the writer would probably be in the neigh-burhood. He had controlled his feelings, however, ill his son left the room; but then he grew pallid, and diffed aerrously in his chair.

dervously in his chair.

tried to fortify himself by remaining quiet. He as use to formy timeself by remaining quiet. Fre single his coffee carefully; but his hand tresubled as a took the cup, and when he rose from his seat, he watterly unnerved, and reluctant to face the business interested him.

His confidence was not increased by the sudden and havid any arrange of his daughter followed by her

laried appearance of his daughter, followed by her comin both with inquiries on their lips. Bella stoped her mouth, however, when she saw her r's white face, and Agnes was silent.

The justice sat down again, and tried to be calm.
"You're late, girle," he said, with a feeble attempt god-humoured chiding.
"Where's Greville? " asked Bella.

The justice was now fairly run to earth, "There's a little affair—some trifling ma "There's a little affair—some triffing matter, I dare sny-that requires his attendance in the Blue-room," is said, hesitatingly; "and, indeed, mine, I believe, along"

and with a wavering and agitated look, he left the We must also leave the cousins to their alarmed re-taines, and follow him.

The Bis-room was a large, square apartment, the Bis-room was a large, square apartment, the modulation with the consisted of a leather-sored table, a large, high-backed chair, and several care volumes, arranged on rough book-shelves, with easy reach. There was a barrier, however, between the table and the open part of the room, near

and petting on her most stately air, she walked the principal door, and behind this barrier, the dozen men or so that had walked up the avenue were standing, hats in hand, conspicuous in front of them being the two sturdy visitors to the Greyhound.

being the two sturdy visitors to the Greyhound.

A snuffy old man, dressed in seedy black, and
wearing large silver-rimmed spectacles, sat at one side
of the leather covered table, bustly engaged in mending
a pen, and now and then casting furtive glances
towards the crowd at the other side of the barrier. He
was the clerk to the justices.

He had smoothed out before him a sheet of foolscap

paper, and was heading it with some legal formulary, when a side-door opened, and Greville Markham made

his appearance.

He leant down and spoke to the old man, and then taking his seat looked at the anxious faces that were taking his seat looked at the anxious faces that were watching these simple proceedings. He stared very hard at the two officers from London, and they, in return, stared somewhat hard at him, for they were used to a less homely way of administering the law and they had a supreme contempt for the country justice's room, and indeed, for country justices in general. They were even unmannerly and irreverent enough to whisper to each other: and a sharp ear might have detected the words:

"I wonder what they'd say to these yokels at Bow Street!"

When Mr. Markham, however, entered and took his seat in the high-backed chair, and the countrymen pulled their hair, and scraped their feet, in humble token of recognition, the metropolitans were attentive, and even condescended so far as to make a seeming obeisance.

As men used, however, to study character and observe the workings of the human face under solemn civeunstances, they noticed that the justice was singularly pale, and somewhat unsteady in his demeanour. They specially made a note of this.

The examination now commenced; and the first witness was the village constable, who had hastened up to Manor House in time to give his evidence.

"I was called," he said, "this morning, about four o'clock, to the old chalk-pit."

"Who called you there?" asked Mr. Markham.

"Tom Hawthorne, here, and old Joe Stevens."

"And what did you see at the old chalk-pit?" circumstances, they noticed that the justice was sin-

"And what did you see at the old chalk-pit?"
"Old Sam, 'the Badger,' as he was called in the village, sir.

"Well."

"He was lying on his back in the snow, all but dead. I sent Tom Hawthorne at once for the surgeon."
"Was there anyone else there?"

" Yes-these two.

And he pointed out the London officers.

were they doing?

"Smoking their pipes, your worship, and walking about the pit."

Mr. Markham now looked at the two men, and asked them to state why and for what purpose they

"You're strangers, I perceive?" he said.
"Yes," replied one of them, with an assumption of nportauce. "We're detective police of the A diviimportance.

The clerk took down their names, and the examination proceeded.

"W were down here after a party."
"A party?" said Mr. Markham, anxiously, "Not the unf rtunate man you were found with?"

"No another party.

"No another party."
A something crossed the justice's mind that made him refrain from asking this "party's" name.
"Then how came you at the chalk-pit?"
"Because the party we were after had slipped us, and was hiding there?"
"Did you find him there?"
"No."

"Ther '.e 'slipped' you again?"
"Somenow he did."

The clerk here inquired of the village constable whether Old Sam was dead, and was answered in the

affirmative. "And can you tell us anything of how this man met his death?" asked the justice of the detectives.

et his death?" asked the justice of the detectives.
"We believe he was pushed back into the pit by

the party we were after."
"Believe!" said Mr. Markham, sharply, "that's not evidence!"

"We know that, your worship," replied one of the aren, roughly; "but still we believe it."

The justice took no notice of the discourtesy.

"Then you've nothing else to say?" he asked.

"Nothing."

Hum! you must be aware that this is a very suscase, so far as you are concerned. But who that despatched the two men to the constable picions case was it tha with the news?

"Indeed!" said the justice, thoughtfully. "And you remained near the pit, or returned to it, to await the constable's arrival?"

" Yes."

Mr. Markham was puzzled. This scarcely looke like guilt. There was only one course, however, to be pursued.

"I am sorry," he said, "I cannot release you. You must await the inquest."
The two officers looked exceedingly hard at each other. They were caught in a very tight trap of their other.

own making!
At this moment the clerk interposed, and passed a very greasy-looking and dirty paper packet to the

"This," he said, "your worship, was taken from the pocket of the deceased!"

the pocket of the decased!"

Mr. Markham took the packet, and carefully opened it. The outer covering was all but falling to pieces, and the edges made by the folding were worn to holes. It had evidently been carried about for many years. The euclosure was very little better than the envelope; but, as the justice carefully opened it, a name met his eye that shook his equanimity, and made his feast turn datably rabe. He recovered hivest here face turn deathly pale. He recovered himself, how-ever, in an instant, and then, carefully refolding the packet, sealed it closely, and stamped the wax in several places with his crest. He then delivered it to the clerk, and, rising, after some necessary formularies, dismissed the audience.

CHAPTER X.

OVER THE CHRISTMAS SNOW

WHEN Mr. Vincent Markham returned to his room, accompanied by his son Greville, he found Bella and Agnes making a pretence of breakfasting. Agnes was vacantly stirring up something in her coffee-cup, and Bella was drumming an egg-shell into minus

Greville was by Agnes's side in a moment. He dis-turbed the stirring by imprinting the morning kiss

upon her unusually pale cheek.
"My darling," he said, fondly toying with her golden hair, and pretending to set straight what he you're slept so long that your roses have turned to lilles."

Agnes looked up, and smiled faintly upon him. His

words seemed like sad music-terday's vocal sweetness.

terday's vocal sweetness.

"Am I pale?" she asked, the old love saddened, lighting up her soft blue eyes.

"You have forgotten," he said playfully, "to look in the glass. A wondrous omission for a woman, you know! And for a lovely ——"

"Greville," said Bella, sharply, "you want to cure Agnes of the pallor, I suppose. I'm sure your digestion will suffer from such high-flown compliments—see before beneficial tool. Love the Agree and "I"

tion will suiter from such high-flown compliments— and before breakfast, too! Look at Agnes now!" Greville did look, and he saw the roses in full colour. But the eyes that lighted them up were tearful.
"Come." said Bella. "it is time we changed the

Come," said Bella, "it is time we changed the ject. What have you been doing in the Bluesubject.

Greville was so far innocent of his father's fears as to treat the matter he had been engaged upon with comparative coolness.

comparative coolness.

"It's a very melancholv subject," he replied, "and not to be talked of much—at least, out of school."

"But you must tell e," said Bella; "for I see by father's looks that it is something of unusual im-

portance. The justice of the peace was musing. He had not

The justice of the peace was musting. He had not resumed his breakfast since he returned.

"My looks, Bella!" he said, endeavouring to look unconcerned, and failing miserably. "You know that these things are always unpleasant."

"But not always unpleasant as to spoil your breakfast or your dinner. Come, let me be the justice, and you the witness. I know how, well eaough. Now, what is it? Has John Styles had his Christmas beef stolen, or William Nokes lost his wits at the Graybound overwicht?"

the Greyhound, overnight?"
"Bella," said Mr. Markham, "do be a little

serious.

"Serious, father? Why we are all so serious that one would think a funeral was in prospect instead of a wedding, and that, instead of to-night being Christ-mas eve, it was a solemn fast and thanksgiving, with a wedding, and that, instead of to-night being Christmas eve, it was a solemn fast and thanksgiving, with the salt-fish all spoilt, and the eggs addled. Why, if we are to be more serious, we may as well be mutes at once, and stand at a door with red noses, calculating when the spirits will be brought out, and the cold beef he distributed." sef be distributed."

Mr. Markham looked at his daughter reprovingly.

He was not at all in the humour to encourage her natural talent for raillery and banter.

"Well," she said, "if you will be serious, so will I. And the best way for us all to be so, is for you to tell us what took you to the justice-room."

Her father shook his head somewhat angrily, and rising, left the room.

"Greville will tell you, I daresay," he said; "but I

have business to attend to, and must be excused."

Greville followed his father's example by leaving the table. He thought a diversion would be as well,

under the circumstances.
"Put your hats on, and your cloaks, too, girls "and we will take a turn in the park. know. In five minutes I shall be ready."

ou know. In five minutes I shall be ready."
Greville Markham went to the hall and took down a fowling-piece. He changed his coat for a shooting-jacket, put on a round hat, and, taking a cue in his hand, made a few random strokes on the billiard-

By this time, Bella and Agnes were attired for

alking, and the three left the manor-house. It was one of those bright, wintry days that make It was one of those bright, wintry days that make an English Christmas so cheery and enlivening. The wind had dropped, and blew only sharp enough to send a pleasant thrill through the veins, and to warm the blood into healthy action. The snow on the ground had hardened, and was crisp and pleasant to the feet, and upon the trees the white flakes had settled into bright crystals that glittered in the faint, winter sure. wintry sun.

wintry sun.

The two ladies were dressed in suitable winter apparel. Their stout Balmoral boots, bright coloured petticosts, and close, warm jackets, with the smart hat and feathers "of the period," made them contrast admirably with the prospect around; and as they tramped across the snow-covered path, escorted by the stalwart young squire, who moderated his strides tramped across the snow-covered path, escorted by the stalwart young squire, who moderated his strides to suit their circumscribed but springy paces, a more pleasant trio could scarcely have been found for a painter to put into a Christmas landscape. Now and then a little appealing robin, springing

from a tree, would alight on the snow a few before them and seem to wait for their approx though he wished to have speech with them, but was timid of submitting to an audience; and occasionally a blackbird, flying straight and swift across the open, e contrast of his dark plumage to the

cold, white picture.

At one of these Greville raised his gun, and the sharp repert was followed by a bunch of black feathers tumbling over and over, till the little creature's warm blood thawed a small circle of snow with a crimson

Agnes burst into tears. The death of a blackbird

as that morning to her a tragedy.

Greville shouldered the fowling-piece without reloading it, and placed his hand about her waist.

"My pretty Agnes," he said, "why are you so sensitive this morning?"

She fancied that Agnes was Bella was indignant. acting a little; or, at least, if what she did was the result of real feeling, that that feeling was a trifle

Give me the gun !" she said.

She had not noticed that it was unloaded.

A thrush started from a tree at that moment, and flew across the path before her. She pointed the gun and pulled vainly at the trigger. Groville released Agnes, and laughingly took the weapon from his

"A pretty sportswoman!" he said. "You see a

girl can't be cruel!

Bella was silent. She felt that she had made Bella was shent. One for that she had made—as her thoughts expressed it—a "little fool" of herself. They walked on. They had now reached the extermity of the park, and were approaching the plantations. To reach these they had to cross a stile, nd a narrow pathway, descending rapidly, was be

shall we go on further?" asked Greville.

"As far as you please," replied Bella, somewhat

"What do you say, Agnes?"

Agnes suddenly brightened up. A feeling she could not account for seemed to impel her to cross that stile, and take the path before her.
"Let us go on," she said.

And they crossed the stile.

they had not walked many paces through the di, when a gamekeeper came hastay towards m. He touched his hat to Greville, and drew him wood,

"There's a man, sir," he said, "in that hut yonder, that I took at first for a poacher. I don't think he's one now, but he's well-nigh dead with cold and

Agnes heard this, and a sudden fear came upon

"Which hut?" she asked, coming forward, and

"Which hut? she make, tolking alarming Greville by her energy.
"Just over yonder, miss," said the keeper. "Through the trees there, you can just see it."

Agnes started off rapidly in the direction pointed out. Bella and Greville stood speechlessly looking on

at her unwonted determination.

Greville at last fairly ran after her, followed by the keeper, Bella remaining alone in the pathway.

But Agnes was at the hut first. There was no d and the interior of the miserable shed was plainly There was no door, posed to view.

Half-reclining in one corner of it was a man, appa rently unconsci

as started, and passed her hand across her fore head, as though trying to revive some bygone remem-brance. What was the meaning of the eager impulse within her?

She knelt down, and took one of the man's hands in her own. And as Greville and the keeper entered, they heard her sobs, and saw her looking into the dreamy, half-closed eyes of the stranger with wild and agonized emotion.

CHAPTER XI.

. THE CHRISTMAS PIG.

Ir was Christmas eve, and Crayfield, notwithstand-It was Christmas eve, and Crayneid, notwinstanding the singular events that had disturbed the quiet of the neighbourhood, was not at all inclined to give up the sports that had been promised it. The great barn, dressed up with white and pink calico, and the flags of all nations, was ready to receive its humble visitors, and the rector was preparing himself to hold forth upon Christmas topics. The toast and ale were being brewed, and the fiddle and the flute, in the ersons of their respective performers, were walking trough the snow to the village rendezvous.

There were some few persons, however, in Cray-field, who preferred to spend Christmas eve after their own fashion, and in a more congenial atmosphere than the great barn afforded them; and these few persons found their way to the always hospitable shelter of the Grey-hound.

the Grev-hound

host had done his best to make the place at-Aline host had done his best to make the place at-tractive. He had given out that on Christmas eve, a great bowl of punch—a real, unmistakeable wassail bowl—would be set on the table, at which every man present was free to replenish his glass; while the reat brass tobacco-box was to be permanently open, all pipes to be filled at.

It was no wonder, then, that the "upper classes" of the village, the tradesmen, and the smaller farmers, congregated at their usual resort, in place of staying at home, or listening to the rector's Christmas dis-course; and that the parlour of the Greyhound pre-sented a very animated scene some four hours before

There was another attraction, too. A fat hog was to be raffled for on that night at the Greybound, and this fat hog was granting out his satisfaction at having forty members in the stable adjoining the

stelry.
It was about eight o'clock that the contest for this It was about eight o crock that the contests of this fat hog was in progress, and the parlour was crammed with the subscribers. The landlord was seated at the head of the chief table, acting as secretary, and Diggles the wheelwright was checking the throws of the dice. The hog, in blissful ignorance of his contest was the progression of the dice. tested ownership, was lying on his side, munching carrots, and accumulating lard for his lucky winner. Wiggles the barber had thrown a very high number,

and was watching, with fearful interest the luck of his antagonists. The thirty-ninth member had thrown, and still Wiggles was the highest, when the fortieth,

n was Diggles the wheelwright, came forward.
"Til gie ye five poond for the pig, Master Wiggles,"
da voice, "and stand your chance o' losing it."
Wiggles was silent. He was watching Diggles's maid a voice, "and stand Wiggles was silent. first throw.

Throw.
The wheelwright cast a high number.
I'll take the five pounds! " said said the barber.

"Done, mon, and shake hands over it!" exclaimed

the farmer.

Diggles threw another high number, and the farmer

grew terribly anxious.

The final cast came, and there was a squeezing of shoulders, and a leaning of heads over the table, to see the result. Then all the eager faces turned towards the farmer who had offered Wiggles the five pounds, to see how he looked.

Diggles had won the pig!

"Hooray!" exclaimed the wheelwright.

"Hooray!" shouted Wiggles.

"The pig be ——" exclaimed the farmer.

He took out a leathern bag, however, an

out a leathern bag, however, and counted to the barber five sovereigns.

"Thou'st won 'em, mon!" he said, as Wiggles took
up the gold. "But the next time I buys a pig in a

up the gold. "But the next time poke, I'll eat him, skin and bristles! e barber, with the five pounds in his pocket, was

inclined to be generous. "When that bowl of punch is out," he said, as the steaming liquor came in, "there's my money for "there's my money for

And he put a sovereign on the table.
"And mine, too," said the wheelwright, adding his

overeign.
Our former friend, Mr. Grumford, now rattled his

he paused significantly, with his gaze apparently fixed upon some horrible object, and "a tear unbidden trembled," or seemed to tremble, in his eye, as he sepulchrally brought out the words,

A skeleton form lay mould'ring there In the bridal wreath of that lady fair

hammer on the table. He had the steaming punch bowl before him; and he was about to commence the

bowl before this, and he was assess to commence the real business of the evening.

The first part of this business was for the company present to fill their glasses; and that being done, Mr.

Grumford stood up and proposed a toast.

"A merry Christmas to us all!" he said; and forty

full glasses of punch disappeared down as many

It was now quite time to call upon Mr. Hogben, and

that gentleman, with proper bashinkness, at length consented to sing the first song. "Order!" said Mr. Grumford, "Mr. Hogben will

"The 'Mistletoe Bough," repeated the chairman.

"The Mistletoe Bough," repeated the chairman.

There was a very general clapping of hands at this announcement, for "The Mistletoe Bough," besides being a popular song of startling interest was sensonable. Mr. Hogben, too, when he sang a song of this kind, shut his eyes, and kept pressing his hand about the region of his heart, in a manner that was deeply sentimental; and on this occasion, when he got to the verse,

At length an old chest that had long lain hid.

At length an old chest that had long lain hid.

sing _____"
The 'Mistletoe Bough!'" put in Hogben

Mr. Hogben, after this excellent song, sat down, covered with blushes and with glory; and then Mr. Grumford proposed another toast, "Gentlemen," he said, rising; "fill your glasses." The glasses were duly filled.
"The roof we're under!" said the chairman, who

was a man of few words.

rty throats again received a pleasant titilation

from the steaming punch, and then, in due order, cam This was a comic song, with a good deal of "Hey

down derry!" in it, and not much else; and when it had received due honour, the gratified landlord proceeded to return thanks for his roof.

The substance of his speech was that he should ways be "most proud" to do what he was the bing; that he was not much used to "speechifying." always that he should conclude by returning them his hearty thanks, and sitting down

He had just done so, when Mary, the smart waiting-maid, entered the room, looking full of concern.

"If you please, sir," she said, addressing her master, "Joe's just been in to say he don't know what's the matter with the pig! He's turned quite over, and groanin' awful! He've somehow got at the bushel of carrots, and he's eat 'em all!"

At this news, Diggles started up, pale with appre-ension. So did Wiggles, and the landlord. They hension. So did Wig all went to the stable.

There was the pig, certainly "groanin' awful," and showing the whites of his eyes, and gasping in the agonies of suffocation.

Bleed him ? "said Wiggles "Bleed him!" said Wiggles.

Diggles took out his penknife, and made an incision in the unfortunate pig's ear. But the pig, taking this trifle of blood-letting as an earnest of the greater ceremony that he may have expected, gave one grant more, and disappointed the butcher by dying off likes lamb."

"He's gone," said the landlord, "sure enough."
"Gone?" exclaimed Diggles, incredulously. "Gone?" exclaimed Diggles, incredulously.

"Aye, that he be!" said a farmer, who had folwed them to the stable. "He's dead meat now,

lowed them to the stable. "He's dead meat now, Master Diggles, and you'd better have the butcher to dress him at once, and pack him off to London for the cockneys. They'll eat him!"

Whether this 'cute suggestion was carried out, need not be stated here, for matter of more general importance suddenly arose.

At the bar of the tayern was the village con-

"Here's a pretty mess for Christmas eve," he sai "Squire's brother's turned up, and what the denses to be done? There's a warrant out to arrest him upon suspicion of the murder of old Sam!" turned up, and what the dense is

(To be conti

MORTALITY AMONG INDIAN SOLDIERS.-A soldier might go through three battles of Waterloo with ao greater risk of life than he incurs during a residence greater risk of life than he incurs during a resource of a year in Fort William. Out of every thousand soldiers quartered in Bengal, sixty-five die in the twelvemonth. And these not old Quityes, with clogged livers and shattered nerves, but picked mea in the very spring and prime of life, sent forth from home sound in wind and limb, with open chests, and arched feet, and broad, straight backs. Of soldier wives forty-four die yearly in the thousand; and, of their

children, eigh smy in Ben men wi Bengal T and ion, and c legis to En nt and average to sor Ret a hard-we t he is not

> THE I was a lo A love of a

is Chinate," is

ics, and after I was but to or nothing of Lynnwood, I had no rel a country town mas present, a went when a Pretty girls med to say, las assion for an Oue dark S ought the tra the station mast tieman. gentieman.
"Chartie," as firm of Hanbur haste to reach down until Micoald take Sul

eleven, or a litt. Yes, sir, if "Of course; "Yes, sir." "Where is th "He has gon let him off from with the boy, do "Certainly n the same time cl priated to the fir

I got into my

oft, and soon

"Make the

Carlie, Goodcried the station: The night wa doub hanging mer everything had every reason min would not a night considerab prehended con dashed ahead My companion

or on his hat wi tom off the miles een to you that hing of life itself telligence? Almost that, I looked at the of steam. N one it, save the into my face like i

pipes were almost free beneath.

I pulled the who of the boiler, and looked at my wa nies of our journe

"We are doing usion. "I think "God grant it! attern depending ness speculate

illen, eighty-eight in the thousand. The European my is Beigal has, hitherto, disappeared in ever me who have been invalided. The yearly ulity among the officers rises from nine in the and in London to twenty-four to the thousand in London to twenty-four to the thousand in Beggl. The civilians, by dint of horse-exercise, as and cool rooms, and trips to Simla, and fursists Europe, and (a better medicine than any) sunt and interesting occupation, keep down their the consistence of mage to something over seventeen in the thousand. a hard-worked official finds no lack of indications the is not at Malvern or Torquey.—" Calcutta and a Climate, in Macmillan's Magazine.

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

I was a locomotive engineer on the railway in

A love of adventure first led me to accept the ser-

A love of adventure area in the design of the interest of like it.

Two but twenty-four then—a little reckless, knowing nothing of fear, and known as Dave Devil Charlie

relatives in the world, save an old aunt in nerry town, to whom I sometimes made a Christ-present, and to whose rambling old country-house

went when a boy.

Pretty girls I knew nothing about. I had no riesy gins I knew nothing about. I had no stachment, as most young fellows of my age have. I see to say, laughingly, that if I had any particular saion for anything, it was Sultan, that grand old samengine, with which I could easily run a mile

One dark Saturday night, a little past nine, I had bought the train into the — terminus, when I saw the stationmaster hastening towards me with a strange

" said he, "this is Mr. Hanbury, of the med Hanbury and Brothers, bankers. He is in great hat is reach L—— to-night. There is no train own until Monday morning. Do you think you call the Sultan and manage to get him to it by n, or a little after ?"

Yes, sir, if you take the responsibility."
"Of course,; we take all that."

Where is the fireman? Whistle him up at once "He has gone home, sir. His wife is sick, and I is him off from his duty to-night. I think I can, wit the boy, do alone, if this gentleman has no ob-

"Certainly not," replied Mr. Hanbury, frankly, at the same time climbing into the narrow space appropated to the fireman.

Igot into my place, the fire was still glowing red-

hit, and soon the steam-gauge indicated sufficient

"Make the best speed you can with safety, Carlie. Good-night, and a pleasant journey to you," cid the stationmaster after us, as we whizzed out of

The night was dark and starless. There were thick hanging overhead, and a sort of ominous calm over everything. The month was August, and we al every reason to expect a furious tempest before winsched our destination, if we did not run from more the clouds into a clearer atmosphere. A heavy an would not affect our speed, but a strong west wind ugits considerably diminish it, and to make up for speedended contingency, I gave Sultan full rein, and to dated ahead like an arrow.

lly companion took a sort of triumphant pride in

orge! this is exhilarating!" he cried, holdby ucorgo! thus is exhibitating! "no cried, notice age to his hat with one hand, as the engine sped on whitefarlal rapidity. "Jove's winged bird could not used the miles like this fiery monster. Doesn't it ever was to you that a power like this must, have someting of life itself, latent, about it, and behind all this is indifficulties." intelligence? Almost that, sir."

lieked at the gauge. We were under fearful pres-medition. No locomotive on the line could have me it, save the Suhan. The red-hot air streamed atony ince like the breath of a live coal; the runnec-fored blood-purple with heat; the valves of the pass were almost sprung open by the imprisoned

is wearn.

I paide the whistle, relieving the laboured snorting the boiler, and just then we flow past the station.

Indied at my watch. We had made the first forty the flow our journey, and it still lacked ten minutes of

We are doing well, sir," I remarked to my com-sian. "I think we shall reach some time before

God grant it! Young man, there are momentous below depending on my being there in season. We easiest-minded men in the world. We are, in a great measure, the slaves of fortune."
"Well, your shackles are golden ones. Only thirty

miles remain, sir."

The great reflector on the front of the Sultan was glowing brightly—a steady, intelligent eye of fire—and illuminated the track for a full mile ahead, casting grotesque shadows of the trees across our path, and magnifying every insignificant shrub into a black giant, beckening us on to our doom. All around, not pierced by the light, lay in a dense, palpable

We were approaching the river, and a low, boggy tract of land, through which ran a sluggish, treacherous stream, spanned by a single stone arch. This culvert was not very high—the volume of water seldom rose so rapidly as many streams do-but it was broad, and above it there was a covering of gravel,

I had often scanned the culvert when I had gone past, and thought how the displacement of a single stone in that arch would doom a passing train to de-struction, for the river was deep at that place, with a

muddy, miry bottom.

We were getting near the commencement of the "fill;" I could tell by the quivering of the engine as "fill;" I could tell by the quivering of the engine as it struck the unsteady foundation. The road there always shook under the weight of a train. I checked the speed a trifle, but Mr. Hanbury remoustrated. There could be no danger, he said—he would risk it; and what he dared to risk, I would not shrink from.

I glanced out of the front window. The light shed a steady glare far ahead over the straight track. Good

Heavens! what did I see?

I strained my eyes so intensly that for a moment almost total blindness came upon me; then I made it out clearly. Far in the distance, just over the culvert a slaming torch was waving on high as if to warn us back; and beneath it, faintly outlined against the dark background, was the figure—yes, the figure of a woman, clad in some light-coloured garments.

versed the steam I flew to the valves, shut off and reversed the steam, flung open the door of the furnace, and opened the

throttle-pipe.

But our career was not checked. The tremendous momentum we had acquired—and we were running on a down grade, too—hurled us on. Another second, and we should be there; no human power could arrest our speed!

I could see the face of that woman, who was perilling her life in a vain effort, distinctly now. It was white as death, and stamped all over with a lofty courage. The signal-light was waved frantically; courage. The signal-light was wavel transcally; her pale lips were forming themselves into a cry. I shut my eyes. Instant annihilation I expected, but I could not bear to go open-eyed—to see that noble woman beat into the dust before the hoofs of this rewoman beat into the dust before the hoofs of this re-leutless monster. Hanbury dimly comprehended it. I heard him mutter, "All is lost!" and simultaneously we plunged on to the culvert. The Sultan shock in ry iron sinew, snorted defiantly, leaped upwards, were, from the swaying, sinking track, and shot d. We were saved! But the solid ground failed behind us; there was a rumbling roar, rising high above the clatter and strain of the machinery, a crash like the rending of granite rocks, and through the murky air I saw the white dust rising slowly upward from the sunken embankment, and heard the dull, choked gurgle of the river, as it rolled over something it would soon swallow up.

And then we came to a dead halt. I seized the lantern. Hanbury laid his hand upon my arm, as he

"A moment's delay may be fatal. Go on; we have no time to return. You may save me from ruin if you

keep on!"
"Not to save you from perdition!" I cried, spring-

ing out.

A whole year of suspense was crowded into those few brief moments of search before I found her. Indeed, I had hardly dared to think I should find her but, thank Heaven, I did.

but, thank Heaven, I did.

She was lying, white and still, on the extreme verge of the chasm, one hand still grasping the broken lantern, with which she had tried to apprise us of danger. I sought for the other hand. It lay crushed to a shapeless mass beneath a huge stone.

I seemed to have the strength then of a dozen men. I flung away the great stone with scarcely an effort, and lifted her up from her perilous position.

Hereyes flew open. The pain of moving her brought.

Hereyes flew open. The pain of moving her brought

back her consciousness.
"Were they killed?" she asked anxiously.

"No; we are saved. But you suffer."
"I am not much hurt, I think."

an you sit up?"

"Oh, yes; it is only my arm. I shall do well enough." A sudden idea had flashed through my brain.

spoke it out. You must have surgical aid. Unfortunately, I am engaged to carry this gentleman before eleven o'clock. I cannot leave him, neither can I think of leaving you. I must take you along, and get the aid of a physician

There was no false modesty about this girl. She gave me a close scrutiny; her countenance

was not a raid to trust me.

"Very well," she said; "do as you think best. I cannot cross the river to my home to-night, unless I walk back, and that I could not do. I think I must go

on with you."
T lifted her into my seat in the engine box, and took

off my coat to wrap round her.

off my coat to wrap round her.

And then we were off. During the rapid transit, she said but little, though from it I gathered all that I wished to know. Her name was Annie Greyleigh, and she was an operative in the factory two miles from S—— River. She mostly lived with a distant cousin, who resided just across the river, and was accustomed to go there every Saturday night to spend the Sabbath. She usually took the railroad track because it lessened the distance. On that night, she had been detained in the mill longer than common, and when she reached the culvert found to hereforem. when she reached the culvert found to her dismay that the track had sunken some feet. The continual friction of the water had worked some of the masonry ose, and the jar of a train must destroy the entire

Tired as she was, and late as was the hour, she felt the necessity of returning, and notifying the station of the condition of the road. But just as she had turned for the purpose, she heard the whistle of our engine. And she had remained where she was, hoping to be able to arrest our speed in season to prevent us from crossing the dangerous place.

had been running at an ordinary rate, her object would have been accomplished; out Providence had seen fit to save us by nothing short of a miracle.

Soit was well. We reached L-

- fifteen minutes before eleven. Mr. We reached L—fiften minutes before eleven. Mr. Hanbury leaped off, and without the ceremony of a "good night," hastily departed I took the girl to an inn, and a surgeon was called. He pronounced her injury scrious—a compound fracture of the wrist, besides a bad laceration of the muscles. A nurse was procured, her wound dressed, and I left her with the

I did not close my eyes that night; I was too busy thinking of the sweet pale face of Annie Greyleigh. It was the first time a woman had ever kept me

awake. I saw her the next day, and the next.

I notified Annie's relative of the accident, and a I notified Annie's relative of the accident, week afterwards took the invalid home myself.

In the middle of September, I received a packet superscribed with my name in an unknown chirography. The contents sufficiently explained themselves, though:

"MR. LYNNWOOD, -By getting me to L-*MR. LYNNWOOD,—by getting me to L——in time that 20th night of August, you saved me the sum of twenty-five thousand pounds, which a fraudulent agent was about walking off with. Please accept the accompanying trifle as a token of my respect and gratitude.

Yours, &c.,

"B. Hanbury."

The "accompanying trifle" was Mr. Hanbury's cheque for two thousand pounds. My pay made me independent; but I knew that he could afford it, so I

eccepted the windfall, and was duly grateful.

I called several times to see Annie Greyleigh. She I called several times to see Annie Greyleigh. She always met me with a blush, that told me better than words that the sight of my bronzed face was not un-pleasant to her. She convalesced very slowly, and would never be able to do hard work any more.

At Christmas, I went to see her. She was looking sad and downcast. The prospect before her was not a cheering one.

I took up her wounded hand.

What do you intend doing with this, Annie?" I

She smiled sadly.

"I do not know. It is useless now. I am so afraid that I shall be unable to get my living—" She stopped abruptly. Something she saw in my face It is useless now. I am so afraid

made her hesitate. "Give it to me, Annie. Give me the right to devote

both my streng hands to you, henceforth, for I love you, Annie Greyleigh-love you, my darling!"

"But I am poor and crippled—"
"No more! I want you as you are. You more than satisfy every requirement."

r mine that very month; and afterward, at her desire, I gave up my situation on the engine, and devoted myself to mercantile pursuits.

But I am not likely to forget that ride over the

river bridge.

WARLIER INGENUITY OF NEW ZEALANDERS.perseverance and ingenuity of the Macries have been much underrated. They are (says a New Zealand letter) hard pushed for powder, but somehow or

another manage either to procure it or else manufac-ture a substitute. The latest instance of their cleverness was discovered when a native woman offered a sovereign for a quantity of little brass eyelet-holes, sovereign for a quantity of little brass eyelet-holes, such as ladies use in lacing. Inquiries were made, and it turned out that the Maories required them for percussion-caps, having found that the top of a com-mon lucifer match inserted in the centre of one of these eyelet-holes answered every purpos

THE DETTIFOSS WATERPALL

THE grandest sight in Iceland, however, is not the The grandest sight in lectand, however, is not the principal Geyser, even when in a state of violent action. It is the gigantic waterfull of Dettifoss, which Mr. Baring-Gould so well describes. Henceforth, the Icelandic traveller will be sure to make a struggle to

Icelandic traveller will be sure to make a struggle to reach this spot, and behold the marvellous spectacle. The author has the distinction of being the first Englishman who set eyes upon it.

The Jekules, the greatest river in Ireland, rolls finally over a mighty ledge of rock, and falls into an abyas two hundred feet in depth:—"The sight was so overwhelming, as I came out above it through a natural door in the dislocated trap-wall on the side of the river, that I could only stand lost in amazement. I have never felt as throughly the helplessness of man. have never felt so thoroughly the helplessness of man, when nature puts forth her strength, as at that moment when standing amidst the wreck of creation, in a waste and howling wilderness, where no grass can find root, nor flower blossom, above an awful into which the mighty stream plunges with a

consists, into when the mighty stream plunges was a roar like a discharge of artillery.

In some of old earth's convulsions, the crust of rock has been rent, and a frightful fisure formed in the basalt about 200 feet deep, with the sides columnar and perpendicular. The gash terminates abruptly at an acute angle, and at this spot the great river rolls

The bottom of the abyss is invisible from the point at which I am standing, and I have to move a couple of hundred yards down the edge, before I can see to the bottom of the gulf, and make a sketch. The wreaths of water sweeping down, the frenzy of reaches of water sweeping down, the fields of the confined streams where they meet, shooting into each other at either side of the aper f an angle, the wild rebound when they strike head of rock bursting out half-way down, the fitful cleam of battling torrents obtained through a veil of eddying vapour, the geyser spouts which blow up about seventy feet, from holes whence balsatic columns have been shot by the force of the descending water; the blasts of spray which rush upwards and burst into fierce showers on the brink, feeding rills which plunge over the edge as they are born; the white, writhing vortex below, with now and then an ice-green wave tearing through the foam, to lash against the walls; the thunder and hollowing of the against the wails; the thunder and hollowing of the water which make the rock shudder under foot, are all stamped on my mind with a vividness which it will take years to efface. The Almannagia is nothing to this chasm; and Schaffhausen, after all Moner's efforts to give it dignity, is dwarfed by Dettifoss."

ELECTRICAL PHENOMENA IN THE ALPS .-ELECTRICAL PHENOMENA IN THE ALPS.—A party consisting of three Englishmen and a lady, with two guides, endeavoured to make the ascent of the Alps, on the 10th of July last, but when they had proceeded some distance they were prevented by a storm, during which they got into the middle of an electric cloud. Their hair emitted a hissing, crackling sound, as if it had been under the influence of a powerful electrical machine, and over their faces and bodies they experienced a pricking, burning sensation. There were peaks of thunder heard, at each of which the party reals of thunder heard, at each of which the party reenced a pricking, burning sensation. There were peals of thunder heard, at each of which the party repeam of thunder heard, at each of which the party re-ceived an electric shock, but no lightning was seen. The right arm of one of the party was paralyzed for several minutes; the snow emitted hissing sounds; the well worn by the lady stood straight out, as also did the hair of all of them; which looked so ludicrous that they could not help bursting into laughter. These phenomena lasted for about twenty-five minutes, and o evil effects were felt afterwards.

A SAD STORY .- Some time ago a young lady who is most respectably connected, went to reside for a few weeks at an hotel in Liverpool. A middlefor a few weeks at an hotel in Liverpool. A middleaged gentleman, a captain of a barque, was living
at the same place, and an intimacy seems to have
sprung up between him and the young fady.
From the disparity of age of the parties and
other things, the intimacy seems to have escaped
the notice of the other residents of the hotel.
A fortnight ago, however, the captain sailed in
his vessel, and the young woman left the place
under the pretence of visiting some relatives, but
her friends were led to suspect that she had
gone off with the captain. A near relative of hers
went to Holyhead, and found her there with
the captain on board his ship, but, despite all
entreaties, she refused to leave him. As, however,

it was discovered that she had taken a shawl with her belonging to a female relative, a warrant was procured for her apprehension on the charge of felony, and she was then brought back to Liverpool, but no evidence being offered against her, she wa charged, her friends taking her under their charged, her friends taking her under their care. She was conveyed home, but after remaining there a short time she managed to get away. It is stated that she went to Holyhead again, and there met with the captain, whose vessel was still lying at that place. During the late terrific gale, the vessel which the captain commanded was wrecked near Holyhead, and he and all the rest of of the crew were drowned. It is also stated that the half of though where description answered to that body of a female, whose description answered to that of the lady in question, was found on the beach at Holyhead, and there is too much reason to fear that has been drowned also.

AN INDIAN DINNER-PARTY.

We had a dinner-party on the following day. I invited Otelne, Arkaske, the Nasquapees, who had arrived a few days before, Domenique, Bartelmi, Michel and Louis. I gave them fried pork and potatoes, fresh cod-fish, pancakes, and molasses, also

a and sugar.
Without thinking that our wild visitors astomed to the ways of the polite world, I handed to one of the Nasquapees a canister containing about three pounds of lump sugar, in order that he might

reeten his tea.
He looked at the sugar, asked Otelne a question, put a piece in his mouth, nodded his head, saying, "Ho! ho! ho!" With lump after lump, he charged his capacious mouth, holding firmly on to the

He had got through about half a pound when the cook, a French Canadian, said to me pee's eating all the sugar."

I touched Domenique and called his attention to the Nasquapee. Domenique himself was so deeply engaged with the molasses that he had not observed his neighbour's partiality for the sugar, but as soon as he observed him putting three or four lumps in his mouth and grinding them between his magnificent teeth, he snatched the canister and upbraided him for his greediness. The Nasquapee laughed.

Louis laughed so heartily he could scarcely interpret what the Indian said. It was to the effect that he thought the sugar was his share of the dinner, but thought the sugar was mis snare or the dinner, but he had no objection to try the pancake and molasses. Domenique, with wise caution, helped him, but he found taking the sweet stuff up with his fingers rather slow work, and nodded his thanks to me with "Ho, he is "when I handed him a spoon.

when I handed him a spoon.

After the molasses and pancake, he tried the pork and potatoes, and then the cod fish, finishing off with a handful of sugar which I presented to him.

The other Indians having been accustomed to the proprieties of at least half-civilized life, behaved very well, abused the Nasquapee for his want of manners, at which he laughed, and said he would do better next time, but was not in the least degree abashed. He told Louis confidentially, after the dinner was over,

Its told abuse condensation, that the sugar was very fine.

I gave him a piece of tobacco by way of dessert; he thanked me with another "Ho! ho! no!" and begged for a pipe. Having filled and lit it, he stretched himself the fire, and looked the picture of contentment.

clorations in the Interior of the Labrador PeninBy Henry Youls Hind, M.A., F.R.G.S.

A STRONG MAN.—The last lift by Dr. Windship, of America, that we have heard of was 2,600 lbs., which is about the weight of seventeen men of ordinary size. The strongest European ever heard of was one Becks, a porter of Mayence, who would get under a cask weighing 17 cwt. and lift it up with his back.

TESTING POLISH LOYALTY .- The Russian author TESTING FOLISH LOVALTY.—The russian authorities have discovered a new mode of testing the loyalty of the Poles towards their oppressors. Public balls have been given at Lodz and Lublin, and the inhabitants have been informed that any of them who do not come will be regarded as suspected persons. Officials who do not bring their wives and children with them are to receive instant dismissal.

ECLIPSES OF THE SUN IN 1864.—Next year there ECLIPSES OF THE SUN IN 1864.—Next year there will be two eclipses of the sun. The first will be on the 5th of May. It will begin on the earth at 9.30 p.m. of London time, and 126 deg. 56 min. of east longitude, and 1 deg. 23 min. of south latitude. It ends on the earth on the following day 3.3 a.m., in longitude, 130 deg. 25 min. west, and 20 deg. 9 min. of north latitude. The total eclipse will be visible only in the North Pacific Ocean, and it will be visible as partial eclipses for earth of Silveric and the north of Silveric and as a partial eclipse in a part of Siberia and the north-erimost part of North America and the north of Australia. The second eclipse of the sun will be on October 30. It will begin on the earth at 3.31 p.m.

London time, in longitude 100 deg. 14 min. west of London time, in longitude 100 deg. 14 min. west of Greenwich, and 6 deg. 25 min. north latitude. It will end on the earth at 6.30 p.m., in longitude 6 deg. 25 min. west of Greenwich, and latitude 19 deg. 25 min. south. The line of central eclipse passes across South America between 20 deg. and 36 deg. of south latitude, and will also be visible in the South Pasific and South Atlantic Oceans. A partial eclipse will be visible for a short time in the United States and on the western coast of Africa, at the first for a few mon sunrise, and at the latter just before sunset.

THE LATE STORM

M. Marie-Davy, who is entrusted with the men ological department at the Observatory, of Paris, has communicated a paper to the Academy of Sciences on the great storm of the 2nd and 3rd of last month. He confirms the statement that it was owing to a coming from the north-western coast of Ireland

now continuing its ourse across Russia.

On the 1st inst. the meteorological map, or by means of observations taken at eight am graphed to Paris from every part of the Frenchenry announced the arrival of the clycloned clearly announced the arrival of the clyclone in Ireland; its centre was about 60 leagues from the N.W. cast of the island. On the 2nd, at 8 a.m., irs centre was found in the neighbourhood of Shrwesbury, sonth of Liverpool, while the storm itself was raging at Paris at 1 p.m., the barometer falling 781 millimètres, at 28.8 inches English. Shortly after, however, it may again with as much rapidity as it had fallen. The tempest, therefore, which had been moving southwards had been driven back towards the north. On the 3rd the centre of the cyclone had gone back to Englast. had been driven back towards the north. On the sthe centre of the cyclone had gone back to Engla and was in the neighbourhood of York. From it moment it resumed its natural course, moving as wards; on the 4th it was somewhere north of Cope hagen, and on the 5th it left the Baltic between Lib and Königsberg.

The centre of the storm travelled at the rate of 18

The centre of the storm travelled at the rate of in leagues per hour; now, as this is the usual rate of much weaker storms, there is no reason to believe that their velocity is independent of their violence. M. Marie-Davy, after a general review of the state of the barometer in Spain, the Bay of Biscay, England and Ireland, says that, although this storm origination in the lower latitudes, other storms may be formed much nearer to our own; and that the knowledge of their review of descriptions. much nearer to our own; and that the knowledge of their point of departure must necessarily preceds all attempts to explain the manner of their formation. The study of the theory of tempests is still in is infancy; but every step in advance which telegraph may take on the Atlantic will tend to improve the theory, and render casualties at see more and more easy to avoid.

DEATH FROM HYDROPHOBIA.—John Merser, a by of 15, living with his mother (a widow), at 111, Upper Frederick Street, Liverpool, died on Monday night in dreadful agony, from the effects of the bite of a dog. About five weeks ago the lad interfered to preveat dog from worrying his younger brother, when the dog turned upon John Merser, and bit him severely over the eye. The lad thought nothing of its the time and the wound afterwards partly healed. On Saturday last, however, he complained of is numbered alternate pricking sensation in the region of the wound. His neck grew stiff, burnt when rubbed, and he experienced a feeling of choking. On Sunday night and Monday morning the more palpable symptoms of DEATH FROM HYDROPHOBIA.-John Merser, a boy Monday morning the more palpable sympolydrophobia set in; he trembled at the sight of particularly in a basin, and implored his mother tor-move it. Towards evening he commenced to bark in a dog, foamed at the mouth, and ultimately died in dreadful agony.

THE CIVILIZED INDIAN.—The first impressions of Nasquapees when they see the ocean are strongly schibited by their behaviour as well as by the questions they ask. They gaze at it without speaking for some minutes, approach the huge waves rolling up on the sandy beach, and look long and wonderingly to the right and the left. Stooping down, they touch the water with their finger, and taste it, spitting it or quickly. They ask many questions about the size of the coean, how far it is across to land, its depth, his kind of fish it contains, and whether devils live in it. After their curiosity is satisfied on these points, they appear to take no further interest in the matter. They THE CIVILIZED INDIAN.—The first impre pear to take no further interest in the matter. They laugh at the schooner sailing by, gaze with astonisment at the immense number of cod-fish which they see lying on stages on the beach or brought in by the fishing-boats, and many of them mentally resolve, as doubt, that they will take up their abode in a county which appears so rich in the good things of their but sickness soon seizes them with the first change of weather, and they begin to sigh for the pure dry it of their native mountain wilds.—Explorations is the Interior of the Labrador Peninsula. By Henry Inst. Hind, M.A., F.R.G.S pear to take no further interest in the matter.

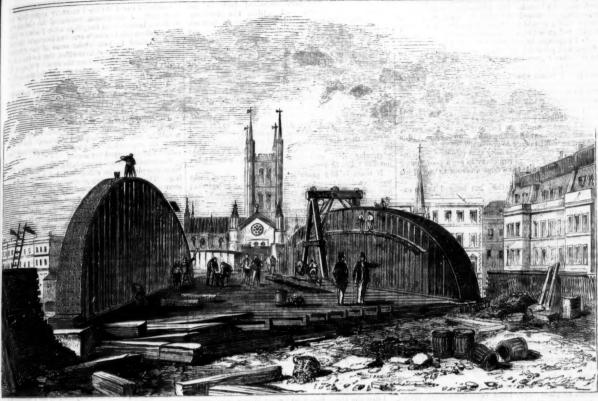
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mpidity with ecurity with eight of Captain Tyi pany with Mr quired into the tested the nur from the Char terminus. To severally teste foot on each 1 tion being on quarter of an being consider girder bridge total span of tons. The bo Street has a sp no other line i space of three ngineering w

over all the 16 The Charing public traffic fo conveyance ov Princess of Pr Dover. Thou yet been forms is understood ition of the line tily him in aut purpose. The Western Raily DVeyance Western Raily Cross Railway, and thence by t ds on their ETO WAS & EAT



[THE GLEDERS OF THE CHARING CROSS RAILWAY AT LONDON BRIDGE.]

CHARING CROSS RAILWAY.

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Our accompanying engraving represents the works, when fast arriving towards the completion, of the great girler bridge of the Charing Cross Railway. This ridge crosses the principal entrance of the London Bridge terminus, and is the most expansive on the line. The length of the largest of its girders is 207 fest, and of the smallest, 176 feet. The height is 18 feet, and the width, 50 feet, and, notwithstanding the neglity with which the work in all its several departments has been carried on, the great principles of scarling with accommodation, have never been lost

Captain Tyler, the Government inspector, in com-pay with Mr. Hawkshaw, has more than once in-quired into the condition of this line, and has recently isted the numerous iron road bridges that carry it from the Charing Cross bridge to the London Bridge ferminus. The structures on that occasion were severally tested with weights equivalent to a ton perfect on each line of rails, the general average deflection being only half an inch on the centres and a quater of an inch on the cross girders, the result being considered highly satisfactory. The iron-plate pries bridge at the London Bridge extends over a total span of 186 feet, and weight upwards of 300 tun. The bow and string bridge over Southwark Siret has a span of 182 feet in the clear. There is no other line in the kingdom that, within the short space of three miles, has such massive and masterly engineering works. The cylinders and piers of the structure were subjected to the severe dead weight, own all the 16 piers, of 1,200 tons, and this terminates da Government inspector's experimental testing.

The Charing Cross Railway began to be used for public traffic for the first time, on the 14th ult., in the conveyance over it of the Crown Prince and Crowrn Princes of Prussia and suite from Windsor direct to Duren. Though the opening of the railway has not yib bean formally sanctioned by the Board of Trade, it is miterated that the result of the careful inspection of the line by Captain Tyler was such as to justify him a nathorising it to be used for this special subjection. The royal train left Windsor by the South-Eastern line to Dover. Compact with the route usually taken by the South-Eastern line to Dover. Compact with the route usually taken by her Majesty's rust on their journeys between Windsor and Dover, then was a saving of more than an hour between the to the numerous iron road bridges that carry it from the Charing Cross bridge to the London Bridge

two points—a matter of no small importance in the month of December. By Reading or Wokingham, the journey would have occupied 3½ hours; whereas by the new route it was and will be performed in 2½ hours without shunting.

WILHELMINA.

CHAPTER L

At the age of thirty I found myself a misanthrope. I had tasted the pleasures of this world and found them like the "apples of the Dead Sea." will not anticipate.

will not anticipate.

I am the only surviving son of a proud, aristocratic family, therefore no one will know who it is that has passed through the scenes of exquisite joy and suffering I shall depict here. Not being the "eldest son" or possessing a fortune, society did not open its arms to receive me and welcome me, as it did my brother Harold, though he left college with no more honours than I—the grave student already wearied with the heartlessness of the world. I chose a profession, that of medicine; not that I had any particular preference for that, but I could not endure the wrangling of the bar, and for a clerical position I was not fitted.

A small legacy from my grandfather's estate brought me an income sufficient for my limited desires. From boyhood I have had a dislike to meeting strangers, and often have I envied the ease with which some empty-headed fop could converse with those he met

empty-headed fop could converse with those he met for the first time.

Nature was not lavish of her favours to me. My mother was a Spanish lady, and from her I inherited dark skin and eyes, but from my father my massive frame. I do not know what particular features ren-dered my face so unattractive, but it was so, and the

consciousness of this did not give me ease of manner.

The village where I began practising as a physician was situated on the bank of a beautiful river, and though it could not boast of much architectural beauty though it could not boast of much architectural beauty it certainly might of many pleasant places for both drives and walks. So thought the students of the university, whom I occasionally met in my rambles about the place, at least I should judge so by the exemplary perseverance with which they accompanied the young ladies of the village in their walks and rides.

I was personally acquainted with but very few of the young people of the place. The young ladies whom I saw at church were so gay in their dress and frivolous in manner, that I saw scarcely one among them whose acquaintance seemed desira The students were, generally speaking, rather a wild set, and they neither sought my society, nor I theirs. I lived at this time as in a dream. My father gave me a liberal education, and I had spent two years in travel, but at this time he died, and my elder and only brother succeeded to the estate.

only brother succeeded to the estate.

One dreamy afternoon in early summer I took a volume of Scott's Poems and a telescope, and sauntered to a quiet spot on the river-bank, where I often went to read, and muse, and wonder why I was born with no one to love me, for my mother died when I was an infant, and a sister's love I never knew. The day was bright and cloudless. I was reading "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," when, chancing to look across the water, I saw a small beat push off from the opposite shore. There was but one person in the boat, and he a slender youth I had seen about the village lately—probably a student. The boat was coming directly towards the spot where I was sitting, and I amused myself in watching his feeble oar-strokes, and the imperfect manner in which I was sitting, and I amused myself in watching his feeble car-strokes, and the imperfect manner in which he managed the tiny craft, till he had nearly reached the shore, when, rising in the beat to wave his cap to some ladies whom he had left standing on the opposite side, he lost his balance, and, falling, struck the edge of the boat, which immediately upset. Though the water was not deep, and he was within a few yards of the shore, he was in as much danger, if no one had seen him, of drowning, as though he had been on the ocean, for I saw in an instant that he could not swim.

the ocean, for I saw in an instant that he could now swim.

If there was anything about myself of which I was proud, it was the strength with which I battled with the waves. I believe I could then have swum the "Hellespont" to meet a "Hero."

A moment more and I was in the water, where he disappeared; when he rose I seized him, and almost immediately we were both standing on the bank, with the water dripping out of our hair and clothes, he pale as death, and I—well! the little adventure had startled me from my lethargy, and sent the blood coursing through my veins at a considerably increased rate. My sense of the ludicrous was always keen, and now, seeing him shivering, his clothes clinging to his person, face pale, eyes seemingly set, staring at me, his hair saturated and hanging perfectly straight, I fear my perception of the ridiculous got the better of my politeness, for I laughed heartily, and then said:

"Young man, you had better hasten and change your apparel, and comb your hair, for your health's sake, to say nothing of your personal appearance." My speaking seemed to arouse him, for he immedi-

took away my breath. But, presuming on my medical knowledge, I assured him that we must both go at once; that I should be pleased to see him, if he chose to call, and gave him a well-soaked card.

As I expected, in less than two hours he was in my office; and persisted in rating what I had done as highly, that I converted.

office; and persisted in rating what I had done so highly, that I grew quite ashamed, and begging that he would say no more about it, changed the conver-sation. I found him an intelligent young man, of a very communicative turn of mind, and I soon learned that he was the eldest son of an enisconal change. that he was the eldest son of an episcopal clergyman residing about thirty miles distant.

"I have written home since I saw you, and told "I have written nome since I saw you, and told them all about my accident, and as vacation comes in a few weeks, you'll go home with me, won't you, doctor? Capital hunting and fishing up there. Wilhie and father will be crazy to see you." He forgot in his impetuosity that middle-aged gen-

tlemen are not apt to run crazy to see a poor young man, even if he may have done a favour to one of his

I expressed my obligation, but begged to be ex-

"Can't think of it," said he, "but don't imagine you will be bothered with society. There's hardly enough there for a respectable tête-à-tête—that is, of young folk

I laughed, and told him as it only took two for that, his village must be decidedly lacking in regard to young ladies, adding, "I should not wish to become

young ladies, adding, "I should not wish to become acquainted beyond your family."

"Oh," returned he, "there's no grown-up ones at home but father, Wilhie, and Aunt Mary. A whole parcel of children, though," added he, with that patronizing air which a youth of twenty-two, and he the eldest, usually puts on in speaking of the "smaller fry" of the family.

I did not decline going at once, though fully intending to do so when the time came, lest it should hurt his feelings, but told him I would think about it."

ing to do so when the time came, lest it should hurt his feelings, but told him I would think about it. I saw him very often after this. The generous impulses of his nature had not been warped by contact with a cold world, and his enthusiasm and ardour were quite pleasant to witness.

"I tell you, doctor," said he, coming in one day,
"there's no place where I feel more comfortable than stretched out on this lounge," and he immediately took

possession of the same.

"Doubless," said I, "from the consciousness that the crimson cover contrasts well with your pale face,

and is quite becoming."

"Ah!" said he, "I wish I had your complexion, but I had a pulmonary difficulty for two years after I was fitted for college, and did nothing but fish, hunt, read, and ride on horseback; and I tell you what, y father has some of the finest horses. By the way, ctor, why didn't you take to the law? You would ve made a splendid lawyer, I know; why, I should have made consider such a voice as you have a fortune in itself.
Think how you could have swayed the mind of the multitude;" and his eyes sparkled with enthusiasm at

In a little over a week after our adventure on the water, Walter received a long letter from his father, with an invitation to me to come and make the acquaintance of himself and family, which, after a deal of persuasion on Walter's part, I finally accepted, to his account, delich!

seeming delight. good long letter from Wilhie," said he.

"I've a good long letter from withie," said he,
"and she says, 'be sure and bring Dr. Rawson with
you, we want to see him so much."

"She?" exclaimed I, "and who is Wilhie?"

'Oh! my sister next to me, you know: her name is
Wilhelmina, but we always call her Wilhie for a pet

I immediately regretted my promise, but my word had been given, and there was no plausible excuse to offer; "for doubtless," thought I, "she is a piece of affectation, and will annoy me to death in her efforts te entertain me."

CHAPTER IL

was a being whom my spirit oft its visioned wanderings far aloft, clear, golden prime of my youth's dawn.

A FEW weeks passed, and I found myself hurried

towards L

The train arrived at the station about six o'clock. The train arrived at the station about six occors. It was but a few minutes walk to the house, and we were soon there. A fine, dignified gentleman was Walter's father. His wife had been dead about five years, but a sister of his had taken charge of his household affairs since then. Miss Winthrop was absent, taking a ride on horseback with the childrens' taken and as they were monaparally expected, we all absent, saking a ride on noisebles with the childrens tutor, and as they were momentarily expected, we all went out to sit on the piazza and wait for them. The house was a large white structure, built in ancient style and surrounded with trees, and approached by a wide-sweeping avenue. It was a delightful place,

and much taste had been exercised both in the arrangements without and within the dwelling, The younger members of the family, five in number. were playing in the garden, not excepting a gay and rather hoydenish girl of sixteen, whom the others called "Carrie," and ever and anon I noticed that she turned towards the road a quick, searching glance, as if looking for some one who came and ever and anon I noticed

I have had a habit since childhood of noticing ever expression of the human countenance, and if I not at the time read the train of thought that produced it, I would lay it aside in my memory, and sometimes it has been of great service to me. While I was wonit has been of dering why this young girl was watching for some one in so stealthy a manner, I heard Walter exclaim "There they are!" and a look of pride lighted his eye as his sister, who, though not expecting us on particular day, still knew his form, waved hand in token of recognition.

If there is any place where a lovely woman looks more beautiful than anywhere else it is on horseback; and never did I behold a more perfect specimen of her sex than the one now riding gracefully and rapidly towards us. She was dressed in a closely-fitting black habit, and a rather jaunty riding-hat with many plumes of the same colour. Her cheeks were flushed eks were flushed with the exercise, and her eyes sparkled with delight, doubtless at meeting her brother, who, after assisting her to dismount and embracing her, immediately pre-

She came forward with the case of a person who She came forward with the case of a person who has been long in society, and offering me her little gauntistied hand, spoke her welcome in a low, sweet voice, adding, as the tears rose in her eyes, her thanks for the service I had done them all, as well as her brother. I begged her not to mention gratitude in connection with such an act.

"Where is Carrie?" she asked of one of the little cases who came crowships shout her.

ones who came crowding about her.

ones who came crowding about her.
"I don's know!" innocently responded little Minna,
the youngest, and only five years old, "but just now,
when she saw you coming, she threw down the hoop
and ran off there," pointing to the path which led to
a piece of woods that formed the background to this
delightful place.

I saw the tutor, who heard what Minna said, start as if to follow her, but instantly stopped, and began a conversation with the children.

After tea, at which Mrs. Carlton, the aunt, presided, ve all, with the exception of the children, adjourned to the parlour, Carrie joining us just as tea was over. Walter and Wilhie sang and played some fine duets, afterward Carrie and her teacher, and she seemed per-

fectly happy during the time.
"Can it be," thought I, "that she loves him?" He at least appeared unconscious of it, and rather devoted himself to the eldest sister, who was not one of his pupils, having graduated at a seminary a mouth before. Mr. Winthrop had taught his children himbefore. Mr. Whitnop and taught as on devoting a self till the year before, but he was now devoting a great portion of his time to preparing some book on

teology.

I scarcely remember how we passed the following sys. I know we had some delightful walks and ives, and once a picnic. All went but Mr. Winthrop and Mrs. Carlton, and the day seemed short. My mind seemed to be in a dreamy state. I was conscious of but one desire—to be near Wilhie. Never had I met a but one desire—to be near Willie. Never had a met a person before, whose very glance could so control my mind, nor one who possessed so many fascinating ways as she. Is it any wonder I loved her; nay, worshipped her? She was all I had ever hoped of finding in this world, yes, more than all, for she was beautiful as a poet's dream, and a very angel of goodness. She did not imagine what a frame of mind I was in during those days, or she never would have sat on the same sofu with me, or talked with me so freely that the little seed of loye, dropped in my heart grew in those few weeks to be a strong plant, and its roots were deep and widely spread.

And now I must confess to the possession of one pe

And now I must contest to the possession of one pe-culiarity of temperament that has ruined my happiness for ever, that has blighted the plant of connubial love which but for this might have bloomed on earth, and it is to be loped with increased beauty it. heaven.

None but those who have experienced it can imagine the distress of mind one endures from a disposition by nature jealous and exacting. Such was mine. My Spanish blood would boil at some fancied wrong, and who can tell, save those likewise unfortunate, what it

> To sit and curb the soul's mute rage. Which preys upon itself alone.
>
> To carse the life, which is the cage
> Of fettered grief that dares not groan.
> Hiding from many a careless eye
> The scorned load of agony.

Too often were my sorrows unreal and imaginary. Even in boyhood has my heart seemed almost broken by some act of partiality shown by my father to his elder and best-loved son. From the moment I became

conscious I loved Wilhie I mentally appropriated her to myself. I was almost jealous of ti children bestowed on her; once when I saw her pl children bestowed on ner; once when I saw her plac-her hand on the teacher's arm and look up in his fac-as she talked to him about some of the children's studies, I could almost have killed him for the look of admiration which came into his eyes. I thought be loved her, and I would rather she had died than nother

should call her ms.

All this happened years and years ago, and as the joys, sorrows, and even the affections of my life ard dead, I can speak of them as calmly as if relating the

To win the love of the peerless Wilhie became the To win the leve of the process of the occasion of the one object of my life; and to declare myself then would be death to my hopes, I was sure. But I kep back all expressions of tongue or countenance that back all expressions of tongu-might have betrayed my secret.

might have betrayed my secret.

One evening; some young ladies and gentlemen who were stopping in the village called to spend the evening. They were friends of Wilhie's at school, and, of course, her attention was mostly given to them. My friends say, that, like most of my countrymed, lamage to supply the letter "h" where the rules of orthography do not demand it, and also to lears it out of its property place; however, I am never expensive of respective place; however, I am never consci

At one time during the evening referred to, I was holding a light, bantering conversation with like Carrie, when she suddenly arose and began a search for something on the carpet, shaking out the folia of her dress, and looking marrowly all about where we were stitute.

her dress, sate were sitting.

By this time she had attracted the attention of every one in the room, and wishing to offer my services, Ira-

"Shall I assist you, Miss Carrie? Tell me what is lost, and if it be as large as the point of a needs, you may see what a devoted Knight of the Carpet I will

"Oh, nothing that I've lost," she exclaimed, "I was only looking for the h's you have dropped: the at least three dozen."

Do at least three dozen.

An awkward pause fell on the company, till I reunarked, by way of placing them all more at ease:

"Well, then, don't look any longer, for I presume I

have supplied as many extra ones in my con as I dropped from it."

Notwithstanding my assumed gaiety for a

Notwithstanding my assumed gaiety for a few moments, I felt vexed and soon became silent. I feare ments, I felt vexed and soon became silent. I fear-that I had been made to appear ridiculous in Wilhie's eyes, and the remainder of the evening dragged away

Slowly.

When their young friends took leave of us, the teacher—Edgar Randolph—Walter and the two young ladies accompanied them through the avenue. Identify the parlow that the property of t clined going, but watched them from the parlour

It was a bright moonlight night, and when they returning, just before they reached the steps, I Wilhie put her arm around Carrie, and whisper a shrug of the shoulders and a decided
"I shall do no such thing."
"Then I will do it for you," was the low-spoken reply, but uttered so distinctly that I could hear very

A moment later and they were in the hall. I remained sitting in the window-seat, my heart full of bitter thoughts, all my old feelings of loadiness and gloom stealing fast over me. I heard a soft, quick step, and seeing Miss Winthrop approaching me, I

She came quickly forward and said: "Doctor, will you please excuse Carrie for her appo-liteness? I do not think she meant to wound your

She raised those beautiful eyes with such an appo ing look to mine, that had she asked me to commisuicide I should have obeyed her. Such is the spill that beauty throws over our senses, we follow like children when youth and beauty combined lead the

At this time I came near forgetting resolutions, and telling her that I loved her with all the strength of But why linger over those hours, nature.

nature. But why linger over those hours, the most delightful over known? The fortnight we were to stay was soon passed it was with a sad heart I returned to my village. seemed as if the very sunlight were not so bright as it was in and about the mansion that contained the jerd I hoped to win and wear. I came back with a dermination to succeed in my profession, and when well established to ask Wilhie to become my wife. But while I was trying to see a propriate and the confidence of while I was trying to get practice and the confidence of the people, what if another should step in and win the for himself?

prize for himself?
Tortured by such feelings, it was some time ere Inciticed several letters which the office boy had laid on the table. One was from an attorney in London, saing that Harold, my brother, was dead. He died ref

raited my dire I did not fee the loss of f. thought and fe that he had die mined to keep wealthy. Th this thought had come int In the ner times. She pe in my villag brother. She my presence a a brighter lus of love I not room if I co without appear thrill of grat weis-is-0 less very bril This, trifle scarcely dare which gener

addenly a fer

than ever, . venture, not fate from her Love i In order t and a night

few years D which I ha

Wilhie to m

seemed muc was a mome You are throp, " and ed me a After tea fading glori n wal and bringin These a own flower-

me and a than Wilhi I took he bush, Miss "Oh, no With Mi

Each of the nicely, littl the best, i imiring ! ruses on it. at my prais "Yes I too, and f

flowers, w

"You de to my lone Yes I Wilhie? I instan trus stand sionider a

> iouse, but "Certai gratitude. Gratitu the rich c

nidenly a few days before the attorney wrote, and he sidedly a few days before the attorney wrote, and he said my directions in regard to the estates, as I was bind-law to all my brother possessed, which after the disk were paid, he stated, would be a "fine property." I did not feel on hearing this news as some feel at the less of friends, for we had been esparated in blooph and feeling for so many years, still I mourned the had died without my seeing him again. I determined to keep it secret that I had suddenly become so with? Though I knew not how much it was it. missi to keep it secret that I had suddenly become so scaliby. Though I knew not how much it was, it sust be enough for me to marry when I chose, and his thought gave me inbre pleasure than anything in onestion with the "handsome property" of which I but come into possession.

In the next three months I saw Wilhie several

se. She paid a visit of a few weeks to some friends my village, and I called several times with her received me just as she did other callers bother. One received in Just assist during the blush to her check, nor a singlete lustre to her eye, yet with the watchfulness of lore I noticed that when in different parts of the dire I noticed that when in different parts of the nom if I conversed with others, she would listen without appearing to do so, and it always gave me a shill of grafifcation to observe the embarrassment of her "si-d-ris" at her want of interest in his doubt-

les very brilliant remarks.

the

of

is

1

less very brilliant remarks.
This trife as it was, gave me a little hope; yet I savely dared to think that I might gain her love, when others more favoured in possession of those gifts which generally win a woman's heart, thronged about When she returned to her home I felt more lonely

waster, and reflecting on the proverb, "Nothing venture, and hoar my fate from her own lips.

Who says he loves and is not wretched, lies; What can we do but love? It is our cup. Love is the cross and passion of the heart, lie and—its errand. CHAPTER IIL

In order to make my visit to L-seem unpre-Is order to make my visit to 12——seem trapic-mediated I went twenty miles beyond, to spend a day and a night with a gentleman whom I had known a few years before, and returning, stopped to do that which I had started from home to perform—to ask

I found the family all at home, and well. Mr. W. seemed much pleased to see me, but I thought there was a momentary look of surprise on Wilhie's face as she bade me welcome.

You are indeed welcome, doctor," said Mr. Winthrop, "and please remember you will be at any and every time you can make it convenient to come." This ed me at ease.

After tea we were sitting on the piazza watching the tiding glories of day, when little Minna came up the garden walk with two or three flowers in her and bringing them to me, said:

"These are all for you, doctor; I got them from my own flower-bed, and I've got a new rose-bush too; do came and see it; John set it out for me, and its prettier

ok her up in my arms and said to her sister: Shall we walk down and see this wonderful rose-bub, Miss Winthrop, or would you rather not, as it supasses yours?"

"Oh, no!" she replied, "I think I can bear the mor-

With Minns still in my arms, we went down to the flowers, which were on the north side of the house. Each of the children had a portion allotted to him, and there was some strife amongst them in keeping it aicely, little Minas always protesting that hers was like test, if it was the smallest. After sufficiently admiring the wonderful rose-tree that had just two tosse on it. I said to Mina. toss on it, I said to Minna, who grew quite animated at my praise of her flowers:

on love flowers, little one, don't you? "Yes I do," ahe artiessly replied, "and my lamb, two, and father, and all the rest, and you, doctor, I

"You do, darling?" I said. "I am very glad;" for to my lonely heart even the love of this little child

d precious."
"sel do," she said, bravely, "don't you, sister

I instantly turned my eyes on her sister's face; she was standing in front of us, her eyes dancing with astrinant, but when the child took her face from my slouder and ashed so innecently "don't you, Wilhie?" lar eyes dropped, and the rich blood instantly maded cheek and brow. She turned towards the house, but Minna, seeing that my eyes still followed lar, persistently said :
"Say, Wilhie, don't you love Dr. Rawson?"

nly, Minna: we all owe him a great debt of

Gratitude, forsooth I when I was longing to gather that the clusters of thought and feeling which, though how lying dormant, I knew were in her heart.

Though the child did not understand the remark about gratitude, and I thought it more for my benefit than her enlightenment, she was satisfied. So were Wilhie and I.

The time seemed to have come; the opportunity I ought for was here; should I improve it or wait for a

waited, that I might see her entirely alone. That same evening the parlour was deserted by all save us two. I asked her to play for me, and though I knew the music was delightful I did not appreciate it. I was wondering if the present moment was an oppor-

ne one. I stood behind her to turn the leaves of the music, and when she had finished and turned towards me, as she rose from her seat I took her little white hands in mine, and said:

"Miss Wilhie, may I ask the same question little Minns did this afternoon? Do you, can you love

In a quick, impassioned manner I told how dear

she had become to my lonely heart.

She never raised her eyes till I had finished; then she said, looking at me ull the while:

"I am very much surprised at this avowal of your sentiments, Dr. Rawson, but I do not think that I love

"May I not hope to win your love?" I asked, feeling as if all the happiness of which I had dreamed was drifting away beyond all hope of recall, "or does some more favoured one occupy the place in your affections I had hoped to fill?" I had hoped to fill?

"I love no one else; do not speak of this again for a month. If you will come to me then I will tell you if I prefer you: you need not ask again. If I am silent you will know my heart does not respond to the sentiments you have expressed.

I kissed her hand, and as she said "Remember, one A kissed her hand, and as she said "rememoer, one month from to-day," we were no longer alone. I had no opportunity to say more that evening. The next morning, when we met at breakfast, she was as composed as before she heard my declaration. She neither blushed nor betrayed emotion of any kind, if she felt

Immediately after the meal, I took leave of them all. Millie came out to the piazza and gave me her hand at parting as freely and frankly as the rest. I felt unhappy. I thought if there was the least bit of love lurking in her heart, she could not so effectually conceal it.

The morning I left, I felt assured there was not the

least ground for hope.

A month, and I was there again—this time with Walter. I had not told him a word, preferring to wait till after this visit, which I feared would orush my hopes and doom me to a lonely, isolated life, for I knew I could never love again.

Wilhie greeted us cordially, but composedly, though I thought her eyelids quivered as she raised her eyes to mine. That evening she sang, in rich, thrilling

The world buds every year, The heart, just once; and when The blossoms fall off sere, No new blossoms come again.

I thought she meant this for me, and said to myself, Ah! she has some time been the victim of unrequited love; she can at least sympathize with me."

Two days passed, and the longed-for words came not, that would have made me exultant and happy. I almost ceased to expect them.

The third day a picnic was planned, we were to go to a cluster of beautiful islands, take our dinner, gather shells and mosses, and return before dark. The gather shells and mosses, and return before dark. The day would have passed pleasantly enough had it not been for the heavy weight settling down upon my heart. It seemed like a pall drawn over the coffin where lay shrouded the hopes of my life.

Directly opposite the island where we were standing,

preparatory preparatory to embarking for our return, was another, so small and fairy-like that it seemed as if one of the gardens of Eden had nestled there. It was partially covered with trees which the wild-gorse had over-run, and from the top of the trees the wind had blown the till they had grown so, and formed plants together beautiful natural bowers. The whole was bathed in the sunlight, which, shining through the branches, gave it a picturesque appearance. We were standing a little apart from the others,

and I said to Wilhie:
"It seems too lovely to belong to this earth does it

"Yes; I have often admired it; and," added she raising those beautiful eyes in which I saw a love-light gleaming to mine:

"Oft in my fancy's warderings
I've wished that little isle had wings,
And se within its fairy bowers
Were wafted off to seas unknown,
Where not a pulse should beat but ours,
And we might live, love, die alone."

The transition of feeling from disappointment to joy

was so sudden that for a few moments it rendered me speechless. She told me her decision so delicately, and with marked emphasis on the third line of those she quoted, that my admiration and love were, if pos-sible, increased. In our walks from the shore to the house, I asked her how long it was since she became aware that she loved me.

"Since you left me, one month ago," was the low

The next few days were those of perfect happiness. Her father gave his consent to our union, and nothing seemed wanting. I wished to have our nuptials cele-brated immediately, but Wilhie wished them deferred brated immediately, but Wilhie wished them deterred till the following spring.

"That we may be sure our love is holy," she said,
and will bear the test of time."

Our arrangements were at last completed. We were

to be married in early spring, spend the summer and fall in travelling, and the following winter in Lon-

Looking back through the lapse of thirty years, those hours and the loving tones of her voice come to

Like the faint, exquisite music of a dream.

CHAPTER IV.

We were married. I will pass over those months of perfect happiness, when my soul revelled in the thought of loving and being loved, Not a cloud dis-turbed the perfect seronity of our bliss. If there were one trait of character for which I ad-

If there were one trait of character for which I admired my wife more than another, it was her perfect mired my wine more than another, it was her perfect freedom from vanity. She never seemed conscious that she was superior to those around her, or that she was beautiful. Not even after listening to the thou-sands of compliments lavished on her by the many whom we met in our travels, and in whom her extreme loveliness excited admiration. And it became her charmingly. Gradually, however, there came a slight change over her. Not that she ever became vain; but when we were settled in our home,—a fine residence in a fashionable quarter of London—I thought she had acquired a love of dress and society that she did not possess when we were married. She never seemed particularly pleased with the homage she received, but it appeared like taking grains of opium; the effect was not marked enough to be opium; the effect was not marked enough to be noticeable, but after taking it a few times, the omission created an unpleasant desire for it. The thought that my wife preferred any society to mine threw a gloom

over my spirits impossible to remove.
"I do not wish to make a nun of you," said I to her, one day, "but I do not like these gay parties, nor do I wish you to attend them without me." "There is a slight difference in us then, I perceive,

for I enjoy them very much, and you will go to please me, won't you?"

16 No," said I; "my wife must yield her wishes to

How well I remember the startled look of surprise

at this remark; she had one of those natures which were easily guided by love, but at the first intimation of my enforcing my wishes I saw that her whole nature rose in opposition to the injustice. "To a reasonable extent she will," she said, and left

the room.

I did not see her again that day. There was to be a large party that evening, and I wished to see if she would go, after the morning's conversation.

At seven o'clock in the evening a servant came to to the library door and said Mrs. Rawson wished to speak with me in the parlour. I sent back word that I was busy, thinking that she would come herself; but she did not, and about an hour afterward I heard the outside door shut heavily, and a carriage drive rapidly away.

The dusted way.

How unhappily passed that night! All my jealous fears were roused, and I thought she had ceased to love me. I felt that I was wronging my wife, yet the demon had full possession, and I scarcely knew what I was

thinking.

The next morning I entered the breakfast alone; the next morning reacted and though her manner was slightly constrained, her "good-morning" sounded as pleasant as usual. The meal was nearly pleted, when, the servant having left the room, to her: completed.

said to her:

"I suppose, Mrs. R., you passed the evening much more pleasantly than you would have done had you remained at home with your husband."

"I enjoyed it very much," said she, appearing not to notice my manner of speaking, "and I think you would also, if you had gone. There were some strangers present."

"No," said I, "you mistake. I have not so wearied of the society of my wife as to desire that of other ladies, however agreeable."

The colour forsook her face as she listened to this

insinuation, and from her large dark eyes a wronged spirit seemed to look forth. Not satisfied at the wound

already given, piqued at her silence, and scarcely knowing what I said, I went on:

Don't you find the society of other gentlemen much more agreeable than mine? The quiet tete-d-tete of which you professed to be so fond a lew months ago would probably be exceedingly stale, compared with the promenading with Lord G-, and the waltzing with young Dartmore, to say nothing of his

smiles and complimentary speeches."

I stopped here, for something in her face warned me not to procesed. She rose from the table, and in a dignified and composed manner, said, though her voice

trembled a little :

trembled a little:

"Your words show me that the place in your love
and confidence I had hoped to fill is not mine. If our
feelings be divided, we will each go our own way. I
shall seek my happiness where I choose, and of course
it is your privilege to do the same."

And we did do be come own way. After that hour

And we did each go our own way. After that hour she never appeared to take the least interest in my pursuits. She never came into my library as of old, and, seated on an ottoman at my feet, watch the firelight, whose gleaming was not half so bright as the light in her own eyes, nor its fitful glare more changeful than the thousand fancies which flitted through her

ind.

Oh, why did I let so much happiness slip from my

fort to retain it? Oh, cursed life and make no effort to retain it? daily life and make no effort to retain it? On, cursed pride that kept me from confessing the wrong I had done, and taking my birdling back to the nest from which the hand of passion and unkindness had thrust it? Sometimes my conscience did reproach me, but I stified such feelings, and strove to be sterner in manner

No one knew save ourselves that we had become estranged; she performed her duties as mistress of the household with the same dignified grace as before; but she never dropped silent kisses on my forehead, never slipped her little hand in mine and asked how much I loved her, as of old, though my heart ached for her careses, her endearing acts and words. I lot the suspicion that she had cassed to love me creep into my heart till it coiled like a serpent round the way. my being. So we lived three months. She attending parties

but never speaking of them at home; daily she seemed more beautiful. Her cheeks lost their roses, but her eyes gained an expression of sadness that will haunt

e to my grave. About this time a great sensation was created in the About this time a great sensation was created in the circle in which my wife moved by the arrival of a young artist, who came from Rome with his laurels fresh upon his brow. He was handsome, but perfectly wedded to his art. His studio, which was fitted up in exquisite taste, became a place of resort for those fashfonable ladies to whom something new is considered a blessing to their ennuied minds. One day in passing, I noticed my wife's carriage at the door, and from the corner of the atreet I saw her. with a friend, some out. and drive away. Of course, I immediately gave him a call, giving as an excuse that I was thinking of having a large portrait painted of my wife. I found the artist to be a polished gentleman. He spoke English with a very slight accent. I gave him my card, and he immediately said:

Ah, you are husband to the beautiful Mrs. Raw son who just left here. I told her I should be happy to paint her portrait, but I feared I could not do justice to such beautiful, such splendid eyes. She said she wanted one to send home. I will do myself the honour to call and receive her orders, if she has any

Though I had once wanted the whole world to see and admire "my Wilhie," yet now the fires of jealousy burned high within me at hearing another praise her

He called in a few days. I was in the room when my wife entered, for he called for both of us, and it did not ease my mind to see his eye light up with such admiration as she greeted him with studied phrase and He asked her if she had concluded to sit for a picture.

saying:
"I do best in the morning, and you can sit from ten

to eleven, if you like."

My wife turned to me, and said coldly:

"Have you say objection to my having one done for my father, Mr. Rawson?" "Certainly not," I returned, just as coldly; "why should I have?"

en I will begin to-morrow. I wish it completed

as soon as possible

A few days after, in glancing over the morning paper I saw a notice from Delano the artist, stating that no visitors would be admitted after that, till the afternoon, as the crowds who usually came in the morning disturbed him. I saw, or thought I saw in it, a design to exclude persons from the studio during the hour I knew my wife was there. How I hated him—his very though I told him to paint two, but to keep it a secret from my wife

I called one day, about three weeks after he began Wilhie's picture, and asked to see it. It was covered, and he told me he should like to wait a while longer before he showed it to any one. I was firmly con-vinced then that he loved her, and I thought it was for her beauty. I determined to know how she rewarded him.

Two gentlemen were dining with me shortly after I wo gentemen were uting with ne shorty atte-this, and the conversation turned on a new picture Delano had sent to the "Gallery of Paintings." "I wonder," remarked one, "if is an ideal picture or a portrait. I have heard that he said he once met

one who resembled it, but that it was painted memory. And now I think of it, Dr. Rawson,

some one who resembles at the state of it, Dr. Rawson, it bears something of a resemblance to your wife as she might have looked five or six years ago."

With the feelings I was then indulging, this statement but added fuel to the flame; inwardly I cursed the hour I met her, though at that moment I would have made any sacrifice to have saved her one moment of physical suffering. I did not realize how much men-tal agony she was enduring on account of my suspicion and cruelty.

After our guests left, all my pent-up anger burst rth, and madly did the storm rage. All the burden forth, and madly did the storm rage. All the burden I had borne for so long silently now found voice. I will not write what I said—it was cruel; but I have

had my punishment.

that I noticed a change in my wife; she grew melancholy, and would sit with clasped bands for hours, before her father's portrait. Long letters from home about this time, announcing the marriage of her sister Carrie to the tutor, cheered her for awhile. Not that melancholy was always upon her, for when com-pany was at the house she was more brilliant in conversation than I had ever seen her before. This was in the spring, and in a few weeks Wilhie was going with some friends to spend a month at the sea side.

The morning came; the carriage was at the sea suc. I hoped that the change might benefit her health.

The morning came; the carriage was at the door and I stood in the hall talking with the lady whom she accompanied, when Wilhie descended the stairs slowly, looking rather paler than usual. Mrs. Grenard, thinking Wilhie ready, descended the steps and hastened to

the carriage.

we are late now," said she. "I fear

We waited a few minutes, and as my wife did not me, and Mrs. G. seemed anxious. I went to find her. She was in the parlour, so absorbed in gazing at her father's portrait that she did not hear my voice from so I went to her and said-

Mrs. Rawson! Mrs. Grenard is waiting for you." Then she heard me and turned her eyes to my face vith such a thrilling look-shall I ever forget it? and

"Kisa me, my husband, once more!"

I was so surprised I could not speak, but mechanically kissed the cold lips raised to mine. I heard her

nmur "good-bye," and I was alone. What a change came over my mind after she was gone! I saw, and bitterly regretted my cruelty to her, and dreams of happiness began to steal through my mind. I longed for her return, that I might once my mind. re fold her in my arms and beg her to forgive and forget the past.

A fortnight passed; I had not heard a word from my wife, though hourly expecting a line. I grew un-easy, and finally determined to follow her, my heart easy, and many determined to follow her, my near longing to hear her loving voice once more, and I re-solved to watch carefully my temper and try to make her happy. I made all my arrangements to start the next morning after I had decided to go, and all night I had pleasant dreams of restored confidence and love.

While taking my breakfast alone, the next morn-g, the door-bell rang violently, and a moment later ing, the door-bell rang violently, and a moment later a telegram was brought me that my wife—my peerless

Wilhie was drowned!

It was from Mrs. Grenard, who wished me to "come

immediately.

What followed I do not know. It was many months ere I awoke to the consciousness of what had befallen me, and many times since then I have wished I had died during those hours of delirium, that I might never have awakened to the agony of soul that

When I was better, they told me she was buried in When I was better, they told me she was buried in the family yault, beside my brother; but physician, nurses, all, seemed, by common consent, to avoid speaking her name. One day, I told Dr. Alliston that I was strong enough to hear the particulars in regard to the accident that caused my wife's death. He leoked surprised for a moment, and then said, very

gravely:

"We have every reason to suppose that Mrs. Rawson did not meet her death by accident. She committed suicide!" I had not thought of that, and now I disbelieved

How do you know that ?" I asked, huskily.

"A letter was found on her table, directed to you, which, after she was found, was opened; and from

that," said he, "it was supposed that she was very

unhappy."

I asked for the letter, and he gave it to me; h va a page, and said, in conclusion:
You will find another letter in my jee

"You will find another letter in my jewel-case at home. And now the hear has come. I have sainst two weeks in the vain hope that you would esseather me, and that we might be happy again. I see prepared to die. Now I must bid adieu to the last, and only one I have ever loved. Manies my husband! remember your Wilhie's farwel;

The letter referred to I found, and to my mind it was like hot coals to wounded flesh, it breathed sed undying love, with not one accusation of my inju-tice, though she called Heaven to witness that he heart had never wandered from me, even in though

for one single moment.

I cannot describe my feelings—they are beyond
the power of language to pourtray. I often wooder
how I lived for the next few months, and bore such as
load of agony; but I did. How much the heart can endure ere the springs of life snap asunder!
Since then I have been a wanderer on the e heart can

alone; how alone He only knows who sees fit to lengthen out a life filled with remorse and longings for O sees fit to death. I hope I am forgiven, and that when at his I am permitted to enter the dark Valley of the Shadow I am permitted to enter the cark valley of the Shadow of Death, her freed and glorified spirit will meet no and lead me, a forgiven spirit, into the procence of a righteous yet merciful Judge.

The only comfort life hath for me is at sunset, when I draw aside the curtain that veils the potrait of my

rags of the setting sun rest on the likeness of the loved features, as if the eyes beamed forgiveness on me, and in their liquid depths is a look that seems to say,

All will be clear in heaven.

R. C. M

THE THREE ROSES.

CHAPTER XLL

A REVELATION.

There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

Ir took all Maurice's great magnetic powers calm Mr. Burleigh: nor could be effect this for a long He gave him a powerful opiate, and put him to aleen: ald bound, and seizing his watcher, foreibi

"Did you tell me Augustus is alire, or did I dream:

Oh, for pity's sake, speak quickly in, and the am scene of delirious joy would be enacted again. It remained by his side all night, and left him only it the morning, with the intention of taking an hour sleep. He left Martha by the patient's side; but the potient was anything but patient; and no some his Maurice thrown off his clothes and lain down, ha a tap at his door awoice him, and Martha begged the he would please to come to Mr. Burleigh, who was "out of his mind, and talking such a heap nonsense;" and he returned to the bedside of horrible valid, to reassure and recomfort him.

Well, I do not know anything more stupid in a story of real life than dwelling upon scenes of illess, unless it be for the purpose of teaching patience, which we shall scarcely learn at this bedside. I shall,

which we shall scarcely learn at this bedside. I shall, therefore, pass over the few days that elased he was strong enough to hear the particular of Augustus Upham's escape and recovery. It was a beautiful spring day, and the windows of his chamber were open, and the sunshine and the fresh air came in laden with the perfume of some and the appear of higher and the invalid was alike. birds, and the invalid was sit and the songs of propped up in bed, among downy pillows and real fragrant sheets, solacing himself with a best of chicken-soup, while Lorraine sat, with his best to ince on one side, and Martha steed, with ing counten jovial, edifying smile on the other. In spite of her jovial, editying smile on the other. In all he had said about dying, he was very made beiss, and sipped the savoury chicken-soup, and smaketh lips after each sip, in a way that made good Marthal digestive organs thrill for sympathy and joy. Wilhe was not the first man whom grief had protein the was not the first man whom grief had protein the was not the first man whom grief had protein the was not the first man whom grief had protein the was not the first man whom grief had protein the was not the first man whom grief had protein the was not the first man whom grief had protein the was not the first man whom grief had protein the was not the first man whom grief had protein the way that the way the way the way the way the way that the way the wa digestive organs thrill not a symptomic that proteins upon his death-bod, and joy has raised from he one. Neither was he the first man that ever predicted is own speedy death, and turned out a false propiet. If own speedy death, and turned out a false prophs. It eat his soup as if he had taken out a new lease of like and meant to nourish the body to enjoy is wished then put the basin to his lips, and drained it, as asked for more.

"Now you may tell me, if you please, show the control of the contr

for coming to life. Is there anything you know d

"New strangeral. Just halt a man lo mer interfere so the same so the same solding you h change; Maurice, 3 mad you to re let tell me hor feet of all, how hagry again, Maurice ran with unusual maced his exp "You were bol?"

M I can de

"By 1 lould not be Yes, I was her when she o w douth W i she had been med that was son that I wis make a part of "Lorraine! mbdued the ha cil, haughty None but you o "Death is a fully as a child been. I was

all that made

ided.' You

his too painfu an I willing to

en you knov

e is really

by his second widowhood, ma "You astoun "She was in our connection lad you in he frough your gr is escape! To

Very simply
im, you plung
started him up
realling his sca realling his scat fal vengeance of his resolution in swful as the whole life with the very neighb the death of hi is vices—four daughter, and w

ly you, he inter family revens masion of his dly assault u low many oth the neighbourh tanger of being he had only con his wife. He l as wife. He is the country team, and after the daughter of it of James, with was a character than the third year. They continued daughter was se died, and he, po died, and he, po died, and mether:

James mether:

wrong made her

is I an do to serve him?" said the old man,

"New strangs your joy is; I was about to say, irsteal Just concentplate it. Almost without your
is an lesse his life; at least without intending
tys killed him, as you think, and you are overraised with grief, remorse and torror. Without
me cases to life—or, to light—and you are beside we historenes, without any merit of yours, the macones to life—er, to light—and you are beside used with joy. Now, in this reasonable? You so its same man now that you were last week— shisy you have done or left undone has produced it change; why now should you be so metamor-

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urice, you are irreverent to old age. I comand you to read Fencion on humility and reverence, is tall me how these things came to your knowledge; ist of all, however, ring and tell Martha that I am ingry again, and sak her to have tea early, with militar.

Maurice rang the bell, gave this order, and then, with anusual gravity, resumed his seat, and comed his explanation.

"By many a death-bed I have been, And many a sinner's parting seen, But never aught like that!

I could not bear it; I resigned my post to you, with your almost miraculous skill!"
"Yes, I was with her in her last hours. I was with

"Ies, I was with her in her last hours. I was with he when she died. She had a lucid interval before fields. We improved that. She was not all evil, like had been, she would not have maddened; the pod that was in her would not have taken such with rengeauce upon the evil. It is of her confession that I wish to speak. It is at her request that I make a part of it, which concerns the welfare of others, within

"Lorraine! None—none but you, could have abled the haughty and rebellious soul of that evil il haughty and rebellions, even in her madness! e but you could have won from her a confession." "Death is a great tamer. She passed away peacefilly as a child; her last breath breathed out upon my been. I was not afraid of that sin-bowed young been. I was not afraid of that sin-bowed young ind. You saw her wickedness, you did not know at that made her wicked. 'Judge not, lest ye be julged.' You will feel less hatred of poor Jessie, when you know all her wrongs, her bas education. his tee painful a subject to relate in detail; neither an I willing to fatigue you with it. In one word, lamis is really and truly the daughter of Augustus, whis second wife, whom he, in the third year of his widowhod, married under his alias of Appleton."
'You astound me!"

"She was informed of her father's history, and of our connection with it—that you supposed yourself is murderer, while she knew that he lived—thus she hd you in her power, through your terror, but not hwugh your guilt."
"Feel, feel that I was! Yes, I see it all now! But,

*Fool, foot that I was! Yes, I see I tail now: Dus, isseape! Tell me how that happened?"

*Yary simply. Your blow upon his head stunned im, you plunged him into the water, whose waves named him upon the beach immediately. The shock nalling his scattered senses, he resolved upon a fear-di ungeance on his would-be murderer, and carried in ungeance on his effect. What yourspance could be wagaace on his wouls-be murderer, and carried involution into effect. What vengeance could be wall as that he took upon you, afflicting your wis lie with remorse and terror? He lurked about very neighbourhood for a day or two; found out that of his below of the harment were resident. his beloved wife-beloved in spite of all is vices found out your adoption of her infant against was writing that she should be reared by you he intending to claim her when he had sufficiently revenged himself upon you. Mind, he saged you with, and hated you for your supposed passing her death and his bereavement, and for your lady same him and Margare and known for and nor deam and his bereavement, and for your lasty assail upon him, and Heaven only knows for low many other imaginary reasons besides—for third has various causes. He dared not remain in a seighbourhood, where he was constantly in days of being recognized and arrested, and to which had only a service. la had only come in secreey to repossess himself of la with the left it in a few days. He wandered the tile country for two years; at last, took a new una and after a few months' acquaintance married is designed of his hostess, Mary Mildred, the mother desie, with whom he lived very unhappily. In he hird year of their marriage, Jessie was born. Hayconiumed to live with Mrs. Mildred until their adjointment to live with Mrs. Milstred until their taghbr was seren years of age, when the eld lady to the series of the series of all the property in the converted it into ready money and went off, amag his wife and child in extreme destitution.

Jamin maker was not naturally a good woman, and wag make be were series between the property and the series of the ser

she was selected by her distant relative, Roland Mil-

dred, as a companion for his daughter."

"Oh, yes; I know all that, and I know her machinations to marry Janet to Staunton, and supplant her in her father's heart; and I know the torture she inflicted on me, in bending me to her purposes—tell me semething I do not know!" said the invalid im-

about to do so," replied Maurice, go humouredly. "Soon after Jessie's arrival here, she received a letter from her long-lost father; who, it appears, had never quite lost trace of either of his

"Either of his daughters! Good Heavens! Why sure enough, Margaret and Jessia were half-sisters Thank Heaven, she is dead!"

He wrote to Jessie, and, after a few letters, informed "He wrote to Jessie, and, after a few letters, informed her that the clergyman of the parish where she was had a crime upon his conscience out of which she might make her fortune, if she played her cards well. She began to watch you closely. Then her father began to inquire in one of his letters, if she had met Margaret Upham, and to hint that the secret crime was connected with the nativity of that young lady. Immediately, and not unreasonably under the circumstances, she assumed that Margaret owned a nearer and dearer relationship to you; however, the girl in probing your soul, was too cautious not to deal exclusively in generalities. She was in confidential correspondence with her father, however; and it is evident that all her wicked plans, with the single exception of her designs upon Captain Houghton, were suggested and encouraged by her father. It was just before Janet's ner designs upon captain froughton, were suggested and encouraged by her father. It was just before Janet's marriage, that her father, feeling confidence in her abilities, confided to her his own history, with your secret and supposed crime. This, of course, put you completely in the power of the wily girl, and she did

completely in the power of the wily girl, and she did not hesitate to use it."

"No; it was the night before Janet's marriage, that she told me, in so many words, that she knew my secret, and threatened to deliver me up to the scaffold."

"Poor girl! be mereiful. What good precept did she ever hear? What good example did she ever see? She possessed intellect of a high order—courage, spirit, and enthusiasm. With good moral training, she would have made a very superior woman. She was utterly ruined, as her parents had been before her!"

"Oh the wicked cirl—what vain tortners she

Oh, the wicked girl-what vain tortures she made me suffer!"

What tortures she suffered herself, though she had what fortures and sumered nersell, though and end the fortitude and courage to conceal them! What tortures! Why listen!—they closed in madness and in death! Ah! believe me, father, as a general rule, however deeply the injured suffer; the injurer suffers

"Yes, I dare say. Ugh!—the horrible girl! Don't mention her to me again!—it makes me shudder!—my teeth chatter!—a—ring the bell, and tell Martha I am chilly. I want a nice hot cup of tea, and some toast!

toast!"

Lorraine complied, and then said:

"There is a duty I have yet to perform. Roland Mildred must be made acquainted with the hand she had in persuading and misleading the youthful lovers into their unfortunate marriage. At the time I left he was yet unable to bear any agitation; now, as soon as I can be spared, I must hasten to the Limes, and use my best efforts with Roland for the recall of Stanter." Staunton.

Staunton."
"Yes, and I will go with you; so shall Margaret.
We will use our united influence. Mrs. Redelyffe
shall go also; so shall Alice; and Janet with the old
lady. Come, we will all assemble at the Limes,
as soon as ever I can get up, and that will be very

Lorraine's reply was arrested by the entrance of Martha with the tea-tray.

CHAPTER XLIL

APPREHENSIONS.

APPREHENSIONS.
And now the morning's sun is up
And shines upon that blessed day,
And cheers it with his brightest ray.
And his golden bearss are shed
On the penitent's fair head,
As, her sad confession pouring,
To the priest her sin deploring,
In penitential holiness
She bends to hear his accents hess,
With absolution such as may
Wipe our mortal stains away.

Byron. "Bur, ah! Alice, what humiliation, what shame; my dear, dear child, what a trial."

"Ah, mother, he bade me measure the extent of my sia by the mortification it caused me to confess it!"

"Ah, my poor girl, what a degradation! Alas! alas! what humiliation for my daughter!"
"My sweet, my good, my darling mother! do not weep so. I do not feel it as you say. I feel my heart

warmed with comfort. Dear mother, it is well with

Alas! Alice, canst thou not guess what will be the e end of it all?

"I think I can divine it, mother. Oh, I will accept any doom from his lips with humility, and find a strange, sweet pleasure in enduring it."

"And thy mother, Alice?"

Language cannot conserved.

"And thy mother, Alice?"

Language sannot convey the heart-broken tone of bitterest anguish in which the almost bereaved mother put this question. Even her daughter's exalted countenance grew still, in a blank expression almost of despair as she said:

ou will find a child in every suffering daughter

"You will find a child in every suffering daughter of earth that thou canst succour my mother. Let religion be thy support, dear mother."

"Ah, my child, dost thou think that I can replace thee so easily? Oh, Alice, can I remain in the world when thou art gone? No, child, no! I will not forsake my own mother! I will cling to her while her earthly life lasts!"

Deeply distressed by the despair expressed even more in her tones and looks than in her words, Alice turned and silently pressed her mother to her bosom.

turned and silently pressed her mother to her bosom.

"Oh, mother, mother, let me seek rest immediately; let me think, let me take time for self-recollection. I knew not what has happened, what is about to happen clearly. Mother, I had self-possession and fortitude once, had I not? In the bitterness of my anguish and remorse, I governed myself, did I not? I retained my self-respect and the respect of others, did I not? I cannot do so much longer. Indeed, I think I am going mad. I am not the same being from one hour to another, exalted one hour into an ecstacy of religious enthusiasm, and plunged the next into despair. This must be madness; yet, it seems to me sometimes that only my costacy is madness and that my despair is rational. Ah, if it be so, let me go mad, kind Heaven!"

"My love, my dear love, Alice, you are not mad, or going mad. You are only excited. Do not encourage such dreadful thoughts; dismiss them from your mind. You must sleep, my love, indeed you must,"

going mad. You are only excited. Do not encourage such dreadful thoughts; dismiss them from your mind. You must sleep, my love, indeed you must,"

"Let me go merrily mad not melancholy mad, kind angels!" exclaimed Alice, with a wild, hysterical laugh. How unlike herself.

Really alarmed now for her daughter's reason, Mrs. Redelyffe with difficulty subdued her own emotions, and sought to soothe Alice. She used every moral and material means within her reach to compose her violently excited nervous system, and finely succeeded in getting her to bed and lulling her to sleep. There was no sleep, however, for Mrs. Redelyffe. The lady paced slowly up and down the gorgeous but dimly-lighted chamber of her daughter, thinking with deep anxiety of all the cases of insanity she had heard of, arising from religious fanaticism, where it conflicted violently with some natural law of our being. Then she passed in review the whole history of her life since her return home, and all that she had revealed of her life at school. The visions of her illness, it is true, were probably merely the temporary effect of fever; but the visions of her convalescence were a more alarming matter. After her arrival at home, her profound melancholy deepening to gloom, her days of depression, her nights of excitement, and, what was still more dreadful, her violent, opposite and inconceivable alternations of mood, within the last few weeks—being at one hour so deep! despairand inconceivable alternations of mood, within the and inconceivable alternations of mood, within the last few weeks—being at one hour so deeply despairing, at another exalted into religious eestacy, and anon so inexpressibly serene, all these things presented themselves to the mother's mind in a new and terrible light.

terrible light.

Yes, yes; wounded affections, violated natural laws, religious fanaticism, were taking a terrible vengeance upon their subject, in doing the work of mental destruction upon Alice. Her overburdened, overwrought heart and brain were desperately struggling for existence amid the horrors of this furious moral typhoon, and her glorious intellect in imminent danger of shipwreck amid the breakers around her.

Now, perhaps for the first time in Mrs. Redelyfie's life, a doubt of the righteousness of that ecclesiastical doctrine by which her daughter was made to suffer

doctrine by which her daughter was made to suffer such extremity of anguish, remorse and humiliation, which would eventuate, most probably, in madness arose in the mother's mind; but it was immediately

arose in the mother's man, suppressed as sinful.

Not so easily, however, were her too well-grounded fears for Alice subdued. People were not created with five senses, and put upon this earth, covered as it is with material beauties and pleasures, to lose their senses in spiritual abstraction any more than to degrade them in excessive luxury. So she sighed and groaned and paced up and down the gorgeous chamber. Here, in silent prayer and meditation, she spent the remaining hours of the night. Meanwhile, from the united effects of mental and physical ex-

haustion, Alice slept soundly.

At dawn the lady arose from her knees somewhat calmed but wearied, and opened the window-shutters

to let in the first grey light of morning. This was not enough to allow her to dispense with the lamp, for she wished to look at the quiet sleeper. But Alice was not asleep; and as the lady approached her bedside, and stool there, she raised her white arms from the cover, and putting them around her neck, drew down her face to kiss, murmuring:

"My pale mother, you have watched all night."

"Never mind me, love. How are you?"

"Calm—every nerve at rest now, dear mother."

"Ah, yes, this is one of your seasons of serenity, my child!" looking mournfully at her daughter. Alice passed her hand over her brow once or twice covered her face with both hands, lay so for a while, and then, looking up, said:

and then, looking up, said:

"Do you know Monaseur de Lorraine comes here
this morning, mother?"

"To take leave of us? Yes, my child, I know it."

"And, mether, to pronounce on me the sentence of my doom; you divined it, mother. Are you, also, prepared at last to hear it?

"Yes, yes, my child; and yet was it for this, oh!

Heavens—"
"Only God is great '—only eternity is permanent. This life will end at last, and you and I, mother, will meet in eternity, never to separate again." Then, after a pause, she said: "There is one thing belonging to time, and to this world, that I must arrange, mother—that advertisement for Charles: has it been suffered to drop from the columns of the newspapers?"
"Yes, my dear; it seemed to elicit nothing, and I

"Yes, my dear; it seemed to elicit nothing, and I have not ordered its continuation."

"Mother, I wish you to order the renewal of that advertisement without delay; it cannot do harm. It is to be cautiously and delicately worded, as before; and it may at length meet the eye of Charles, or of some one who knows his place of abode. Alas! you know, it is the only chance. My uncle enforced a promise from him, that he would never seek Janet again.

How wrong that was in Charles to give it. "Yes, very wrong; but he was scarce nineteen; he saw Janet on the eve of becoming a mother, and herself and child in imminent danger of perishing with cold and hunger—for it was the depth of winter,

you recollect.

He should have let us know his condition. "Ah, mother! we ought to have inquired into it once more. It was so much more natural in him to seek aid from her father; and you know a mind so distressed as his was then, is not always capable of reasoning in the best manner. But what we have to do now, is to bring him back here, if possible; then to ao now, is to bring him back here, if possible; then to reconcile my uncle to him; that will not be impossible if he be made acquainted with all the art and double-dealing which that unhappy girl used to betray them into their indiscreet marriage."

"No—for my brother's greatest anger against Staunton was kindled by the thought that he had treacherously sought the affections of his daughter, and married her for a speculation; he did not dream that Jauet, poor child, quite innocently, did most of the love-making herself, and that Jessie Appleton did the match-making. None of us thought that we were all misled by that poor, misguided Jessie. Well, the advertisement shall be renewed to-day, and kept up until something transpires. Much do I fear, however, that he has perished.

that he has perished. that he has perished.

'And then, mother, Janet, what a desolate, poor child! When I am gone, mother, keep her in your heart and home as your own daughter. She, poor one, needs a mother—even as you will then need a daughter. Comfort her, mother, and you shall be comforted."

Mrs. Bedelyffels tears flowed again, and wors again.

Mrs. Redclyffe's tears flowed again, and were again

stayed, and resolutely wiped away.

"And, mother, the disposition of my wealth; you, so richly jointured, do not need it; nevertheless, you must have half." Of the other half it will take but a very small portion to dress one for heaven; and the bulk I will make over to Charles Staunton. That will make him independent of his father-in-law, as it is best for him that he should be; and Janet will be better pleased than if I gave the money to herself. If he returns, mother, persuade them both to live with you. Let them be your children; get interested in their children. For you and me, mother; we shall meet in heaven."

Mrs. Redelyffe promised everything her daughter."

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE SURPRISE

Sunrise will come next!
The shadow of the night is passed away!
There begins your true career.
Look up to it! All now is possible—
The glory and the grandeur of each dream,
And every propisecy shall be fulfilled.

This was Easter Monday, be it remembered-and about ten o'clock in the day, when Alice sat in the

parlour. A se A servant entered, and placing a card in her hand, retired. She read it indolently, without at first taking in its meaning. She looked at it again, and grew pale as she read the name engraved on it, aloud —" Mons. Le Duc de Lorraine. What does this "Mons. Le Duc de Lorraine. What does this mean?" She looked up, and Maurice stood before her, who, advancing, and replying to her question,

began to say:
"It means, my dear Alice——"
But before he went any further, he sat down on the
sofa beside her, passed his arm around her waist, and
drawing her head upon his bosom, pressed his lips to drawing her head upon his bosom, pressed his lips to hers in the very first kiss he had ever given woman, or she had ever received from mau! It was a life-giving kiss to both; and he gazed down in her diest was the small of new sectation, lighting radiant eyes with a smile of pure ecstatic joy, lighting another smile in her face, such as only children or

angels wear.

Not one word of explanation had been spok yet she was so naturally, so inexpressibly happy! While Maurice gazed down on her, more divinely blessed himself in the sense of giving than of receiving happiness.
his breath: At last he murmured lowly, under

You beautiful and happy child! Oh, to hold you "To Desautral and nappy child: On, to hold you thus! It is even more of heaven than my visions promised—to have your head lying here, where in dreams only it has ever lain. Ah, rest your head here, on my bosom, where it has so long ached to rest; where I have so much longed to have it! You yountful, hampy child!"

tiful, happy child!"
"Ah, Maurice, my heart must break with its excess

of love for you!"
"Oh, Alice, my soul's bride for so long! My spirit-bride! My dream-bride, embodied at last, and on my

My dream-lover!"

Oh, Alice! he murmured.

"You thought of me all this time! You loved me all this time; and, Maurice, I always knew it!"
"Always! Always! Alice, I was with you in my dreams! By day, I would conscienticusly dismiss you—but sleep has its own world,

miss you—out 'sleep has us own worm, governous by its own laws—there I ever found you again."
"You were ever with me in your dreams?"
"Ever—ever, Alice!"
"I knew and felt it! My days were wretched; but

my nights were unutterably happy!"
"My beautiful dream! My happy dream in my
arms! Why, Alice, you are so real, I cannot realize you

"Monsieur de Lorraine!-De Lorraine! I am exclaimed the voice of Mrs. snocked, defounded?" exclaimed the voice of Mrs. Red-clyffe, who at this critical moment appeared, and was struck like a statue of horrifed astonishment; "De Lorraine, I say, you horrify me beyond measure!" They do not s ce or hear her-for

Hecdless as the dead are they
Of aught around, above, beneath;
As if all else had passed away—
They only for each other breathe.

"De Lorraine! Do you wish to kill me, then?"

"Oh! my dream-bride! my beautiful apirit-bride!"
murmured the entranced man, straining her again and
again to his bosom, and pressing fervent kisses on her
brow, in the very cestacy of napture.
"Heavens I shell consul!" Alice my daughter!"

"Heavens, I shall go mad! Alice, my daughter!" exclaimed the deeply scandalized lady, in the extremity

"Ah, Maurice, when did I die? I do not remember when came I to heaven?" sighed Alice, quite lost in a trance of joy.

release my daughter this moment!

"De Lorraino, reiesse my sangare.
exclaimed the lady, flying toward them.
Maurice now looked up—did he drop Alice? No,
indeed. Had a thunderbolt fallen at his feet, he would

not have dropped her then. He took time to kiss her again, and gather her closer to his bosom, before he answered, entirely at random, an observation whose sound he had only heard.

"Yes, madam, certainly."
"You shameless man!" cried the excited lady, in a choking voice.

A sense of the absurdity of the whole thing now struck Maurice, who, with the first inclination for humour that had visited him for many a day, now arose, and setting Alice on her feet, presented her to other, and said.

"Mrs. Redelyffe, let me crave your congratulations for my betrothed wife—Madame La Duchesse de Lor-

The lady had been very red before, she now grew the lady had been very real below, and when deadly white; a look of unutterable sorrow chased every expression of anger from her face, and gazing on them both with profound pity, she said, in a voice full of grief:

I see it all now! God knows that they have

both gone mad."

Smitten with compunction for the pain he had ven her, the duke took her hand in the most respectful manner, and said:

"Mrs. Redelysse-mother-my honourd and am neither mad nor guilty, seither is your day whose faith in me, was to her -knowledge. W whose faith in me, was to her -knowlede. Wast say to you only requires your consent and bessign make it truth. You knew before that I was the most of the banished Duke de Lorrainé, who lease a refugee in this country, and died at St. Mchaelt, you know that I obeyed his dying will take the followed my own vocation. Three years sgo I fond that I loved Alice. I struggled desperately with the feeling, until I discovered that she loved as I struggled with it then no longer. Some of my faller old friends, who had gained the high favour of the emperor, remembered the existed son of their bashish friend, and exerted their interest for me. The end of their intercession and my petition was that it week ago two packets arrived for me from Paris, contains Thent, and excession and my petition was, that it we ago two packets arrived for me from Paris, contains despatches that re-invest me with my late father in and estates, and recall me to my native country

(To be continued)

EVERYBODY'S GIPSY. Hore's the Gipsy queen of life, Fortune's hidden light revealing; Whisp'ring better stars are rife In the depths the cloud's concealing: She is seen at many gates— Many sighs to her are given;— If we credit all she state She's her knowledge straight from heaven She's her knowledge stanger hour in More than any gipsy known She sets all things in confusion: She's the one whose power alone Keeps the whole world in delusion!

Kings and peers her voice obey, High and low her spells she to E'en the poor and aged stay When their path of life she crosses: Soldiers on the tented field, Sailors on the stormy of Unto her their secrets yield;
None on earth have such devotion.

More than any gipsy known She sets all things in confusion; She's the one whose power alone Keeps the whole world in delusion.

CHARLES SWATE

THE PREDICTION.

LA VINETTE is a beautiful village. You mig through France and hardly fine a pro How indeed could it be otherwise, with its fruit vineyards, its substantial white farmhouses, and streets lined on either side with varieties of fruit-tree Everything looks so comfortable and homelite, expressive of peaceful plenty, that it is no well that the traveller, as he passes through the village, mits his oye to rest with pleasure upon its nessage ance, and exclaims: "Surely, it is a little paralle!

ance, and exclaims: "Surely, it is a little paralle!"
Nowhere will you find prettier maidens that has
of La Vinette. To be sure, they are not high-len
nor versed in the elegant accomplishments, sieveth
is not one amongst them of higher rank than simulation of the same daughter. Fortunately, however, beauty and higher and the same and the sam purchase the charms of Marie Maillard, who omine all the other maidens of La Vinette as the sub-the stars. For all that, Marie was a great favor-with all her companions. Unconscious of her or superiority, she did not obtrade it offensively as

One afternoon it chanced that Marie and seven a her companions were returning merrily from the vineyard whither they had been to estimate the probable amount of the coming vintage. All at so one of them espied in the road an old woman, whi bable amount of the ing along by the help of a staff which she held a her right hand. She turned towards them, as her right hand. She turned towards them, as awaited their coming. "What can we do for you, good mother?" in

Maria.

"Cross my hand with a silver piece, my permaid, and I will tell you your fortune."

"You are a sibyl, then?"

"You may call me so. It is given to me to me, they arrive, the chances which fortune may have

They looked at her with growing reverence design that the tattered garments and unprepossessing has a her tattered garments and unprepossessin none apoke at first. However much one m know what is to happen to him or her, he ams avoid feeling a little reluctance—a little disposites defer the eventful moment.

"Here, mother," at length said Lizetie, one is

limite drew be laother took he also remained. "Come, Marie, waiting. Marie came for hierpreter of fate hat her art had impated her dow "Maiden, a bri ed a title, and ferrants shall be ad weath will not feet. Such "Mother," said you have certains in a not for agh for me th M I now occup No matter,"

you may all you beforehar a sold maid."
The abyl took and after a sing

as her.

"I see," she sai in alowly to the long the way, or

mot change their unfolding their unfolding and a limit palm, " and a limits palm, " "I am much lar langhing, the I become represided for." You owe me met of your pro "Be it on n i he sure that I When the siby

rompanions o "Which shall h Countess?" incall have a good per malica, to in myself. In Limite, who w Note to attempt but, thought it b but at first assum

d the prediction.

The soil of La as no ver m is a little b derable impe h foot-bridge for ecribed. a whit to a neight inghis were pro my seroes, and a menty which c lesant voice with the sold in the sold in

pan of a young it had brimmed with the brimmed with the back eye that the black eye to be so the bring dispose to the ban and pon the ban and upon the ban at avoid noticing fad upon her in "There is no re" "There is no re all on my side," will you be ke

of the party, holding out her hand to the old after a pause, "whether there is anyone in the village who would be likely to employ me upon his farm? Pardon my troubling you, but I am a stranger and know no one here:

"I think," said Marie, after some hesitation, "that

he district took the hand of the laughing maiden, the single glance, fixed her penetrating eyes

"las" she said thoughtfully, "a bridal train marchigosy to the village church. Flowers are strewn in the way, over which pass the bridal pair. Need make the name of the bride?"

limits drew back with a blush; the sibyl was right, ice at day week she was to stand at the altar.

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in semines." said the girls, impatiently; "don't "fum, Marie," said the girls, impatiently; "don't up a writing. We want to know what your forms will be. It should be a good one."

Marie came forward, and, submitted her hand to the impater of fate. The sibyl started, as if suspicious is her art had failed her. But a moment's survey impated her doubts, and she murmured, as if to her-

all "Mades, a brilliant destiny awaits you. You will red a title, and become the mistress of a fair estate. Iterats shall be in waiting to do your bidding, at weath will pour forth its choicest offerings at refs. So, to it the decree of destiny."

"Histher," said Marie, in extreme astonishment, you have certainly read wrong for once. Such a is the tor me, and I would not that it were. head for me that I settle down in the same position tail now occupy, surrounded by my friends and accombinates."

maintens."

"He matter," said the sibyl, composedly; "you set dange the course of events. Walt patiently is fair unfolding. Be not apprehensive of evil, for or hes," and she placed her withered fingers on Insia palm, "betokens a long life and a happy

"I am much obliged to you, mother," said the lim, haghing, "for your favourable prediction, and that become a countess, I will take care that you sperided for."

reperided for."
You owe me nothing," was the reply. "I am but is mouth-piece of fate. I may demand the fulfil-metel your primise sooner than you think."

"hit so, mother. When you are entitled to make a lessee that I shall not withdraw from my engage-

Then the sibyl had hobbled away, richer by some insuthan before, Marie was bantered not a little by brompanions on the destiny which had been marked

Which shall it be-madame la duchess or madame

"Rountess?" inquired Lizette, gaily.
"I have a good mind," said Marie, "in return for mailes, to steal away your Philip, and marry in systl. In that case, at least, the prediction."

lists, who would have been very unwilling for less attempt in carnest what she threatened in a tought it best to drop the bantering tone she sid first assumed. As for Marie, she thought little fis pediction. To her mind it was so altogether appoints that she did not think it worth while to The siliconght upon it.
The soil of La Vinette is somewhat uneven, though

Be sol of La Vinette is somewhat uneven, snough limits to very high hills. In the northern part is a little brook flowing over a rocky bed, with mikrable impetuosity. Over this stream, which is, sweet, too shallow to be dangerous, there is a narrieforbridge for the accommodation of passengers. In classed that about a week after the event me destribed Maria, who was just returning from he chased that about a week after the event awdescribed, Marie, who was just returning from this to a neighbour, on the other side of the stream, alecanion to pase over the bridge. Doubtless her sheather was her foot slipped, when half-up areas, and she fell in. It was not a very serious siz, but she felt awkward enough, and vexed at the maily which compelled her to wade through the war. She had hardly picked horself up, when a small, permit me to escort you to the other side." Mais looked up, and encountered the respectful me of young man dressed in working attire, with had dammed straw hat more his head. less soled up, and encountered the respectful red a young man dressed in working attire, with lead a third was the same at the

see without nestation the production in the bank.

It is much indebted to you for your kind assistant indebted to you for your kind assistant is a made indebted that hose of the young man were a said adding that those of the young man were a said and the admiration.

There is no need, mademoiselle. The obligation is a said and was the reply.

dom ny side," was the reply.

Will you be kind enough to inform me," he added,

"I think," said Marie, after some nesitation, "that I heard my father say lately that he wished to secure additional assistance. If you would like to inquire you can accompany me."
"Thank you," said the young man, "nothing would please me better."

please me better."

They walked along together, conversing sociably.

Marie learced incidentally that her companion's name
was Henrique Armand, and that he was the only son
of a widowed mother, living fin a village some twenty
miles away, and that it was for the purpose of relieving her necessities and placing her in a more comfortable situation that he was now about to hire himself
out. This information led her to regard Henrique
with still greater favour, and she could not help wishing that her father might engage bim.

Farmer Maillard was also prepossessed in favour of

ing that her father might engage bim.

Farmer Maillard was also preposessed in favour of Henrique, and as he really wished to hire some one to gather in the vintage, and aid in other farm-work; it was not long before a bargain was struck, and the new-comer was installed as a member of the household. Henrique's after course did not belie these impressions. It was not long before he became a general favourite. When the labours of the day were over, he would get his flute or guitar, for he was versed in the use of both instruments, and play for the entertainment of those who were attracted to him. Occasionally he would accompany himself on the guitar, in a peculiarly rich and melodious voice, These songs were so pleasing that a repetition would often be demanded. On one occasion, having rehearsed a popular song to the general satisfaction, he was pressed to sing it through once more.

the general satisfactors, the through once more.

"No, said he, "I will not do that; but, if you like, I will sing you one of my own composition."

This proposal was received with evident pleasure, and after a moment's pause, he commenced:

Know'st thou my love? Her dark blue eyes Shine with a soft and pleasant glow, As if the colour of the skies Had found its way to earth below.

Know'st thou my love? When morning comes,
And sunbeams on her pathway fall,
She trips along the flowery meads,
Herself the fairest flower of all.

Know'st thou my love? Full well I know No fairer dwells beneath the sun; Ah! would that our divided lives Might in one peaceful current run!

The rich voice of the singer had lent much sweetness to the simple words of the song. All applanded the effort—all except Marie. She stood apart from the rest with a pensive and abstracted air, and said

nothing.
"Don't you like it, Marie?" asked one of her com-

panions.

"It was very pretty," she replied, in a constrained voice. "M. Armand is a good singer."

So saying, she went into the house, Henrique not appearing to notice the movement.

"But are the words true? Have you really a ladylove, M. Armand?" asked a lively maid of fifteen.

"Come, describe her. What does she look like? What is her nere?"

You are altogether too fast," said the young man, smiling. "Don't you know that we poets are not obliged to adhere strictly to the truth. In fact, I have usually noticed that those who are in love are the very last to write songs about it. How do you know but it may be so with me?"

may be so with me?"
"I don't believe it at all," said the young girl, shaking her head. "You sang with too much feeling for that. Depend upon it, I will find out who it is—this love of yours—if I can."
It is well," said Henrique. "I defy you to the dis—

From this time Marie treated Henrique with less from this time marie treated mainque with less familiarity and more coolness than she had been accustomed. Her spirits became less buoyant and more sedate. One afternoon, Henrique, in passing through the garden, saw her sitting in an arbour at its foot, with her eyes fixed musingly on the ground.

"It is a fine day, Mademoiselle Marie," said he, approaching her.

approaching her.
She started for she had not been aware of his She started, for she had not been aware of his approach, and murmured an affirmative. He haid down his pruning-knife, and stepping into the arbour, sat down on a rustic bench at her side. It was now his turn to look embarrassed.

"Marie," said he, after a pause, "there is a question I wish to ask you, "but I hardly know how to set about it. Will you promise not to be offended?"

"I do not think you would ask any question which

"I do not think you would ask any question which would render it necessary."

"Tell me, then, why for some days past you have seemed to avoid me, and, when in my presence, have shown a reserve and constraint altogether different

from the friendly familiarity you used to evince. Have I offended in any way? If so, I will gladly make reparation, for I value your regard and good opinion

highly."

"There is nothing in which you have offended me," said Marie, in a tremulous voice.

"I am glad of it," said Henrique, his face brightening, for it embolens me to make still another request. I love you, Marie," he added, impulsively. "I love you most devotedly. You must have noticed it in my looks, and every action. Do you remember the evening when I sang, by request, a song, 'Know'st thou my love?' It was of my own composition, as I said. Did you not divine, dear Marie, that it was of you I was singing?"

Marie started with surprise, and a blush of pleasure mantled her features.

nantled her features.
"Was it indeed of me that you were singing? I

"Was it indeed of me that you were singing? I thought—that is, I did not know — "Marie did not finish the sentence. Henrique perceived at a glance that herein lay the secret of her apparent estrangement, but with true delicacy he forbors to speak of it.

"May I hope," he asked, timidly, "that I am not wholly indifferent to you? I am poor, it is true, but the recent legacy of a relative has given me the means of supporting you in comfort."

"If you think me worth taking," said Marie, with engaging frankness, "you may have me."

When the engagement of Henrique and Marie became known, it was universally pronounced to be an excellent match. It was a mooted question which was the more fortunate, the bridegroom or the bride. bride.

"I shall never more believe in fortune-telling," said Marie one day to Henrique, as she sat busily employed in preparations for her approaching mar-

"Why not?" he asked.

"Because," was the reply, "it was foretold of me that I should wed a title, and become mistress of a

that I should wed a title, and become mistress of a fair estate."

"Was that the prediction?" he asked, in surprise.

"Who told you?"

"A sibyl who was passing through the village But I put no credit in it. I told her that if ever it should come to pass, I would provide for her."

"And are you sure that you do not regret the non-fulfilment of the prediction?"

"Can you ask?" said she, repreachfully.

It was the bridal morning. The sun shone out with more than ordinary splendour, as if to do honour to the occasion. Before the altar of the humble village church stood reverently Henrique and Marie, and the white-haired priest pronounced with trembling voice the sacred words which united them. The nuptial blessing was scarcely over, when an old woman, bent with infirmity, passed up the aisle and stood before the bride. stood before the bride.
"I have come to claim your promise," said she

It was the old soothsayer.

"But," said Marie, in a low voice, "it was dependent on my marrying a title. You see I have not done so. You were wrong."

"Rather," said the old woman, raising her voice,

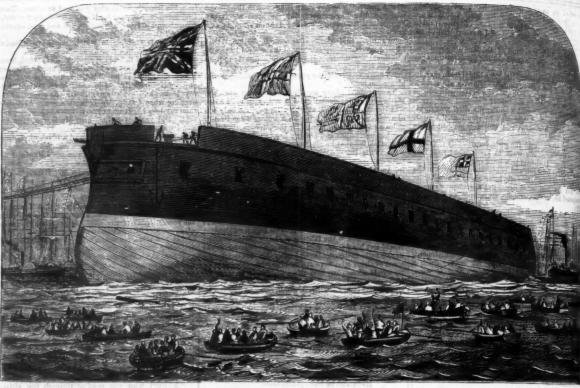
"Rather," said the old woman, raising her voice,
"it is you who are wrong, madame la countees."
"What can she mean?" asked Marie, looking
towards her husband with surprise.
"She is right, Marie," he said, gently. "In me
behold not Henrique Armand simply, but Count Henrique D'Armand, the possessor of much wealth, but of
none more precious than yourself. Listen, and I will
explain all. Being desirous of seeing country life,
in all its varieties, and mingling in it without being
known, I found my way to your pleasant village. The
rost you know. Will you forgive me?"

It is needless to say that pardon was accorded, and
that Marie graced the high station to which she had
been elevated. Her promise to the sibyl was fulfilled
to the letter.

H. A. J.

THE KING OF THE BELGIANS.—Wednesday, the 16th ult., being the birthday of the King of the Belgians, who was seventy-three on that day, great rejoieings took place, as great joy was felt at the happy state of health of the king after his recent dangerous and most trying illness. Numerous promotions and nominations in the Order of Leopold are spoken of

MALE WASPS .- For the last five years I have MALE WASES.—For the last five years I have examined scores—nay, hundreds, and never yet found a male with a sting. I have often nests brought to me with scores of both males and queens in them, and have frequently caused much amusement by taking up the wasps (males of course) in my hand with the nost perfect impunity, pretending they never stung me. They are so readily distinguished from the ordinary wasps by their long horns and long bodies that I have never any fear of laying hold of the "enemy," or else. "woe betide me."—RYBURNE.



[THE IRON-CLAD, MINOTAUL.]

LAUNCH OF THE MINOTAUR.

SATURDAY, the 12th ult., was a most favourable day for the launch of the Minotaur, the weather was clear, and a fresh breeze was blowing, which was in-wigorating rather than disagreeable to the spectators who came to witness the ceremony. There were not less than 5,000 persons admitted by ticket to the stands fitted up in the yard, and probably twice that number had clustered together in every part from which a view of the noble ship could be obtained.

view of the noble ship could be obtained.

The preparations for the launch were similar to those usually resorted to, but differed greatly in extent. The work of cutting away the supporting blocks of timber was more difficult, owing to the enormous pressure of the weight upon them, but at length the heavy, regular, well-timed, and musical blows of the shipwrights told upon their work, and Mr. Femberton announced that all was ready. The order was given to knock away the doc-shores and order was given to knock away the dog-shores, and instantly, as if in obedience to the word of command, the Minotaur started into life and motion. Mrs. Romaine, the wife of the Secretary of the Admiralty, hurled the bottle of wine, ornamented with ribbons and rosettes, at the slowly-moving mass, and wished the wassel good speed. the vessel good speed.

It was a magnificent sight to see the immense mass

stealing quietly from before one's eyes, gathering up new power at every part of the space travelled over, and then to see its tall bows dip into the water, as it parted and rose in clouds of white foam to receive

The ship was brought up within 50 yards of its own length from the end of the ways; and as she lay upon the water, her immense length and fine proportions gave increased satisfaction.

There is a very important feature in which the Minotaur differs from the other iron-clads affect that ia, in the thickness of her armour-plates. On all the iron-clads which have been launched, the thickness of iron-clads which have been launched, the thickness of the armour plates is 4½ inches, and they rest upon a backing of 18 inches of teak; the armour of the Minotaur is 5½ inches thick, and it is carried upon a timber backing of 9 inches in thickness, the weight per square foot being, however, as nearly as possible the same in both constructions; but the total weight of the armour plates in the one case is 1,800, and in the other but 900 tons, every portion of the Minotaur heing covered. being covered.

The internal construction of the Minotaur is of the most massive description. The ship is built up from keelson, formed of a huge bar of iron, about 40

inches deep. To this the iron ribs are bolted at intervals of 23 and 28 inches only. These ribs do not, however, rise in unbroken lengths through the whole framework of the ship, but are constructed in short lengths, for the convenience of bolting to other longitudinal girders. The lower series or portions of the iron ribs reary from 10 feet is hunth and 3 feet in longitudinal girders. The lower series or portions of the iron ribe vary from 10 feet in length and 3 feet in depth to 4 feet in length and 18 inches deep. These vertical sections or ribs, meeting with and joining the longitudinal girders, divide the lower part of the ship into a number of square cells—forming, in fact, a huge honeycomb of iron. Viewed externally, these ribs form the side upon which the inner skin of iron plates is secured, and upon which again, rests the timber backing, and over this the armour plates—both the timber and armour plates resting on a ledge formed on the outer side of the ribs, and commencing about 5 feet below the water line.

formed on the outer side of the ribs, and commencing about 5 feet below the water line.

The upper deck is covered with iron plate, but above this is a flooring of oak. Running along each side of the ship, and shut off by iron bulkheads, are what are called the "wing passages;" they are 42 inches wide, and correspond with the height between decks. These wings again are divided into smaller water-tight comparings so that in the event of a water-tight compartments, so that in the event of a shot passing through the outer skin of the ship, the water from the leak will be confined to its compart-

shot passing through the outer skin of the ship, the water from the leak will be confined to its compartment, and through entrances by the main-holes, the leak can be stopped and the fractured plate repaired.

The bows of the ship have a circular projection similar in outline to the breast of a swan, and this is below the water line, so that the ship may be used as a ram to run down an enemy, and the force of a blow delivered by a vessel weighing some 10,000 tons, and driven through the water at the rate of 14 knots an hour, must be something fearful to contemplate. The inner and outer stern parts are gigantic specimens of forgings, being 20in. by 10in., and 18in. by 10in. respectively, and each is 44ft. long. The armament is not yet fixed, but will probably be fifty guns of the largest calibre. Her ports are to be as small as those of the Warrior—that is to say, 3ft. 6in. high, and only 20in. wide, so as to reduce the chances of a shot or shell entering to as low a point as is consistent with working broadside guns at all.

The Minotaur will carry an iron tower on her upper deck, 18ft. long by 13ft. wide, coated with 4½in. iron, and pierced for riflemen in case of any enemy boarding. The engines are to be of 1,350 horse-power, and are expected to give the ship a speed of 14 knots. The Minotaur will stow about 1,400 tons of coal, or sufficient for 10 days' steaming. Her mean draught of water, when fully equipped, will be 24 feet, or nearly

2ft. less than the old wooden line-of-battle ships. this immersion, her portsills will be nearly 10ft, front water, or a little more than four feet higher than the of the once famous La Gloire!

One great improvement which the Minctar vi inaugurate is a total change in the rig of this class ships. The iron-clads now afloat have the radiish. Three masts, and those are wooden ense. Alkand three ships are twice as long as any line-of-lattice afloat, experience has proved that the iron-class under sail, the most unhandy wassels in the seria and the new ones are to have their proper quast spars. The Minotaur and her sisters are to have spars. The Minotaur and her sisters are to have and aft sail, and all to be of iron. The immeasis portance of the latter change must be evident is a who consider what must be the position of such say in action with a wooden mast shot away and fasts alongside till its mass of cordage fouls her serv, as leves her a helpless wreck. An iron mast is twist difficult to shoot away as a wooden one, and if it is leves her a helpless wreck. An iron mast is trues difficult to shoot away as a wooden one, and if it is fall it goes down alongside like a deep see lead, as itself free, and sinks. It is also understood the factor was of the Minotaur class of iron-clads will be siderably strengthened, and that ships, though as nally classed as frigates, but which require as and of labour on board equal to a first-rate line-disable. ship, are to have crows in proportion to the lan actually required to be performed, and not calculate according to an obsolete form of rating.

LORD COWLEY. - Lord Cowley has declined to # new his lease at Chantilly. Of course there are surmises as to the cause of this, but nothing income

The BATH AND THE STAR IN INDA.—The risk the disposal of the insignis of the orders of the hand the Star of India is as follows:—On the dead of a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Edd, is collar and badge appendant of the order, was him, should be returned to the Lancaster Hard, the investment badge and silver star are resisted his family. On the decease of a Knight Common of the Bath, the whole of the finsignis of the order by him are the property of his family. On the worn by him are the property of his family. On the because of a Companion of the Bath, the insignistate by him are to be retained by his family. On the motion of a K.C.B. to a higher class in the assets sion of the order, the insignis of the lower class from the content of the Star of India, the orders won by the are returned to the college. THE BATH AND THE STAR IN LEDIA.-The rabin

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en the s lear dev morning the han's wedding-m house of the hild espect. That bridal atti in its prepar

is all its tar ids, whose e to Flora An to of Marris what were h somes of the dad arrived in vair
A grateful sense
ad the thanked H nevil she so dres mital, Blanche w describe so; for was the one or

his nothing to a ai that there we facther. They ha me roof, and on sail not but regard air which her ha The night of the The sight of the We have seen the care begin but little c trace of those graphs. The working the harror of to-da markey. There was a sight design the proved, as got of the wiole like.



[FLORA TELLS THE COUNTESS AND BLANCHE HOW TO SAVE MARK.]

MAN AND HIS IDOL.

CHAPTER LXXXL

A DULL WEDDING-DAY.

daur wit

Althon

quota di bave fre with fee neuse is-nt to all ch a sing frew, and twice as if it dos and, tout that fie I be on-

e of h treat

rule for her had decome lath, for warn by sald, let insel by amanda

The norn the saffron heavens should have rained her silver dews upon thee.

Li Calsi.

Immorning that should have ushered in the Lady er's wedding-day had dawned, but it found the whome of the St. Omer's wearing anything but a

The bridal attire which had occupied so many is its preparation, and was to have created so mind a sensation, was packed away down at Red-a is all its tarnishing splendour. The favoured ds, whose selection had given such mortal mis Flora Angerstein, had left off studying "The

house of Marriage" till a future season. And the times of the dreaded day having arrived at last,

al stired in vain?

I pridul sense of relief filled the fair girl's heart,
al as tanked Heaven eagerly and fervently that
seri she so dreaded had passed away. But though
said, Blanche was not gay. It was impossible that
seri she so for, by a strange fatality, this very
was the one on which Mark Allardyce was to be
taked before the maristrate on a charge of ad before the magistrate, on a charge of

his nothing to say that they were but half-related, Institute to say that they were but half-related, at that there were few ties binding them one to hitter. They had grown up side by side, under the sate of Blanche's sensitive nature at at the tregard with horror the torrible accusation are wish her half-brother was lying.

Regist of the countess would alone have served the sate of the countess would alone have served the sate of the countess would alone have served the sate of the countess would alone have served the sate of the countess would alone have served the sate of the countess would alone have served the sate of the countess would alone have served the sate of the countess would alone have served the sate of the countess would alone have served the sate of the countess would be sate of the counters and the sate of the counters were the sate of the counters when the sate of the counters were the sate of the sat

height of the countess would alone have served as a foom over the day. It have seen that utter prostration fellowed the is used the calamity. As day succeeded day it specially that it is the calamity. As day succeeded day it may be a few with the calamity. As day succeeded day it may be a few with the calamity of the calamity. The worst was not over—it was to come. It have of to-day was greater, not less, than that of seed the calamity. There was always the terror to come—the same alght deepen into conviction, the crime with proved, and then came the agony and dispute the calamity of the world of the counter of the wolent death which would inevitably the counter of the wolent death which would inevitably the counter of the wolent death which would inevitably the counter of the wolent death which would inevitably the calamity of the wolent death which would inevitably the calamity of the wolent death which would inevitably the calamity of the wolent death which would inevitably the calamity of the calamity.

in the noming of this day the counters embraced be marker tenderly.

'At Ranche l' she said, "I little thought that this

hoped to shed tears of joy, not of sorrow."

Blanche took her mother's hand and pressed it

tenderly.

"Have courage, mother," she said, "we must at least

hope for the best.

hope for the best."

She would not for the world have uttered the thought which lay in her own heart—the thought that but for all that had passed her eyes would have shed tears of more bitter anguish than any which now bedewed them. Well, quite well, she knew that the countess was not hard or cruel, that from first to last she had acted according to her aristocratic ideas, and for the best; but she could not hide from herself that for the best; but she count not may room necessary the earl's policy in the matter of this marriage with Lord Sandoux would have doomed her to a fate not less speedy, not less inevitable, scarcely less terrible than any which might await the unscrupulous Mark.

With a mind desdened through grief, the countess

could not understand the precise position in which her beloved but ungrateful son stood. She believed that he was unjustly accused, and that he was the victim of secret enemies. Blanche, ignorant of much that was taking place, could not assist her in arriving as right conclusions as to Mark's real danger, and thus it was with much satisfaction to both that Flora Angerstein's

card was presented immediately after breakfast.
Following her card with breathless haste, Flora dashed into the room.

dashed into the room.

Both the countess and Lady Blanche gazed in mute astonishment at the change which a few hours had wrought in this woman. She who was usually smooth and unruffled, with a ripe, sleek skin, soft, shining bands of the glossiest hair, eyes sparkling like gems, and a tollet perfect to the minutest details, now appeared wild-eyed, haggard, dishevelled—the very caricature of her former self. Though in her walking dress Flora were no gloves; and to those who have studied the character of the beautiful creole, that fact will be of the utmost significance. Flora without gloves! Not one of all those who knew her could have believed it possible that any calamity could have have believed it possible that any calamity could have touched her so deeply as to make her guilty of that outrage. It was one of those small points about which she was mincingly fastidious: and Flora Angerstein in the stream uncloved was, to say the least of it, a

day would bring with it the agony I suffer. I had cruelty! Pray give me a seat; I have walked London boped to shed tears of joy, not of sorrow."

"You have not been to bed?" asked Blanche, won-

"You have not been to been."
deringly.
"To bed! I go to bed and Mark's very life in the balance! No, no; I tried it for a little while, for a few seconds, but it was impossible. The bed was like a bed of fire; the house was a prison. I couldn't rest or breathe! My restlessness drove me into the streets, to walk them like a hunted thing."

The countess looked at her strange visitor with

nazement.
She could not understand the passion raging in the volcanic heart of that woman—a passion before which even her maternal love was but a feeble instinct.

Blanche read the secret more truly, and sympathised with Flora more fully; but she felt that this topic was one to be avoided rather than made the subject of any

one to be avoided rather than made the subject of any questioning on her part.

"My poor boy is fortunate in having one who so thoroughly sympathises with his position," said Lady St. Omer, in the easy, courtly tone habitual to her.

"Your son is fortunate in having one friend who has determined to save him at all risks," replied Flora, with some bitterness. "But for me, what would have been his position at this moment?"

"He has the advantage of the earl's solicitors," suggested the countess!

gested the countess!

gested the countess!

"Solicitors!" sneered Flora. "A dead man may have the advantage of the doctors; but of what use are they? Of as much use, of more use than any solicitor in the world would have been had the winnesses against Mark ever got into the criminal court."

"You believe then—you are among those who think Mark guilty?" asked Lady St. Omer, with spasmodio

"I neither believe or disbelieve," cried Flora, with "I neither believe or disbelieve," cried Flora, with passionate earnestness. "What is it to me? It cannot affect my duty either one way or the other. He is in danger. He must be saved. That is all I care to think and know. That I may have the power to save him is all I pray, all I desire to think of. And I will do that, if I buy his life with my own. But come, I am wasting time. I came here because I want your aid, Blanche, and yours, my lady—you will not refuse it?"

But more; as she approached, holding out both her bare hands, tears—absolute tears streamed down her cheeks.

"Ab, my dear countess! Ah, Blanche, darling! what a calamity this is!" she cried, in a choking woice. "What's day for us! The exposure, the

"Meredith!" exclaimed the countess in alarm, "Im-

Is it? " asked Flora, with bitter emphasis. "Are you prepared to say that your petty feuds and jealousies are to stand in the way at such a time as this? Is Mark to die a felon's death because the earl has some antipathy to a man who had the honourable ambition to be his son-in-law. Heavens! How miserable these trifles are, and what a sham is every human tie but that which the heart makes for itself to

She had risen.

She had risen.

She was pacing the room bareheaded, her small hands clasped behind her head, urushing the blueblack hair beneath the pressure. Compared to her intensity of emotion, the mother's anguish seemed a calm, passionless mockery, and Blanche sat like a

"But you must remember," urged the counters, "the peculiar position in which the earl stands to this man. They are rivals. Sooner or later they will meet on grounds which must involve the ruin of one or both."

both."

"True!" cried Flora, still pacing to and fro; "I have not forgotten anything. For Mark's sake I have gone so far as to try to disarm this very man, and to render him powerless; but this is not our time to think what a man is or may be—tit for us to remember only whether in this crisis he has the power to save or to injure us. Lady St. Omer, you are Mark's mother, and I tell you that this man may lead a hand in dooming him to death. I sell you further that it lies with you to prevent this. Will you do it? Will you save hiark, or help to murder him?"

In the intensity of har feelings, she stopped opposite her ladyship's chair, her black eyes starting from her head; her small fists clenched, her form dilating with passion.

Blanche shuddered.

be countees, turning deadly pale, half-rose. Tell me," she said, "what is the object you pro-

Yes, yes!" sneered Flora; "you shall know all. "Yes, yes!" sneered trons; "you should not commit yourself even to save him. Listen! While you have fumed and fretted, I have acted—I and those about me. How I have watched and hunted those who sought your son's blood, you will one day know. How I have plotted watched and numted those who sought your son's blood, you will one day know. How I have plotted against their plots, and circumvented their designs, will remain my own secret. Enough that I have done this—I have discovered the witnesses who are to support this charge, and I have crushed them, one after the other, till only one remains. You have heard the other, till only one remains. You have heard-yes, even you must know this, that a woman—a des

I have heard something of it," said Lady St. er; "she is called Lotty—is she not?"

is at the bottom of all

"And how comes it that she is at enmity with m Mark, or has the power to do him this dreadful

it is the fruit of the earl's policy—the earl's and replied Flors, bitterly. "You have not foryours!" replied Flora, bitterly. "You have not for-gotten what this day was to have been?"
"Hardly!" was the reply.
"And I need not remind you who was to have been

rate and abandoned woman

the hero of it. Lord Sandoun would have made Blanche his wife, had not circumstances given his lordship's mistress the whip-hand in this business. That detestable woman has sworn that this match shall never take place; thus far she has kept her oath, but at what price? At the cost of beggaring your family, and betraying your son to the gallows."

"Miserable, infatuated woman?" cried Lady St.

Granted; but she is, nevertheless, a reality, and must be dealt with as one. Up to this point I have checkmated her. Thanks to my agents, I have her, at this moment, a prisoner under lock-and-key. More than that, I have the witness who makes her that even I crouch before her, secure from the possibility of escape. So far as to the present—as to this particular day; but things will not remain thus. She at least must be let out—and, owing to a blunder She at least must be let out—and, owing to a blunder which I was too late to prevent—she will be set at large with all her vindictiveness intensified. Her very first step will be to ally herself with Kingston Meredith, who is also dangerous to Mark. Now, in this state of things, what do I propose? How do I set about drawing the chaws of the tiguer, and rendering her and her ally utterly harmless?"

"Pray explain to me!" said Lady St. Omer.

I will," was Flora's response. "Up to this very ring, I was in favour of the marriage which the "Up to this very earl covered for his daughter. Yes, Blanche, though I have known from the first how distasteful it was to there were reasons which made me advocate it eart and soul.

Flora did not feel it necessary to explain what those

She did not say that she had determined that Mark

should marry her as soon as he had obtained, according to his bargain with Sandoun, half the marriage-portion with which St. Omer contemplated buying himself a higher position than that he now held. It

was not necessary to go into that matter.
"Up to this moment," she went on, "I have advocated, and—I know you will hate me for it, Blanche—I have done all in my power to promote it. But now the crisis has come, and I abandon it as hopeless as a game which cannot be continued with a cl

of winning."

Blanche's sparkling eyes bespoke her gratitude—
feeling altogether uncalled-for, by the way, since, in
all she did, Flora was actuated by utterly selfish
motives. Lady St. Omer received the remarks of her

motives. Lady St. Omer received the remarks of ma-visitor nervously, rather than graciously.

"You will ask what I propose to gain in exchange for the advantages I sacrifice?" said Flora. "I will tell you. First, I shall disarm this woman, Lotty, and win her to our side. Once let her have the guarantee that this match is broken off, and her love for the young lord will induce her to fall into the trap easily

young ford with induce her to last rong animosity. With her power, half our danger goes."

"And with regard to the young man, Meredith, what purpose do you serve by conciliating him?"

"I bribe him to silence also, and that done, I fear

nothing.

"But can he speak to any effect?"

"But can he speak to any effect?"

"It is enough for me that he was with Daniel Kingston, and his daughter, in their last moments, and that, as I hear from a private source, his deposition is considered worth taking as against the prisoner. If it is worth anything on that side, it is worth a hundred times more on ours."

"And you think that he might be silenced by what

have suggested?"

I do. And more; not only will be consent to Mark, so far as his power goes, but it is, after all, the solution of the difficulty about the earldom. By marriage with the earl's only, daughter Kingston Meredith secures the rights for which he is prepared to contend; and thus the welfare, as well as the happiness

Lady St. Omer shook her head.

"It is easy," she said, "to manage the affairs of others—easy, because one does not see with their eyes or share their aspirations. To you this solution of the or share their aspirations. To you this solution of the matter seems simple enough—you fancy that you will, at one stroke, save my unfortunate son, relieve the earl of fall uneasiness as to his position, and render Blanche perfectly happy. You may be right, but you cannot share the feelings of wounded pride and disappointed ambition which the earl experiences, nor can you understand what it is to a man of his tempera-ment to give up the dream of years—the desire to add ment to give up the dream of years—the desire to add
the last crowning glory to the honours of his family
—merely as an act of expediency."
At that word "expediency," Flora Angerstein, who
had leant, intently listening, over the back of a carved
oaken chaft, started up with impatience.

"Is it a mere set of expediency to save your
ladyship's son from a shameful death?" she demanded.

"Oh, no! do not mistake me." said the countess. "Or do you choose," persisted Flore, "rather that he should die than that the babbling gossip of the village should continue to charge the earl himself with a suspected crime? As I live, Mark has not one true friend beside myself in all the world!"

Lady St. Omer threw her arms about the passionate woman, and held her to her breast.

"You wrong me," she said, "deeply, harshly wrong e. I was but explaining to you the earl's feelinge. sacrifice to save Mark and render my daughter happy.

More than this, I will urge upon the earl, and at once, all you have impressed upon me, and should I succeed in gaining his consent—

" You will be my the same and should I succeed.

You will permit Blanche to wed Meredith? "

Yes, willingly."

And in that one step crown all my efforts to save your poor, unhappy, misused son!"
"God grant it may be so!"

It was the countess who uttered that exclamation; and Blanche fervently, and from the bottom of her heart, schoed the mother's prayer.

CHAPTER LXXXIL THE DREAM IN THE CAB.

The dawn is not distant, Nor is the night starless Love is eternal Longfelloss

WHEN Flora left the mansion, after her interview ith Lady St. Omer and Blanche, she found her Blanche, she found

In the Thaddeus waiting to meet her.

It was by her own appointment that he came there, partly to receive instructions, partly to report pro-

At a clance Flora saw that all was not well, for the

man looked nervous and agitated, and was duply occupied with his own reflecti

occupied with his own reflections.

"What has happened, Thad,?" she asked nervour.

"That fellow, Raby," was the reply; "nothing he been seen of him. He has neither furnished as win any account of Meredith's interview with Planke about the St. Omer business, nor has he recommend. about the St. Omer business, nor has he procured the papers on which Meredith bases his claim, and which now Plunkett has."

"He was to watch in the office day and night-

Yes.

And have you gone to see if he is there to day?

"I have. And I learn that, to the surprise of "And have you gone to see it no is there to day?
"I have. And I learn that, to the suprise of a
the clerks, he has been sent on a special expedition to
France for some business purpose, owing to his a
quaintance with the French language."

Flora looked incredulous, then thought to

He has deceived you," she said "I cannot think it," replied Thaddens.
"I cannot think it," replied Thaddens.
"Nonsense! I'll lay my life that he has been some out, has snivelled, confessed all, and has been some of the way for the time, until his dwarf sevidence could have

harm."

"Well, it seems likely," remarked the other.

"That is no, depend upon it. I judge of mel their hocks. I saw Raby once, and didn't like in the was just the fellow to 'peach' and anivel. In over, that is of less consequence now, as I have also doned all hope of the marriage, and have penus the countees into favouring it—for Mark's sake. As thing for Mark's sake, you know, in her midl. jable. thing for Mark's sake, you know, in her mild, hely fashion! Great Heaven, if he had trusted to her a to the lawyers, what would have been his change escape? I tremble to think of it. Even now em instant's delay fills me with apprehension."

Thaddeus looked up sharply.

"The countess may take what view she please but the earl cannot flinch from his position. The Di of Hereford holds him to it."

No!" exclaimed Flora "There is no doubt of the fact. Archy his

my authority. The duke has heard something, then? Hel

me proof of the futility of Meredith's claim?"
"Yes. His lawyers have somehow gained a b ledge of the fact that there is one link missing is it namely, proof of the marriage of Earl Rupert to a mother of these his first children. Without that all is to the ground."

Flora pondered for some secon

"If that is so," she then said, "it is useless to se the earl to yield an inch. Well, if we cannot be what we want, we must have what we can get was slence both Meredith and Loty—at least Mark can be got out of the country. Can Fail Hildred be found?"

"Certainly."
"At once? Send him to me, then, without del Thaddens at once departed to execute the co

About an hour afterwards Frank Hildred by About an hour afterwards Frank Hidred is suddenly into Kingston Meredith's chamber, found his friend and comrade busy over a key papers, which had far more the aspect of love spetch in gest for some paper in connection with examination of Mark Allardyce, which was fixed noon, he had come across a packet of Lady Blade letters—a feast on which he had not suffered his to feed for months—and the new hopes not awakened in him had invested them with seel faccination that he could not resist refreshing his fascination that he could not resist refreshing his le

with the sight of them.

"How happy, how more than happy I was the these came to me!" he had exclaimed. "And it but a few months ago; it

at a few months ago; it seems years—contains.

It was at that moment that Frank burst in.

Moredith, caught in the fact, could only blush. meredith, caught in the fact, could only blish hurry the letters one the the other with the so of a criminal, even in the presence of his boom.

Aye, and rightly, too. There are socrets too a even for friendship, and those of the heart are dorder.

"King., my boy!" exclaimed Frank, noticing mili in his exuberant haste, "I have good new.
"For me?" cried Meredith incredulous
"Yes. You can guess whence it comes " I have good news for you

"Yes. You can guess whence it come?"
"Not from—not from her?" asked the young as in a tremor of delight.
"And why were

And why not from Aer? Because—but for Heaven's sake do not keep? "Because—but for Heaven's sake do not iss in suspense. Tell me the best and the worst of in They sat down and drew together over the in then Frank, with much unnecessary detail, and a

Kingston to la much interruption, so eager was Kingson nothing, no, not even a syllable, made a state

He had, he said, been specially sent for by a limit

same in order iscalty in gue ionately lov ed to expres ar mder pain pered the earl's of the claims of Mere ered his view: "And," added heles off." Impossible!

-twas lady

Et But here o der and sens sweet Blanc o for her m of the case You might "What Blanc Meredith clute "Is this so?" for are not telli at in? "

Ingston. No; I have

"Certainly. le poeuliar posi m Her unfidence she ind might exe in in breaking More?" crie
"More?" crie
whise—not a v
"I will not, w not affect y such a hear is Lady Blanch ich has come "You mean b

w have been sys had a stro art returne en she f hink how th inds that you the first t liendith rose

She has used "Or words to "No doubt. But Frank ma's breast-"You think so Ism as certa

Still, is it r wagninst one the question g dia, there furk ared to him t sald be involved Now the mat

He felt that it d ill others, he But as he the and a strong ser ed to had accep was lady and a bosom companion of the Lady

Bush-in order that he might hear a revelation or

the abset amounted to a confession. It appeared
that abset amounted to a confession. It appeared
to it the course of conversation, Blanche had
the state of the confession of the confession of the confession that Flora Angerstein was the
diely in guessing that Flora Angerstein was the
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fire, and

added Frank, sible! It is too good for truth!" exclaimed eken off."

* No. I have the strongest assurance that it is the a Buthere comes the difficulty; Blanche, with her are and sensitive nature, feels degraded by this

Sweet Blanche!" interposed the young lover. "brief Blanche!" interposed the young lover.

"briefs," pursued his friend, "the present state of
displaces her in a position which renders it immade for her to take any steps to make the true
of the case known. She feels that you might

laspect her motives!" *You might think her influenced by mercenary

What, Blanche, my own darling ? "

*Wint, Bianche, my own daring?"
*Is a word—you might despise and repulse her."
*Bredith clutched at his friend's hand.
*Is this so? " he cried. "You are not deceived?
Is an not telling me what might be, or may be, but

"Ortainly. And what is more natural? You see le presing position, and the misconstruction to which stopm. Her very delicacy and refinement would swent her ever telling you all this; but in a moment midence she might confide it to a friend, and that find night exercise what I hold to be a wise discre-in in breaking that confidence for your mutual good.

Momething more remains."
"Mom?" cried Kingston. "Ah, tell it me. Forget

shing-not a word. not a word."
I will not, willingly," was the answer; "but this sent affect you so closely. You can understand hissch a heart as that which beats in the bosom of the Lady Blanche, is powerfully moved by the calamity

*You mean by this charge against Captain Allar-

'Insely so. He is her half-brother, you know. In his been brought up together, and in spite of is lutish asture and ungovernable passious, he has suys had a strong feeling for her, which she has, on legar, returned. Judge of her terror, her distress in, when she finds him in such a position as this, at this how those feelings must be intensified when it is also that you, whom she so devotedly loves, are used the first to press this dreadful charge home to in?

limith rose, and passed his hands across his

"She has used these words?" he asked.
"Or words to this offect," was the answer.
"She fels it cruel, wrong, that I should move in the native against her family—is it soo?"
"So doubt. That is the natural feeling she did

'lat, Frank, this fellow, Allardyce, who never and here as the state of the st

lam as certain of it as one man can be of the guilt

incher."

"Sill, is tright—is it seemly, that you, of all sees, should step forward to point the accusing heregoistone who might have been, and may yet a four own kith and kin?"

Is question greatly troubled Meredith. The truth his had never rigarded Mark with anything but mina, and he had felt how, under that smooth face dis, there larked his deadly foe, and it had never send to him that the happiness of the Lady Blanche cell is involved in the act of bringing such a being same to him that the happiness of the Lady Blanche calls involved in the act of bringing such a being

for the matter presented itself in a different

is it fast it was possible that his errand did ap-man, creek and, perhaps, vindictive to her, whom, discours, he was sollections of presenting himself its aroundle light.

but is thought of this, there rose within his but is thought of this, there rose within his residence of the responsibility of his position. For Daniel Kingston had made him his friend, with his accepted the old man's confidences. That we maching more than listening to his rambling

statements, and in his case it amounted to this, that, to the best of his power, he was pledged to right the man's wrongs, and to act as the protector of his

child.

In the discharge of a duty voluntarily undertaken.

Kingston Meredith had been entrusted with a painful secret. With his dying lips, the old man had confided to him what else had remained a matter of surmise only, the positive fact that he was the victim of foul

only, the posture lace shall be already the placed the supposed perpetrator of that crime in a position to answer for his misdeeds; and during the few moments of self-communion. Meredith asked himself whether, as a man of honour and probity, he dared relinquish the position he had taken up?

There was, there could be but one answer to that meetion.

question.
"Frank," he said, "though the shame and terror of
it should cost Blanche her life, I must go on—I must

do my duty." "But," ur urged Frank, "there are others concerned

"But," urged Frank, "there are others concerned in this matter. With you, or without you, it will go on. Why should you wound the heart of this poor girl by moving in it?"

"Because of my sacred obligation to the murdered man," was the reply. "It is to him I owe whatever clse I may gain to birth or fortune; and, believe me, neither would afford me a moment's happiness if linked with the thought of neglected duty."

"And so, from this quixode feeling, you raise a barrier between yourself and Blanche, which never can be passed."

can be passed.

"Why, is it not clear that not Blanche alone, but the earl, the countess, all, will shun with aversion the man who doomed one of their race to an ignominious

"Frank-Frank!" cried Meredith; "surely this is

"Frank" cried Meredith; "surely this is not so! They will not despise and oppose me for the simple discharge of my duty."
"Nonsense, man!" was the reply; "they do not regard it as duty. To them it looks like vindictiveness—petty and undignified!"

Kingston Meredith's cheeks crimsoned.

"Blanche cannot be so unjust!" he said.
"She has to be just to herself—to those about her. Think of that! said Frank

"I may think, but it will be in vain. I must go

"More than this," urged Frank; "she has to re-member the difficulties which lie in the way of recon-ciling the earl to your advances, and it is natural that she should expect some assistance upon your part-

some concession —"
"You know," interposed Mcredith, "that I will concede anything, yield anything, but not this. If Mark Allardyce has shed the blood of Daniel Kingston he must pay the forfeit. If my evidence alone convicted him, I would step boldly forth and give

"In spite of all consequences?" Yes; in spite of all.

Frank Hildred heard the statement with a feeling both of suprise and annoyance. Flora Angerstein had poured into his ears this tale of Blanche's love had poured into his ears this tale of Blanche's love and confidence—a pure invention of her own, by the way, designed to answer the immediate purpose of abating Meredibl's zeal—with so much earnestness that he could not credit that, when he imparted it to his friend, he would turn a deaf car to the suggestion that constituted the moral of it all.

His passion for Flora had revolutionized Frank Hildred.

Once he could not have understood a man neglect-

Once he could not have understood a man neglecting duty for love—now it seemed incredible that the wishes of the woman he loved should not have power to turn his friend from the simple path of duty.

To sacrifice Blanche for the mere purpose of securing the conviction of a fellow like Mark appeared to him, in his then state of feeling, an excess of scrupulous devotion to principle, worthy only of an Arcadian. It was, nevertheless, he felt, hopeless to persuade the man out of his convictions, and so he gave up the contest, and left the house with a mortifying sense of failure.

He dared not return to Flora and tell her what had

He dared not return to Flora and tell her what had

happened.
She had been so sanguine, and her enthusiasm had so infected him, that he could not find it in his heart to announce to her the failure of his mission.

to announce to her the failure of his mission.

And from not seeing him the poor, strong-hearted, though wicked woman, as she drove down to the police-court in a cab, determined to be an unseen witness of all that transpired there, indulged herself in hopes and impressions as to Mark's safety utterly

without foundation.
"Thank Heaven!" she said, "I have done all that mortal woman can do to save him. Lotty is safe, for to-day, at least. That strange ghost of a being who has come up from Galescombe to bear witness—goodness knows to what—is safely caged in the paddedroom—a raving lunatic, let us hope, by this time. As
for Meredith, if Frank tells his story and tells it well,
it cannot fail to turn him from his purpose. Then
what must follow? Mark will be accused—no matter
for that—the witnesses will be called, will fail to appear, the case will break down, and he will leave the
court with the magistrate's assurance that he does so
without a stain on his character. Ah, yes; Mark
will leave this country a martyr, not a criminal!
And in the warmth of his gratitude he will entreat
me to fly with him as his wife!"

So the woman dreamed as the cab sped on. A
pleasant dream enough, but still a dream—no more.

CHAPTER LXXIII

IN THE CRIMINAL COURT.

Thus bad begins, but worse remains behind.

THE prison-van drawn up before the door of the

court house was the object which roughly startled the dreamer as her cab stopped beside it.

Like a huge hearse, fitted to receive the living in-stead of the dead, it stood there, black, gloomy, terri-ble, and the more sight of it sent a shudder through Flora's sensitive frame.

Flora's sensitive frame.

The customary morning sitting of the magistrate was just over, and the court was just disgorging its daily quota of crime and wretchedness.

If you would witness sin, stripped of its false and bewitching glare, naked, ghastly, and revolting, look at its victims as they pass from the halls of justice to the terrible vehicle which conveys them to punishment. One glance is enough. Flora found it so, yet the sight had a fascination for her which she could not overcome. Her eyes were riveted upon the huddled group of degraded respectability, herding with filth, nakedness, and the pollution of the utter dregs of life. For the most part, the prisoners were of the "damgerous classes," as we justly term those who, having fallen below the tide-mark of society, have ceased even to attempt to regain the surface. But amongst fallen below the tide-mark of society, have ceased even to attempt to regain the surface. But amongst them there stalked a few victims of a higher class. A young man in elegant attire—two women who had moved in good society—a lad who was doubtless the pride of a fund mother's heart. Her heart ached for these as they were driven, with the rest, into that grim receptacle for the garbage of society—the prisoners'

"A few hours," she said, "and he may be degraded to that level!

The thought was too much for her, and, tearing herself from the sight, she hurried into the court.

It was crowded, for the Galescombe murder, as it was called, had created no little excitement, from the mystery surrounding it, and also from the social posi-tion of those supposed to be concerned in its perpe-

tration.

Public opinion—generally formed on hasty and incorrect grounds—rather favoured the prisoner. It was known that Daniel Kingston was the claimant the earldom of St. Omer, and it struck the mass people as the most natural thing in the world, the me earl should have put him out of the power of its indor annoying him further. Specious argume to fix circumstantial evidence might, it was felt, said must the odium upon some other victim, but the all agreed the odium upon some other victim, but the six must have been the culprit. That people we all agreed upon; and so strong was the feeling on e part of the ignorant and unreasoning, that ther was even an attempt to cheer Mark as he descend, from the cab in

which he had been brought to cour Full as the place was, a cry'n secured Flora a seat, from which, unseen, she co'd watch all the proceedings.

The court was hot, stiflie, and that unpleasant odour, peculiar to criminal curts, pervaded it.

Flora, in her dark corner trouched against the wall, feeling faint and sick, burnever for an instant suffering her eyes to quit the prisoners' dock, which was, up to that time, vacant.

that time, vacant.

Yes, there wa orce when she ventured to look curiously round the court, to satisfy herself of the chances of the sus, from the absence of those she feared. Not a smillar face met her view, and she was thankful for tlat—thankful, but bitter against those who, in her aconsiderate zeal she thought should have been thee.

"His mother not here!" she muttered, "and I do believe she buyes him next myself. But no not not not believe the buyes him next myself.

"His motier not here!" sue muttered, "and I do believe she byes him next myself. But no, ne; my fine lady mght soil her delicate mind in the atmosphere of this place. She might commit herself in some infinitesimal way. She might display some natural feiling, and so lose caste in the eyes of some natural feiling, and so lose caste in the eyes of some natural feiling. natural feiling, and so lose caste in the eyes of some caracter humbug, or some addled old peeress. Heavens, what humbugs people are! We talk of love, affection and the rest of it, and a mother dares not outrage one titlle of sham etiquette, though the fate to let in the first grey light of morning. This was not enough to allow her to dispesse with the lamp, for, she wished to look at the quiet disease. But Alise was not asleep; and as the lady approached her lectaide, and stood there, she raised her white area from the cover, and putting them around her need, drew down her face to him, marmuring?

"My pale mother, you have watched all night."

"Never mind me, love. How are you?"

"Calm—every nerve at reat now, dar mother."

"All, yos, this is one of your seasons of sevenity,

"Als, yes, this is one of your seasons of sevenity, my child?" lacking mourafully at her daughter. Alice passed her hand over her brow once or twice, covered her face with both hands, lay so for a while, and then, looking up, said:

"Do you know Monsieur de Lorraine comes here this morning. method?"

morning, mother?"
To take leave of us? Yes, my child, I know it." "And, mether, to pronounce on me the sentence of my doom; you divined it, mother. Are you, also, propared at last to hear it?

"Yes, yes, my child; and yet was it for this, oh!

Heavens—"Only God is great —only eternity is permanent.

This life will end at last, and you and I, mother, will meet in eternity, never to separate again." Then, after a pause, she said: "There is one thing belonging to time, and to this world, that I must arrange, when the advantagement for Charles. mother-that advertisement for Charles : has it been suffered to drop from the columns of the newspapers?"

"Yes, my dear; it seemed to elicit nothing, and I

have not ordered its continuation."

Mother, I wish you to order the renewal of that "Mother, a wish you to order the remewal or this advertisement without delay; it cannot do harm. It is to be cautiously and delicately worded, as before; and it may at length meet the eye of Charles, or of some one who knows his place of abode. Alas! you know, it is the only chance. My uncle enforced a promise from him, that he would never seek Janet

How wrong that was in Charles to give it."

"Yes, very wrong; but he was scarce nineteen; he saw Janet on the eve of becoming a mother, and herself and child in imminent danger of perishing with cold and hunger-for it was the depth of winter,

"He should have let us know his condition. "Ah, mother! we ought to have inquired into it once more. It was so much more natural in him to

seek aid from her father; and you know a mind so distressed as his was then, is not always capable of reasoning in the best manner. But what we have to do now, is to bring him back here, if possible; then to reconcile my uncle to him; that will not be impossible

reconcile my uncle to him; that will not be impossible if he be made acquainted with all the art and double-dealing which that unhappy girl used to betray them into their indiscreet marriage."

"No—for my brother's greatest anger against Staunton was kindled by the thought that he had treacherously sought the affections of his daughter, and married her for a speculation; he did not dream that Jauet, poor child, quite innocently, did most of the love-making herself, and that Jessie Appleton did the match-making. None of us thought that we were all misled by that nore miscruled Jessie. Well, the all misled by that poor, misguided Jessie. Well, the advertisement shall be renewed to-day, and kept up until something transpires. Much do I fear, however, that he has perished.

that he has perished.

'And then, mother, Janet, what a desolate, poor child! When I am gone, mother, keep her in your heart and home as your own daughter. She, poor one, needs a mother—even as you will then need a daughter. Comfort her, mother, and you shall be comforted."

Mrs. Redelyffe's tears flowed again, and were again stream and resolutely wirned away.

Mrs. Redclyffe's tears flowed again, and were again stayed, and resolutely wiped away.

And, mother, the disposition of my wealth; you, so richly jointured, do not need it; nevertheless, you must have half. Of the other half it will take but a very small portion to dress one for heaven; and the bulk I will make over to Charles Staunton. That will make him independent of his father-in-law, as it is best for him that he should be; and Janet will be better pleased than if I gave the money to herself. If he returns, mother, persuade them both to live with you. Let them be your children; get interested in their children. For you and me, mother; we shall meet in heaven."

Mrs. Redclyffe promised everything her daughter."

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE SURPRISE.

Sunrise will come next!
The shadow of the night is passed away!
— Here begins your true care.
Look up to it! All now is possible—
The glory and the grandeur of each dream,
And every prophecy shall be fulfilled. . Browning's Luria.

THIS was Easter Monday, be it remembered-and about ten o'clock in the day, when Alice sat in the parlour. A servant entered, and placing a card in her hand, retired. Bhe read it indelently, without at first taking in its meaning. She looked at it again, and grew pale as she read the name engraved on it, aloud —"Mona. Le Duc de Lorraine. What does this mean?" She looked up, and Maurice stood before her, who, advancing, and replying to her question, becan to care: began to my :

began to say:

"It means, my dear Alice——"
But before he went any further, he sat down on the nota beside her, passed his arm around her waist, and drawing her head upon his bosom, pressed his lips to here in the very first kiss he had ever given woman, or she had ever received from man! It was a life-giving kiss to both; and he gazed down in her radiant eyes with a smile of pure ecstatic joy, lighting another smile in her face, such as only children or angels wear.

angels wear.

Not one word of explanation had been spoker

inexpressibly happ yet she was so naturally, so inexpressibly happy! While Maurice gazed down on her, more divinely blessed himself in the sense of giving than of receiving happiness. At last he murmured lowly, under

his breath:

"You beautiful and happy child! Oh, to hold you thus! It is even more of heaven than my visions promised—to have your head lying here, where in dreams only it has ever lain. Ah, rest your head here, on my bosom, where it has so long ached to rest; where I have so much longed to have it! You beautiful, happy child!"

"Ah, Maurice, my heart must break with its excess of love for you!"

"Oh, Alice, my soul's bride for so long! My spirit-bride! My dream-bride, embodied at last, and on my bosom!"

"My dream-lover!

"Oh, Alice!" he murmured.
"You thought of me all this time! You loved me

all this time, and, Maurice, I always knew it!"

"Always! Always! Alice, I was with you in my dreams! By day, I would conscientiously dismiss you—but sleep has its own world, governed by its own laws—there I ever found you again."

"You would have a consciption in the property of the p

"You were ever with me in your dreams?"

"Ever—ever, Alice!"

"I knew and felt it! My days were wretched; but my nights were unutterably happy!"

"My beautiful dream! My happy dream in my arms! Why, Alice, you are so real, I cannot realize

arms!

"Monsieur de Lorraine!-De Lorraine! I am shocked, astounded!" exclaimed the voice of Mrs. Red-clyffe, who at this critical moment appeared, and was struck like a statue of horrified astonishment; "De Lorraine, I say, you horrify me beyond measure!"
They do not see or hear her—for

Hecdless as the dead are they
Of sught around, above, beneath;
As if all else had passed away—
They only for each other breathe.

"De Lorraine! Do you wish to kill me, then?"
"Oh! my dream-bride! my beautiful spirit-bride!"
murmured the entranced man, straining her again and again to his bosom, and pressing fervent kisses on her brow, in the very ecstacy of rapture. "Heavens, I shall go mad! Alice, my daughter!" exclaimed the deeply scandalized hely, in the extremity

of distress.

"Ah, Maurice, when did I die? I do not remember-when came I to heaven?" sighed Alice, quite lost in a trance of joy.

"De Lorraine, release my daughter this moment!"
exclaimed the lady, flying toward them.

Maurice now looked up—did he drop Alice? No, indeed. Had a thunderbolt fallen at his feet, he would not have dropped her then. He took time to kiss her again, and gather her closer to his bosom, before he answered, entirely at random, an observation whose sound he had only heavy! sound he had only heard.

"Yes, madam, certainly."
"You shameless man!" cried the excited lady, in a

choking voice.

A sense of the absurdity of the whole thing now struck Maurice, who, with the first inclination for humour that had visited him for many a day, now arose, and setting Alice on her feet, presented her to her mother, and said.

"Mrs. Redclyffe, let me crave your congratulations for my betrothed wife—Madame La Duchesse de Lorraine."

The lady had been very red before, she now grew deadly white; a look of unutterable sorrow chased every expression of anger from her face, and gazing on them both with profound pity, she said, in a voice "Ah, I see it all now! God knows that they have both gone mad."

Smitten with compunction for the pain he had given her, the duke took her hand in the most respect-ful manner, and said:

"Mrs. Radelyfic—mother—my honoured mother, I am neither mad nor guilty, seither is your dempter, whose faith in me, was to her—knowledge. What I may to you only requires your consent and blooding to make it truth. You knew before that I was the now of the banished Duke de Lorraine, who became a relugue in this country, and died at fit. Michael's you know that I obeyed his dying will rather than followed my own vocation. Three years ago I found that I loved Alice. I struggled desperately with this feeling, until I discovered that she loved ms. I struggled with it then no longer. Some of my father's old friends, who had gained the high favour of the emperor, remembered the crited non of their banished friend, and exerted their interest for ms. The end of their intercession and my petition was, that six weeks ago two packets arrived for me from l'aris, containing despatches that re-invest me with my late father's title and estates, and recall me to my native country."

(To be continued)

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(To be continued)

EVERYBODY'S GIPSY.

Hore's the Gipsy queen of life, Fortune's hidden light revealing; Whisp'ring better stars are rife In the depths the cloud's concealing: She is seen at many gates Many sighs to her are given :-If we credit all she states, She's her knowledge straight from heaven. More than any gipsy known She sets all things in confusion: She's the one whose power alone Keeps the whole world in delusion!

Kings and peers her voice obey, High and low her spells she tosses; E'en the poor and aged stay When their path of life she crosses: Soldiers on the tented field, Sailors on the stormy ocean, Unto her their secrets yield; None on earth have such devotion. More than any gipsy known She sets all things in confusion; She's the one whose power alone Keeps the whole world in delusion.

CHARLES SWAIN.

THE PREDICTION.

LA VINETTE is a beautiful village. You might search through France and hardly fine a prettier. How indeed could it be otherwise, with its fruitful vineyards, its substantial white farmhouses, and its streets lined on either side with varieties of fruit-trees? Everything looks so comfortable and homelike, so expressive of peaceful plenty, that it is no wonder that the traveller, as he passes through the village, per-mits his eye to rest with pleasure upon its neat appear-ance, and exclaims: "Surely, it is a little paradise!"

Nowhere will you find prettier maidens than those of La Vinette. To be sure, they are not high-born, nor versed in the elegant accomplishments, since there is not one amongst them of higher rank than a farmer's daughter. Fortunately, however, beauty and high birth are not always inseparable, nor do they always go together. At least, there is many a countes who would count no price too great by which she might purchase the charms of Marie Mailard, who outshone all the other maidens of La Vinette as the sun does the stars. For all that, Marie was a great favourite with all her companions. Unconscious of her own superiority, she did not obtrude it offensively upon

One afternoon it chanced that Marie and several of her companions were returning merrily from the vineyard whither they had been to estimate the probable amount of the coming vintage. All at once, one of them espied in the road an old woman, walking along by the help of a staff which she held in her right hand. She turned towards them, and awaited their coming.

"What can we do for you, good mother?" inquired

Marie. "Cross my hand with a silver piece, my pretty maid, and I will tell you your fortune."

"You are a sibyl, then?"

"You may call me so. It is given to me to see, ere they arrive, the chances which fortune may have in

They looked at her with growing reverence, daspite They looked at her with growing reverence, despite her tattered garments and unprepossessing face, but none spoke at first. However much one may wish to know what is to happen to him or her, he cannot avoid feeling a little reluctance—a little disposition to defer the eventful moment.

"Here, mother," at length said Lizette, one of the

garest of the party, holding out her hand to the old cross, "you may tell me my fortune. But I must all you beforehand, that you need not take the trouble to provide me with a husband, as I have vowed to be as old maid."

The cibyl took the hand of the laughing maiden, end after a single glance, fixed her ponetrating eyes

ages her.

"I nee," she said thoughtfully, "a bridal train marching abovit to the village church. Flowers are strewn along the way, over which pass the bridal pair. Need I mention the name of the bride?"

Listite drew back with a blush; the sibyl was right,

for on that day week she was to stand at the altar.
Another took her place, and still another, till Marie Another took alone remained.

alone remained.

"Come, Marie," said the girls, impatiently; "don't brep us waiting. We want to know what your fortune will be. It should be a good one."

Marie came forward, and, submitted her hand to the hterpreter of fate. The sityl started, as if suspicious that her art had failed her. But a moment's curvey dissipated her doubts, and she murmured, as if to her-all.

self:

"Maiden, a brilliant destiny awaits you. You will
wed a title, and become the mistress of a fair estate.
Servants shall be in waiting to do your bidding,
and wealth will pour forth its chelesst offerings at
your feet. Such is the decree of desting."

"Mother," said Marie, in extreme astonishment,
"you have containly read wrong for once. Such a
fas is not for ma, and I would not that it were,
Enough for me that I settle down in the same position
that I, now occupy, surrounded by my friends and acquaintances."

satter," said the sibyl, compound annot change the course of events. Wait patiently for their unfolding. Be not apprehensive of evil, for this line, and and placed her withered fingers on Marie's palm, betokens a long life and a happy

"I am much obliged to you, mother," said the latter, laughing, "for your favourable prediction, and when I become a countess, I will take care that you are previded for."
"You owe me nothing," was the reply. "I am but the month-piece of fate. I may demand the fulfilment of your premise sooner than you think."
"Be it so, mother. When you are entitled to make it, be sure that I shall not withdraw from my engagement."

When the sibyl had hobbled away, richer by some france than before, Marie was bantered not a little by her companions on the destiny which had been marked

"Which shall it be-madame la duchess or madame

la Countess?" inquired Lizette, gaily,
"I have a good mind," said Marie, "in return for
your malice, to steal away your Philip, and marry
him myself. In that case, at least, the predic-

Lisette, who would have been very unwilling for Marie to attempt in earnest what she threatened in jest thought it best to drop the bantering tone she had at first assumed. As for Marie, she thought little of the prediction. To her mind it was so altogether improbable that she did not think it worth while to waste a thought upon!

Waste a thought upon it.

The soil of La Vinette is somewhat uneven, though it contains no very high hills. In the northern part there is a little brook flowing over a rocky bed, with considerable impetuosity. Over this stream, which is, however, too shallow to be dangerous, there is a nar-

however, too shallow to be dangerous, there is a nar-row foot-bridge for the accommodation of passengers. It so chanced that about a week after the event above described, Marie, who was just returning from a visit to a neighbour, on the other side of the stream, had occasion to pass over the bridge. Doubtless her thoughts were pre-occupied, or she would have been more careful. As it was, her foot slipped, when half-way across, and she fell in. It was not a very serious way across, and see reit in. It was not a very serious affair, but she felt awkward enough, and vexed at the necessity which compelled her to wade through the water. She had hardly picked herself up, when a pleasant voice was heard at her side, saying: "Ma-

demoiselle, permit me to escort you to the other side."
Marie looked up, and encountered the respectful gaze of a young man dressed in working attire, with a broad-brimmed straw hat upon his head. She had time, though it was but a moment, to perceive that he had fine black eyes, and a prepossessing countenance. had fine black eyes, and a prepossessing countenance. Not being disposed to prudishness or coquetry, she scepted without hesitation the proferred aid, and was

soon upon the bank.
"I am much indebted to you for your kind assistance," said she, casting down her eyes, for she could not avoid noticing that those of the young man were

fixed upon her in admiration.

"There is no need, mademoiselle. The obligation is all en my side," was the reply.

"Will you be kind enough to inform me," he added,

" whether there is anyone in the village who would be likely to employ me upon his farm? Pardon my troubling you, but I am a stranger and

said Mario, after some hesitation, " that I heard my father cay lately that he wished to secure additional assistance. If you would like to inquire

you can accompany me."
"Thank you," said the young man, " nothing would

"Trank you, "and the young man, "nothing would please me better."

They walked along together, conversing sociably, Marie learned incidentally that her companion's name was Henrique Armand, and that he was the only son of a widowed mother, living fin a village some twenty miles away, and that it was for the purpose of relieving her necessities and placing her in a more comfortable situation that he was now about to hire himself out. This information led her to regard Henrique with still greater favour, and she could not help wish-

with still greater favour, and she could not help wishing that her father might engage him. Farmer Maillard was also prepossessed in favour of Henrique, and as he really wished to hire some one to gather in the vintage, and aid in other farm-work; it was not long before a bargain was struck, and the new-comer was installed as a member of the household. Henrique's after course did not belie these impressions. It was not long before he became a general favourite. When the labours of the day were over, he would get his flute or guitar, for he was versed in the use of both instruments, and play for the entertainment of those who were attracted to him. Occasionally he would accompany himself on the guitar, in a pecuhe would accompany himself on the guitar, in a peculiarly rich and melodious voice. These songs were so pleasing that a repetition would often be demanded. On one occasion, having rehearsed a popular song to the general satisfaction, he was pressed to sing it

rough once more.
"No, said he, "I will not do that; but, if you like, I will sing you one of my own composition.

This proposal was received with evident pleasure and after a moment's pause, he commenced:

Know'st thou my love? Her dark blue eyes
Shine with a soft and pleasant glow,
As if the colour of the skies
Had found its way to earth below.

Know'st thou my love? When morning comes, And sunbeams on her pathway fall, She trips along the flowery meads, Herself the fairest flower of all.

Know'st thou my love? Full well I know No fairer dwells beneath the sun; No fairer dwells beneath the sun; Ah! would that our divided lives Might in one peaceful current run!

The rich voice of the singer had lent much sweetthe effort—all except Marie. She stood apart from the rest with a pensive and abstracted air, and said

nothing.
"Don't you like it, Marie?" asked one of her companions.

"It was very pretty," she replied, in a constrained voice. "M. Armand is a good singer."
So saying, she went into the house, Henrique not

appearing to notice the movement.

"But are the words true? Have you really a lady-love, M. Armand?" asked a lively maid of fifteen.

"Come, describe her. What does she look like? What is her name?

"You are altogether too fast," said the young man, smiling. "Don't you know that we poets are not obliged to adhere strictly to the truth. In fact, I have usually noticed that those who are in love are the very last to write songs about it. How do you know but it

mest to write songs about it. How do you know but it may be so with me?"
"I don't believe it at all," said the young girl, shaking her head. "You sang with too much feeling for that. Depend upon it, I will find out who it is—this love of yours—if I can."
It is well," said Henrique. "I defy you to the discovery."

From this time Marie freated Henrique with less familiarity and more coolness than she had been accustomed. Her spirits became less buoyant and more buoyant and more customed. Her spirits became less outoyant and more sedate. One afternoon, Henrique, in passing through the garden, saw her sitting in an arbour at its foot, with her eyes fixed musingly on the ground.

"It is a fine day, Mademoiselle Marie," said he,

"It is a line day, assumption approaching her.

She started, for she had not been aware of his approach, and murmured an affirmative. He laid down his pruning-knife, and stepping into the arbour, and a rustic bench at her side. It was now sat down on a rustic bench at he his turn to look embarrassed.

"Marie," said he, after a pause, "there is a ques-tion I wish to sak you, "but I hardly know how to set about it. Will you promise not to be offended?" I do not think you would ask any question which

would render it necessary."
"Tell me, then, why for some days past you have seemed to avoid me, and, when in my presence, have shown a reserve and constraint altogether different from the friendly familiarity you used to evince. Have I offended in any way? If so, I will gladly make I offended in any way? If so, I will gladly make reparation, for I value your regard and good opinion

There is nothing in which you have offended

me," said Marie, in a tremulous voice.

"I am glad of it," said Henrique, his face brightening, for it emboldens me to make still another request.

I love you, Marie," he added, impulsively. "I love to the secondary of the secondary request.

The secondary of the secondary you I was singing?"
Marie started with surprise, and a blush of pleasure

Marie started with surprise, and a blush of pleasure mantled her features.

"Was it indeed of me that you were singing? I thought—that is, I did not know ——" Marie did not finish the sentence. Henrique perceived at a glance that herein lay the secret of her apparent estrangement, but with true delicacy he forbore to speak of it.

"May I hope," he asked, timidly, "that I am not wholly indifferent to you? I am poor, it is true, but the recent legacy of a relative has given me the means of supporting you in comfort."

"If you think me worth taking," said Marie, with engaging frankness, "you may have me."

When the engagement of Henrique and Marie became known, it was universally pronounced to be an excellent match. It was a mooted question which was the more fortunate, the bridegroom or the bride.

I shall never more believe in fortune-telling, said Marie one day to Henrique, as she sat busily employed in preparations for her approaching mar-

"Because," was the reply, "it was foretold of me that I should wed a title, and become mistress of a fair estate."
"Was that the prediction?" he asked, in surprise.

"Was that the present of the willage of the will age of the wi "And are you sure that you do not regret the non-fulfilment of the prediction?"

"Can you ask?" said she, reproachfully.

It was the bridal morning. The sun shone out with more than ordinary splendour, as if to do honour to the occasion. Before the altar of the humble village church stood reverently Henrique and Marie, and the white-haired priest pronounced with trem-bling voice the sacred words which united them. The nuntial blessing was scarcely over, when an old woman, bent with infirmity, passed up the aisle and stood before the bride.

"I have come to claim your promise," said she

"I have come to can'n your promise," said she
It was the old soothsayer.

"But," said Marie, in a low voice, "it was dependent on my marrying a title. You see I have not done so. You were wrong."

"Rather," said the old woman, raising her voice,

"it is you who are wrong, madame la countess."
"What can she mean?" asked Marie, looking

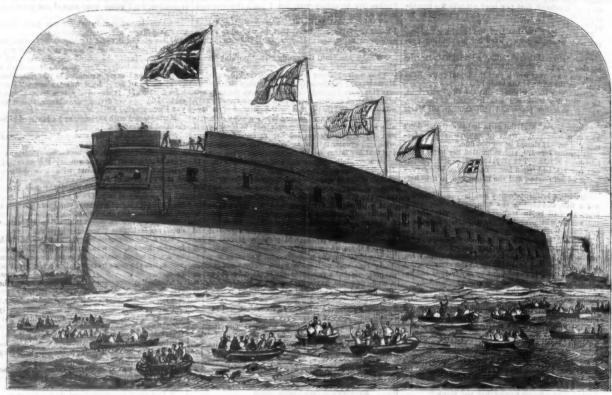
"What can she mean?" asked Marie, looking towards her husband with surprise.

"She is right, Marie," he said, gently. "In me behold not Henrique Armand simply, but Count Henrique D'Armand, the possessor of much wealth, but of none more precious than yourself. Listen, and I will explain all. Being desirous of seeing country life, in all its varieties, and mingling in it without being known. I found my way to your pleasant villages. The known, I found my way to your pleasant village. The rest you know. Will you forgive me?" It is needless to say that pardon was accorded, and

that Marie graced the high station to which she had been elevated. Her promise to the sibyl was fulfilled to the letter. H. A. J.

THE KING OF THE BELGIANS.—Wednesday, the 16th ult. being the birthday of the King of the Bel-gians, who was seventy-three on that day, great re-joicings took place, as great joy was felt at the happy state of health of the king after his recent dangerous and most trying illness. Numerous promotions and nominations in the Order of Leopold are spoken

MALE WASPS .- For the last five years I have examined scores—nay, hundreds, and never yet found a male with a sting. I have often nests brought to me with scores of both males and queens in them, and me with scores of both maies and queens in them, and have frequently caused much amusement by taking up the wasps (males of course) in my hand with the most perfect impunity, pretending they never stung me. They are so readily distinguished from the ordinary wasps by their long horns and long bodies that I have never any fear of laying hold of the "enemy," or else, "woe betide me."—RYBUENE.



[THE IRON-CLAD, MINOTAUR.]

LAUNCH OF THE MINOTAUR.

SATURDAY, the 12th ult., was a most favourable day for the launch of the Minotaur, the weather was clear, and a fresh breeze was blowing, whoh was invigorating rather than disagreeable to the spectators who came to witness the ceremony. There were not less than 5,000 persons admitted by ticket to the stands fitted up in the yard, and probably twice that number had clustered together in every part from which a view of the noble ship could be obtained.

less than 5,000 persons admitted by ticket to the stands fitted up in the yard, and probably twice that number had clustered together in every part from which a view of the noble ship could be obtained.

The preparations for the launch were similar to those usually resorted to, but differed greatly in extent. The work of cutting away the supporting blocks of timber was more difficult, owing to the enormous pressure of the weight upon them, but at length the heavy, regular, well-timed, and musical blows of the shipwrights told upon their work, and Mr. Pemberton announced that all was ready. The order was given to knock away the dog-shores, and instantly, as if in obedience to the word of command, the Minotaur started into life and motion. Mrs. Romaine, the wife of the Secretary of the Admiralty, hurled the bottle of wine, ornamented with ribbons and rosettes, at the slowly-moving mass, and wished the vessel good speed.

the vessel good speed.

It was a magnificent sight to see the immense mass stealing quietly from before one's eyes, gathering up new power at every part of the space travelled over, and then to see its tall bows dip into the water, as it parted and rose in clouds of white foam to receive its latest burden.

The ship was brought up within 50 yards of its own length from the end of the ways; and as she lay upon the water, her immense length and fine proportions gave increased satisfaction.

There is a very important feature in which the Minotaur differs from the other iron-clads affoat, that is, in the thickness of her armour-plates. On all the iron-clads which have been launched, the thickness of the armour plates is 4½ inches, and they rest upon a backing of 18 inches of teak; the armour of the Minotaur is 5½ inches thick, and it is carried upon a timber backing of 9 inches in thickness, the weight per square foot being, however, as nearly as possible the same in both constructions; but the total weight of the armour plates in the one case is 1,800, and in the other but 900 tons, every portion of the Minotaur being covered.

being covered.

The internal construction of the Minotaur is of the most massive description. The ship is built up from a keelson, formed of a huge bar of iron, about 40

inches deep. To this the iron ribs are bolted at intervals of 23 and 28 inches only. These ribs do not, however, rise in unbroken lengths through the whole framework of the ship, but are constructed in short lengths, for the convenience of bolting to other longitudinal girders. The lower series or portions of the iron ribs vary from 10 feet in length and 3 feet in depth to 4 feet in length and 18 inches deep. These vertical sections or ribs, meeting with and joining the longitudinal girders, divide the lower part of the ship into a number of square cells—forming, in fact, a huge honeycomb of iron. Viewed externally, these ribs form the side upon which the inner skin of iron plates is secured, and upon which again, rests the timber backing, and over this the armour plates—both the timber and armour plates resting on a ledge formed on the outer side of the ribs, and commencing about 5 feet below the water line.

The upper deck is covered with iron plate, but above this is a flooring of oak. Running along each side of the ship, and shut off by iron bulkheads, are what are called the "wing passages;" they are 42 inches wide, and correspond with the height between decks. These wings again are divided into smaller

The upper deck is covered with iron plate, but above this is a flooring of oak. Running along each side of the ship, and shut off by iron bulkheads, are what are called the "wing passages;" they are 42 inches wide, and correspond with the height between decks. These wings again are divided into smaller water-tight compartments, so that in the event of a shot passing through the outer skin of the ship, the water from the leak will be confined to its compartment, and through entrances by the main-holes, the leak can be stopped and the fractured plate repaired. The bows of the ship have a circular projection similar in outline to the breast of a swan, and this is below the water line so that the ship have he used as

The bows of the ship have a circular projection similar in outline to the breast of a swam, and this is below the water line, so that the ship may be used as a ram to run down an enemy, and the force of a blow delivered by a vessel weighing some 10,000 tons, and driven through the water at the rate of 14 knots an a hour, must be something fearful to contemplate. The inner and outer stern parts are gigantic specimens of forgings, being 20in. by 10in, and 18in. by 10in. respectively, and each is 44ft. long. The armament is not yet fixed, but will probably be fifty guns of the largest calibre. Her ports are to be as small as those of the Warrior—that is to say, 3ft. 6in. high, and only 20in. wide, so as to reduce the chances of a shot or shell entering to as low a point as is consistent with working broadside guns at all.

shell entering to as low a point as is consistent with working broadside guns at all.

The Minotaur will carry an iron tower on her upper deck, 18ft. long by 18ft. wide, coated with 4½n°, iron, and pierced for riflemen in case of any enemy bearding. The engines are to be of 1,350 horse-power, and are expected to give the ship a speed of 14 knots. The Minotaur will stow about 1,400 tons of coal, or sufficient for 10 days' steaming. Her mean draught of water, when fully equipped, will be 24 feet, or nearly

2ft. less than the old wooden line-of-battle ships. At this immersion, her portsills will be nearly 10ft. from the water, or a little more than four feet higher than those of the once famous La Gloire!

One great improvement which the Minotaur will inaugurate is a total change in the rig of this class of ships. The iron-clads now affeat have the traditional three masts, and those are wooden enes. Although the ships are twice as long as any line-of-battle ship affeat, experience has proved that the iron-clads are under sail, the most unhandy vessels in the service, and the new ones are to have their proper quots of spars. The Minotaur and her sisters are to have five masts each, three to be square-rigged, two with fore and aft sail, and all to be of iron. The immense importance of the latter change must be evident to all who consider what must be the position of such aship in action with a wooden mast shot away and floating alongside till its mass of cordage fouls her screw, and leves her a helpless wreck. An iron mast is twice as difficult to shoot away as a wooden one, and if it does fall it goes down alongside like a deep sea lead, tears itself free, and sinks. It is also understood that the crows of the Minotaur class of iron-clads will be considerably strengthened, and that ships, though nominally classed as frigates, but which require an amount of labour on board equal to a first-rate line-of-battle ship, are to have crews in proportion to the labour actually required to be performed, and not calculated according to an obsolete form of rating.

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fir br no district Time and grant for

LORD COWLEY.—Lord Cowley has declined to renew his lease at Chantilly. Of course there are many surmises as to the cause of this, but nothing known positively.

positively.

THE BATH AND THE STAR IN INDIA.—The rule for the disposal of the insignia of the orders of the Bath and the Star of India is as follows:—On the decease of a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, the collar and badge appendant of the order, worn by him, should be returned to the Lancaster Herald, but the investment badge and silver star are retained by his family. On the decease of a Knight Commander of the Bath, the whole of the insignia of the order worn by him are the property of his family. On the decease of a Companion of the Bath, the insignis worn by him are to be retained by his family. On the promotion of a K.C.B. to a higher class in the same division of the order, the insignia of the lower class are returned to the Herald's College. On the decease of a Knight of the Star of India, the orders worn by him are returned to the college.



[FLORA TELLS THE COUNTESS AND BLANCHE HOW TO SAVE MARK.]

MAN AND HIS IDOL.

CHAPTER LXXXL

A DULL WEDDING-DAY.

This morn the saffron heavens should have rained Their silver dews upon thee. Li Ca silver dews upon th

THE morning that should have ushered in the Lady Blanche's wedding-day had dawned, but it found the town house of the St. Omer's wearing anything but a bridal aspect.

That bridal attire which had occupied so many weeks in its preparation, and was to have created so profound a sensation, was packed away down at Redruth in all its tarnishing splendour. The favoured bridesmaids, whose selection had given such mortal offence to Flora Angerstein, had left off studying "The Etiquette of Marriage" till a future season. And the bride, what were her feelings as she awoke to the consciousness of the dreaded day having arrived at last, and arrived in vain?

A grateful sense of relief filled the fair girl's heart, and she thanked Heaven eagerly and fervently that and she thanked Heaven eagerly and fervently that the evil she so dreaded had passed away. But though grateful, Blanche was not gay. It was impossible that she could be so; for, by a strange fatality, this very day was the one on which Mark Allardyce was to be examined, before the magistrate, on a charge of

It is nothing to say that they were but half-related, and that there were few ties binding them one to the other. They had grown up side by side, under the same roof, and one of Blanche's sensitive nature could not but regard with horror the terrible accusation under which her half-brother was lying.

The sight of the countess would alone have served

The sight of the counters would alone have served to cast a gloom over the day.

We have seen that utter prostration followed the first news of the calamity. As day succeeded day it brought but little change to Lady St. Omer. It was not one of those griefs which time can alleviate, or dissipate. The worst was not over—it was to come.

The horse of to day was greater, not less than that of The horror of to-day was greater, not less than that of yesterday. There was always the terror to come—the suspicion might deepen into conviction, the crime might be proved, and then came the ageny and dis-grace of the violent death which would inevitably

On the morning of this day the countess embraced

daughter tenderly.

'Ab, Blanche!" she said, "I little thought that this

" Have courage, mother," she said, " we must at least

She would not for the world have uttered the thought which lay in the rown heart—the thought that but for all that had passed her eyes would have shed tears of more bitter anguish than any which now bedewed them. Well, quite well, she knew that the countess was not hard or cruel, that from first to last she had acted according to her aristocratic ideas, and for the best; but she could not hide from herself that she had acted according to her aristocratic ideas, and for the best; but she could not hide from herself that the earl's policy in the matter of this marriage with Lord Sandouz would have doomed her to a fate not less speedy, not less inevitable, scarcely less terrible than any which might await the unscrupulous Mark.

With a mind deadened through grief, the countess could not understand the precise position in which her belowed but neverted less than the precise of the less of the less than the precise of the less o

beloved but ungrateful son stood. She believed that he was unjustly accused, and that he was the victim of secret enemies. Blanche, ignorant of much that was taking place, sould not assist her in arriving a right conclusions as to Mark's real danger, and thus it was with much satisfaction to both that Flora Angerstein's card was presented immediately after breakfast. Following her card with breathless haste, Flora

dashed into the room.

Both the countess and Lady Blanche gazed in mute astonishment at the change which a few hours had wrought in this woman. She who was usually smooth and unruffled, with a ripe, sleek skin, soft, shining bands of the glossiest hair, eyes sparkling like gema, and a toilet perfect to the minutest details, now appeared wild-eyed, haggard, dishevelled—the very caricature of her former self. Though in her walking dress, Flora wore no gloves; and to those who have studied the character of the beautiful creole, that fact will be of the utmost significance. Flora without gloves! "Not one of all those who knew her could have believed it possible that any calamity could have touched her so deeply as to make her guilty of that outrage. It was one of those small points about which she was mineingly fastidious: and Flora Angerstein in the streets ungloved was, to say the least of it, a

But more; as she approached, holding out both her bare hands, tears-absolute tears streamed down her

cheeks. "Ab, my dear countess! Ah, Blanche, darling! What a calamity this is!" she cried, in a choking voice. "What a day for us! The exposure, the

day would bring with it the agony I suffer. I had cruelty! Pray give me a seat; I have walked London boped to shed tears of joy, not of sorrow."

Blanche took her mother's hand and pressed it "You have not been to bed?" asked Blanche, won-

"You have not been and Mark's very life in the balance! No, no; I tried it for a little while, for a few seconds, but it was impossible. The bed was like a bed of fire; the house was a prison. I couldn't rest or bed of fire; breathe! My restlessness drove me into the streets, to walk then like a hunted thing."

The countess looked at her strange visitor with

mazement.
She could not understand the passion raging in the volcanic heart of that woman—a passion before which even her maternal love was but a feeble instinct.

Blanche read the scoret more truly, and sympathised with Flora more fully; but she felt that this topic was one to be avoided rather than made the subject of any constitution.

one to be avoided rather than any questioning on her part,
"My poor boy is fortunate in having one who so thoroughly sympathises with his position," said Lady St. Omer, in the easy, courtly tone habitual to her.
"Your son is fortunate in having one friend who has the said of the sa determined to save him at all risks," replied Flora, with some bitterness. "But for me, what would have been determines to serve But for me, what would have been his position at this moment?"

"He has the advantage of the earl's solicitors," sug-

gested the countess! "Solicitors!" sneered Flora. "A dead man may "Solicitors! "sneered riom." A tead man may have the advantage of the doctors; but of what use are they? Of as much use, of more use than any solicitor in the world would have been had the witnesses against Mark ever got into the oriminal

"You believe then—you are among those who think Mark guilty?" asked Lady St. Omer, with spasmodic

eagerness.

"I neither believe or disbelieve," cried Flora, with passionate earnestness. "What is it to me? It cannot affect my duty either one way or the other. He is in danger. He must be saved. That is all I care to think and know. That I may have the power to save him is all I pray, all I desire to think of. And I will do that, if I buy his life with my own. But come, I am wasting time. I came here because I want your aid, Blanche, and yours, my lady—you will not refuse it?" refuse it?"
"Refuse it!" cried the countess, reproachfully.

"I knew you would not, and I have made my rangements. I have written to Meredith—he will meet us at the place I have written to Meredith—he
"Meredith," echoed Blancha a ross a

"Meredith," echoed Blauche, a rosy flush suffusing her transparent features at the name.

"Meredith!" exclaimed the countess in alarm. "Im-

"Is it?" asked Flora, with bitter emphasis. you prepared to say that your petty feuds and jealousies are to stand in the way at such a time as this? Is Mark to die a felon's death because the earl has some antipathy to a man who had the honourable ambition to be his son-in-law. Heavens! How miserable these trifles are, and what a sham is every human tie but that which the heart makes for itself!"

She had risen.

was pacing the room bureheaded, her small hands clasped behind her head, crushing the blue-black hair beneath the pressure. Compared to her intensity of emotion, the mother's anguish seemed calm, passionless mockery, and Blanche sat like a

"But you must remember," urged the countess, "the peculiar position in which the earl stands to this man.
They are rivals. Sooner or later they will meet
on grounds which must involve the ruin of one or
both."

h."
True!" cried Flora, still pacing to and fro; "I re not forgotten anything. For Mark's sake I have have not forgotten anything. For Mark's sake I have gone so far as to try to disarm this very man, and to render him powerless; but this is not our time to think render him powerless; but this is not our time to think what a man is or may be—It is for us to remember only whether in this crisis he has the power to save or to injure us. Lady St. Omer, you are Mark's mother, and I tell you that this man may lead a hand in dooming him to death. I tell you further that it lies with you to prevent this. Will you do it? Will you save Mark, or help to murder him?"

In the intensity of her feelings, she stopped opposite her ladyship's chair, her black oyes starting from her head; her small fists clenched, her form dilating with passion.

Blanche shuddered.

The countess, turning deadly pale, half-rose.
"Tell me," she said, "what is the object you pro-

Yes, yes!" sneered Flora; "you shall know all. Tis right you should not commit yourself even to save him. Listen! While you have fumed and fretted, I have acted—I and those about me. How I have I and those about me. How I have hunted those who sought your son's watched and blood, you will one day know. How I have plotted against their plots, and circumvented their designs, will remain my own secret. Enough that I have done this—I have discovered the witnesses who are to supthis. port this charge, and I have crushed them, one after the other, till only one remains. You have heardyou must know this, that a woman—a des-d abandoned woman—is at the bottom of all perate and this mischief?

I have heard something of it," said Lady St. er; "she is called Lotty—is she not?" She is."

"And how comes it that she is at enmity with my son, Mark, or has the power to do him this dreadful

Oh, it is the fruit of the earl's policy—the earl's and yours!" replied Flora, bitterly. "You have not forgotten what this day was to have been?"
"Hardly!" was the reply.
"And I need not remind you who was to have been

the hero of it. Lord Sandoun would have made Blanche his wife, had not circumstances given lordship's mistress the whip-hand in this busin That detestable woman has sworn that this match shall never take place; thus far she has kept her oath, but at what price? At the cost of beggaring your family, and betraying your son to the gallows."

"Miserable, infatuated woman!" cried Lady St.

"Granted; but she is, nevertheless, a reality, and must be dealt with as one. Up to this point I have checkmated her. Thanks to my agents, I have her, at this moment, a prisoner under lock-and-key. More than that, I have the witness who makes her so dan-gerous that even I crouch before her, secure from the ssibility of escape. So far as to the present-as to this particular day; but things will not remain thus.
She at least must be let out—and, owing to a blunder which I was too late to prevent—she will be set at large with all her vindictiveness intensified. Her very first step will be to ally herself with Kingston Meredith, who is also dangerous to Mark. Now, in this state of things, what do I propose? How do I set about drawing the claws of the tiger, and rendering her and her ally utterly harmless?"

'said Lady St. Omer. response. "Up to this ve Pray explain to me! "Fray explain to me: said Lady St. Callet.
"I will," was Flora's response. "Up to this very morning, I was in favour of the marriage which the earl coveted for his daughter. Yes, Blanche, though I have known from the first how distrasteful it was to there were reasons which made me advocate it heart and soul.

Flora did not feel it necessary to explain what those

She did not say that she had determined that Mark

should marry her as soon as he had obtained, accordng to his bargain with Sandoun, half the marriage-portion with which St. Omer contemplated buying ing to his bargain

portion with which St. Omer contemplated buying himself a higher position than that he now held. It was not necessary to go into that matter.

"Up to this moment," she went on, "I have advocated, and—I know you will hate me for it, Blanche—I have done all in my power to promote it. But now the crisis has come, and I abandon it as hopeless—as a game which cannot be continued with a chance of winning." of winning.

Blanche's sparkling eyes bespoke her gratitude—a feeling altogether uncalled-for, by the way, since, in all she did, Flora was actuated by utterly selfish motives. Lady St. Omer received the remarks of her

motives. Lady St. Omer received the remarks of her visitor nervously, rather than graciously.

"You will ask what I propose to gain in exchange for the advantages I sacrifice?" said Flora. "I will tell you. First, I shall disarm this weman, Lotty, and win her to our side. Once let her have the guarantee that this match is broken off, and her love for the young lord will induce her to fall into the trap easily enough, in spite of her present strong animosity. With her power, half our danger goes."

"And will regard to the young man, Metedith, what purpose do you serve by conciliating him?"

"I bribe him to silence also, and that done, I fear nothing."

"But can he speak to any effect?"

"It is enough for me that he was with Daniel Kingston, and his daughter, in their last moments, and that, as I hear from a private source, his deposition is considered worth taking as against the prisoner. If it is worth anything on that side, it is worth a hundred

es more on ours."

And you think that he might be silenced by what

suggested?"
And more; not only will he consent to save "1 do. And more; not only win no cancers or a set Mark, so far as his power goes, but it is, after all, the solution of the difficulty about the earldom. By marriage with the earle only daughter Kingston Meredith secures the rights for which he is prepared to contend; and thus the welfare, as well as the happiness contend; and thus the of all, is secured."

all, is secured."
Lady St. Omer shook her head.
"It is easy," she said, "to manage the affairs of others—easy, because one does not see with their eyes or share their aspirations. To you this solution of the matter seems simple enough—you fancy that you will, at one stroke, save my unfortunate son, relieve the earl of all uneasiness as to his position, and render Blanche perfectly happy. You may be right, but you cannot share the feelings of wounded pride and disappointed ambition which the earl experiences, nor can on understand what it is to a man of his temperament to give up the dream of years—the desire to add the last crowning glory to the honours of his family nerely as an act of expediency.

At that word "expediency," Flora Angerstein, who

had leant, intently listening, over the back of a carved caken chair, started up with impatience.
"Is it a mere act of expediency to save your ladyship's son from a shameful death?" she do-

Oh, no! do not mistake me," said the countess. "Or do you choose," persisted Flora, "rather that he should die than that the babbling gossip of the village should continue to charge the earl himself with a suspected crime? As I live, Mark has not one true friend beside myself in all the world!"

Lady St. Omer threw her arms about the passionate woman, and held her to her breast. "You wrong me," she said, "deeply, harshly wrong me. I was but explaining to you the earl's feelings. Heaven knows that I am ready to make any and every sacrifice to save Mark and render my daughter happy. More than this, I will urge upon the earl, and at once, all you have impressed upon me, and should I succeed in gaining his consent-

You will permit Blanche to wed Meredith?

"Yes, willingly."
"And in that one step crown all my efforts to save

your poor, unhappy, misused son!"
"God grantit may be so!"
It was the countess who uttered that exclamation; and Blanche fervently, and from the bottom of her heart, echoed the mother's prayer.

CHAPTER LXXXIL

THE DREAM IN THE CAB

The dawn is not distant, Nor is the night starless Love is eternal. Longfellow

WHEN Flora left the mansion, after her interview vith Lady St. Omer and Blanche, she found her rother Thaddens waiting to meet her.

It was by her own appointment that he came there, partly to receive instructions, partly to report pro-

At a glance Flora saw that all was not well, for the

man looked nervous and agitated, and was deeply occupied with his own refle

occupied with his own reactions.

"What has happened, Thad,?" sheasked nervously,

"That fellow, Raby," was the reply; "nothing has
been seen of him. He has neither furnished me with any account of Meredith's interview with Plunkett about the St. Omer business, nor has he procured tho papers on which Meredith bases his claim, and which know Plunkett has."

"He was to watch in the office day and nightit not so ?

"And have you gone to see if he is there to-day?"
"I have. And I learn that, to the surprise of all the clerks, he has been sent on a special expedition to France for some business purpose, owing to his acquaintance with the French language."

Flora looked incredulous, then thought for a

"He has decrived you," she said.
"I cannot think it," replied Thaddeus.
"Nonsense! I'll lay my life that he has been found out, has snivelled, confessed all, and has been sent out of the way for the time, until his evidence could do no

"Well, it seems likely," remarked the other.

"That is so, depend upon it. I judge of men by their leoks. I saw Raby once, and didn't like him. There was not firmness enough about his mouth for me. Ha was just the fellow to 'peach' and snivel. However, that is of less consequence now, as I have abandoned all hope of the marriage, and have persuaded the countess into favouring it—for Mark's sake. Anything for Mark's sake, you know, in her mild, ladylike fashion! Great Heaven, if he had trusted to her and to the lawyers, what would have been his chance of escape? I tremble to think of it. Even now every instant's delay fills me with apprehension." tant's delay fills me with apprehension.

Thaddeus looked up sharply.

"The countess may take what view she pleases; ut the earl cannot flinch from his position. The Duke of Hereford holds him to it.'

"No!" exclaimed Flora,
"There is no doubt of the fact. Archy himself is anthority.

The duke has heard something, then? He has some proof of the futility of Meredith's claim?"

Yes. His lawyare how

"Yes. His lawyers have somehow gained a know-ledge of the fact that there is one link missing in it namely, proof of the marriage of Earl Rupert to the mother of these his first children. Without that all falls to the ground."

Flora pondered for some seconds.
If that is so," she then said, "it is

" it is useless to expect the earl to yield an inch. Well, if we cannot have what we want, we must have what we can get. We must silence both Meredith and Lotty—at least, till Mark can be got out of the country. Hildred be found?" Can Frank

"Certainly."
"At once? Send him to me, then, without delay." Thaddeus at once departed to execute the comm

About an hour afterwards Frank Hildred burst suddenly into Kingston Meredith's chambers, and found his friend and comrade busy over a heap of papers, which had far more the aspect of love episties than legal documents. The truth was that, in going to his desk for some paper in connection with the examination of Mark Alkardyce, which was fixed for examination of Mark Allardyce, which was fixed for moon, he had come across a packet of Lady Blanche's letters—a feast on which he had not suffered his eyes to feed for months—and the new hopes recently awakened in him had invested them with such a fascination that he could not resist refreshing his heart with the sight of them.

"How happy, how more than happy I was when these came to me!" he had exclaimed. "And it is but a few months ago; it seems years—centuries!"

It was at that moment that Frank burst in.

Meredith, aught in the fact, could only blush, and
hurry the letters one into the other with the feeling of a criminal, even in the presence of his bosom friend.

Aye, and rightly, too. There are secrets too sacred

even for friendship, and those of the heart are of that

"King., my boy!" exclaimed Frank, noticing nothing

in his exuberant laste, "I have good news for you."
"For me?" cried Meredith incredulously.
"Yes. You can guess whence it comes?"
"Not from—not from her?" asked the young man

in a tremor of delight.

"And why not from her?"
"Because—but for Heaven's sake do not keep me
in suspense. Tell me the best and the worst of it." In suspense. Tell me the best and the worst of it."
They sat down and drew together over the fire, and
then Frank, with much unnecessary detail, and amidst
much interruption, so eager was Kingston to lose
nothing, no, not even a syllable, made a statement in
the wing.

He had, he said, been specially sent for by a friend

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does no

that suc which l "You dyce?" "Ex: always her par then, w and thi she fine among Mere brow.

"Or "Sh this ma expres: could womar "Yo "Ia of anothers,

The is, tha of his, OCCUPI could

light. He pear h of all to in But mind tion.

and h

ti was a lady and a bosom companion of the Lady glanche—in order that he might hear a revelation or what almost amounted to a confession. It appeared that, in the course of conversation, Blanche had admitted to this, her friend (the reader will have little simited to this, her friend (the reader will have little difficulty in guessing that Flora Angerstein was the triend in question) that she had always deeply and passionately loved Kingston Meredith; but had not dired to express her feelings by a word, or look, or sign under pain of severe parental displeasure. But and here was the joyous news—recent events had dired the earl's ideas. The Duke of Hereford, moved by the claims of Daniel Kingston, and then by the rumour of Meredith's own claims to the property, had there this views with regard to his son. altered his views with regard to his son.

"And," added Frank, "the match is absolutely

"Impossible! It is too good for truth!" exclaimed

rith

the

all

"No; I have the strongest assurance that it is the fact. But here comes the difficulty; Blanche, with her tender and sensitive nature, feels degraded by this occurence.

Sweet Blanche!" interposed the young lover "Besides," pursued his friend, "the present state of flairs places her in a position which renders it im-possible for her to take any steps to make the true state of the case known. She feels that you might et her motives ---

uspect her motives ...
"I suspect her motives!"
"You might think her influenced by mercenary

What, Blanche, my own darling?"

"In a word—you might despise and repulse her."
Meredith clutched at his friend's hand.
"Is this so?" he cried. "You are not deceived?

"Is this so?" he cried. "You are not deceived? You are not telling me what might be, or may be, but what is?"

"Certainly. And what is more natural? You see her peculiar position, and the misconstruction to which it is open. Her very delicacy and refinement would prevent her ever telling you all this; but in a moment of confidence she might confide it to a friend, and that friend might exercise what I hold to be a wise discrefion in breaking that confidence for your mutual good.
But something more remains."
"More?" cried Kingston. "Ah, tell it me. Forget

"More?" cried Kingston. "An, tell it me. Forget nothing—not a word."
"I will not, willingly," was the answer; "but this does not affect you so closely. You can understand that such a heart as that which beats in the bosom of the Lady Blauche, is powerfully moved by the calamity which has come upon her family?"

"You mean by this charge against Captain Allardree?"

"Exactly so. He is her half-brother, you know. They have been brought up together, and in spite of They have been brought up together, and in spite of his brutish nature and ungovernable passions, he has always had a strong feeling for her, which she has, on her part, returned. Judge of her terror, her distress then, when she finds him in such a position as this; and think how those feelings must be intensified when she finds that you, whom she so devotedly loves, are among the first to press this dreadful charge home to him?

Meredith rose, and passed his hands across his

"She has used these words?" he asked.

"She has used these words?" he asked.

"Or words to this effect," was the answer.

"She feels it cruel, wrong, that I should move in this matter against her family—is it so?"

"No doubt. That is the natural feeling she did

But, Frank, this fellow, Allardyce, who never could have awakened sympathy, or respect in any woman's breast—is guilty."

"You think so?"

"I am as certain of it as one man can be of the guilt

of another."
"Still, is it right—is it seemly, that you, of all others, should step forward to point the accusing finger against one who might have been, and may yet be, of your own kith and kin?"

The question greatly troubled Meredith. The truth is, that he had never regarded Mark with anything but aversion, and he had felt how, under that smooth face of his, there lurked his deadly foe, and it had never occurred to him that the happiness of the Lady Blanche could be involved in the act of bringing such a being

ow the matter presented itself in a different

He felt that it was possible that his errand did ap-

He felt that it was possible that his errand did appear harsh, ornel, and, perhaps, vindictive to her, whom, of all others, he was solicitous of presenting himself to in a favourable light:

But, as he thought of this, there rose within his mind a strong sense of the resyonsibility of his position. Poor Daniel Kingston had made him his friend, and he had accepted the old man's confidences. That meant something more than listening to his resulting. meant something more than listening to his rambling statements, and in his case it amounted to this, that, to the best of his power, he was pledged to right the man's wrongs, and to act as the protector of his

In the discharge of a duty voluntarily undertaken. Kingston Meredith had been entrusted with a painful secret. With his dying lips, the old man had confided to him what else had remained a matter of surmise only, the positive fact that he was the victim of foul

Play.

Events had now transpired which placed the supposed perpetrator of that crime in a position to answer for his misdeeds; and, during the few moments of self-communion, Meredith asked himself whether, as a man of honour and probity, he dared relinquish the

position he had taken up?

There was, there could be but one answer to that

question.

"Frank," he said, "though the shame and terror of it should cost Blanche her life, I must go on—I must do my duty."

"But," urged Frank, "there are others concerned in this matter. With you, or without you, it will go on. Why should you wound the heart of this poor girl by moving in it?"

"Because of my secred obligation to the murdered."

"Because of my sacred obligation to the murdered man," was the reply. "It is to him I owe whatever else I may gain to birth or fortune; and, believe me, neither would afford me a moment's happiness if linked with the thought of neglected duty."

"And so, from this quixotic feeling, you raise a barrier between yourself and Blanche, which never can be passed."

"Why, is it not clear that not Blanche alone, but the earl, the countess, all, will shun with aversion the man who doomed one of their race to an ignominious

Frank-Frank!" cried Meredith; "surely this is

"Frank—Frank!" cried Meredita; "surely this is not so! They will not despise and oppose me for the simple discharge of my duty."

"Nonsense, man!" was the reply; "they do not regard it as duty. To them it looks like vindictiveness—petty and undignified!"

Kingston Meredith's cheeks crimsoned.

Blanche cannot be so unjust!" he said.
She has to be just to herself—to those about her. Think of that!" said Frank.
"I may think, but it will be in vain. I must go

on!

"More than this," urged Frank; "she has to remember the difficulties which lie in the way of reconciling the earl to your advances, and it is natural that she should expect some assistance upon your part—

"You know," interposed Meredith, "that I will concede anything, yield anything, but not this. If Mark Allardyce has shed the blood of Daniel Kingston he must pay the forfeit. If my evidence alone convicted him, I would step boldly forth and give it!"

"In spite of all consequences?

"Yes; in spite of all."
Frank Hildred heard the statement with a feeling both of suprise and annoyance. Flora Angerstein had poured into his ears this tale of Blanche's love nau poured into his ears this tale of Blanche's love and confidence—a pure invention of her own, by the way, designed to answer the immediate purpose of abating Meredith's zeal—with so much earnestness that he could not credit that, when he imparted it to his friend, he would turn a deaf ear to the suggestion that constituted the moral of it all.

His passion for Flora had revolutionized Frank Hildred.

Once he could not have understood a man neglecting duty for love—now it seemed incredible that the wishes of the woman he loved should not have power

to turn his friend from the simple path of duty.

To sacrifice Blanche for the mere purpose of securing the conviction of a fellow like Mark appeared to ing the conviction of a fellow like, Mark appeared to him, in his then state of feeling, an excess of, acruplous devotion to principle, worthy only of an Arcadian. It was, nevertheless, he felt, hopeless to persuade the man out of his convictions, and so he gave up the contest, and left the house with a mortifying se of failure

He dared not return to Flora and tell her what had

happened.
She had been so sanguine, and her enthusiasm had so infected him, that he could not find it in his heart he follows of his mission. to announce to her the failure of his mission.

to announce to her the failure of his mission.

And from not seeing him the poor, strong-hearted, though wicked woman, as she drove down to the police-court in a cab, determined to be an unseen witness of all that transpired there, indulged herself in hopes and impressions as to Mark's safety utterly without foundation.

hopes and impressions as to marks sately duterly without foundation.

"Thank Heaven!" she said, "I have done all that mortal woman can do to save him. Lotty is safe, for to-day, at least. That strange ghost of a being who has come up from Galescombe to bear witness—good-

ness knows to what-is safely caged in the paddedroom—a raving lunatic, let us hope, by this time. As for Meredith, if Frank tells his story and tells it well, it cannot fail to turn him from his purpose. Then what must follow? Mark will be accused—no matter for that—the witnesses will be called, will fail to appear, the case will break down, and he will leave the pear, the case will break down, and he will leave the court with the magistrate's assurance that he does so without a stain on his character. Ah, yes; Mark will leave this country a martyr, not a criminal! And in the warmth of his gratitude he will entreat me to fly with him as his wife!"

So the woman dreamed as the cab sped on. A pleasant dream enough, but still a dream—no more.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

IN THE CRIMINAL COURT.

Thus bad begins, but worse remains behind.

THE prison-van drawn up before the door of the court house was the object which roughly startled the dreamer as her cab stopped beside it.

Like a huge hearse, fitted to receive the living instead of the dead, it stood there, black, gloomy, terrible, and the mere sight of it sent a shudder through Flora's sensitive frame.

Flora's sensitive frame.

The castomary morning sitting of the magistrate was just over, and the court was just disgorging its daily quota of crime and wretchedness.

If you would witness sin, stripped of its false and bewitching glare, naked, ghastly, and revolting, look at its victims as they pass from the halls of justice to the terrible vehicle which conveys them to punishment. One glance is enough. Flora found it so, yet the sight had a fascination for her which she could not overcome. Her eyes were riveted upon the huddled sight had a fascination for her which she could not overcome. Her eyes were riveted upon the huddled group of degraded respectability, herding with filth, nakedness, and the pollution of the utter dregs of life. For the most part, the prisoners were of the "dangerous classes," as we justly term those who, having fallen below the tide-mark of society, have ceased even to attempt to regain the surface. But amongst them there stalked a few victims of a higher class. teem there staiked a new victims of a higher class. A young man in elegant attire—two women who had moved in good society—a lad who was doubtless the pride of a fond mother's heart. Her heart ached for these as they were driven, with the rest, into that grim receptacle for the garbage of society—the prisoners'

van. "A few hours," she said, "and he may be degraded

to that level!"

The thought was too much for her, and, tearing

herself from the sight, she hurried into the court.

It was crowded, for the Galescombe murder, as it was called, had created no little excitement, from the mystery surrounding it, and also from the social posi-tion of those supposed to be concerned in its perpetration.

Public opinion—generally formed on hasty and incorrect grounds—rather favoured the prisoner. It was known that Daniel Kingston was the claimant to the earldom of St. Omer, and it struck the mass of people as the most natural thing in the world, that the earl should have put him out of the power of injuring or annoying him further. Specious arguments and circumstantial evidence might, it was felt, serve to fix circumstantial evidence might, it was left, serve to fix the odium upon some other victim, but the earl must have been the culprit. That people were all agreed upon; and so strong was the feeling on the part of the ignorant and unreasoning, that there was even an attempt to cheer Mark as he descended from the cab in

which he had been brought to court.

Full as the place was, a crown secured Flora a seat, from which, unseen, she could watch all the prodings.

The court was hot, stifling, and that unpleasant

odour, peculiar to criminal courts, pervaded it.

Flora, in her dark corner, crouched against the wall, feeling faint and sick, but never foran instant suffering er eyes to quit the prisoners' dock, which was, up to that time, vacant.

Yes, there was once when she ventured to look curiously round the court, to satisfy herself of the chances of the issue, from the absence of those she Not a familiar face met her view, and she was thankful for that—thankful, but bitter against those who, in her inconsiderate zeal she thought should have been there.

His mother not here!" she muttered, "and I do believe she loves him next myself. But no, no; my fine lady might soil her delicate mind in the atmo-sphere of this place. She might commit herself in some infinitesimal way. She might display some natural feeling, and so lose caste in the eyes of some consists humbug, or some addled old peeress. I vens, what humbugs people are! We talk of I affection and the rest of it, and a mother dares talk of love outrage one tittle of sham etiquette, though the fate

of her ewn son is in the balance. Blanche I can forgive: but not the mother. Ah! he comes!" The magistrate, entering from a side door, had taken

his seat on the bench.

Loud cries of "silence" ran through the building, hushing the crowd into wondering quiet.

Then all eyes were fixed upon the prisoners' dock round which a dozen constables were ranged, and from some unknown depths Mark Allardyce slowly

rose up and confronted the assembled multitude.

He was pale, ghastly pale, and his eyes had a wild look in them, but his toilet had been made with scrupulous care. His hair was oiled and brushed to a sicety, his moustache betrayed the most delicate attention. As usual, he was attired to perfection. It is too much to say that he looked a gentleman. Mark's appearance never warranted the use of that word, it was

peatance never warrantee the dash ways a tone of superiority about him, and it was not wanting now.

As soon as his eyes, blinded by the glare of the afternoon sun, recovered the power of vision he looked steadily round the court, and Flora, herself unseen, could see that a smile of satisfaction played about

"He thanks me," she thought, while a glow of delight expanded her heart," he thanks me for my exertions, and in that smile I am more than rewarded."

In reality no feeling of the sort animated the man's He had treated Flora's exertions throughout breast. He had treated rioras exercions throughout with indifference if not contempt. The smile which for a moment illuminated his face resulted entirely from recognizing his lawyer, Mr. Jonas Tullett, and perceiving that none of the faces he dreaded were in

On the part of the prosecutors, that eminent law

On the part of the prosecutors, that eminent lawyer, Mr. Jangle, of the firm of Jangle, Tangle and Raw made a few opening remarks.

He had, he said, a painful duty to discharge, but should endeavour to discharge it promptly and faithfully. The charge against the prisoner was that of having taken the life of Daniel Kingston, at that time a prisoner in the lock-up at Galescombe, a small village in Herts, chiefly remarkable for the seat of a distinguished nobleman, to whom the prisoner was distantly related. The case had already been partially investigated before the Herts coroner, and the depositive stimulations are the depositive stimulations. tinguished nobleman, to whom the prisoner was distantly related. The case had already been partially investigated before the Herts coroner, and the depositions then taken, would be put in as evidence on this occasion, the witnesses being also in attendance. The coroner's inquiry closed with an open verdict; but fresh evidence had come to light, and it was of such a nature that it had been felt to justify the apprehension of the prisoner, and would probably be found to warrant his being committed to take his trial for the capital offence.

A very few words suffices to open a case to a magis trate, whose duty is very simple, that of determining whether there is or is not sufficient evidence to go to trial upon and the distinguished Jangle proceeded at

once to put in the coroner's depositions.

They, it will be remembered, embodied a statement of the facts relative to the imprisonment of Daniel They, it will be remented the facts relative to Kingston, his death, and the medical opinion that he

been poisoned.

The important question as to who had administered

The important question as to who had administered the poison, whether the prisoner himself, or some other person, had been left open.

One fact only had turned up, giving a direction to the suspicious entertained by the jury. It was that of the finding of the paper, bearing the Earl of St. Omer's coronet, and marked in his own handwriting with the word "poison."

From the way in which it had reached him how.

From the word "poison."

From the way in which it had reached him, however, no notice had been taken of this by the coroner, therefore it did not figure on his notes, and thus the question, as to the administering of the poison, re-

manned open.

The first witness called to give a direct bearing to
the charge against Mark, was Nathan Lee.

The sound of his name startled the prisoner, and

Flora could perceive that, as the peacher entered the witness-box, Mark clutched at the front of the dock, and trembled.

It was only for an instant. Then the paroxysm, for such it was, passed away, and the man stood erect and immovable, facing the court with a face of stone. The momentary thought of that night when this ruffian had denied him admission to his cottage and had denounced him as a murderer, the first time the charge had ever been hinted against him, not unnaturally shook him; that the necessity for firmness made him iron. So, with set teeth and rigid muscles, he stood and listened to the evidence.

Nathan Lee's story was short.
"You know the prisoner at the bar?" asked

"You have seen him at your cottage?"

"Well, take the first time. What did he come for,

mine, Stephen Broad, by name, or Steve Broad, as we called him, who was lying there sick at the time, and pretty nigh death's door, I can tell you!"

"The prisoner knew your lodger, I presume?"
"I should say so! He asked for him by name. He was shown into the room where he was a-lyin'. I was in the next room, and I heard 'em talking.

in the next room, and I heard 'em talking.

"What did you hear them say?"

"Well," replied Nathan, "the prisoner wanted Steve to give him up something that he had got. I don't know what. Steve refused. Then there was a quarrelling. After that I heard the prisoner say, 'I can cure you.' 'How?' says Steve. 'Oh! you've got the means,' says the prisoner. On that, Steve raised himself up. I heard the bed creak as he did it, and he shouts out, in a voice as if he was all of a tremble like, 'No,' he shouts, 'I know your game. You want to silence me,' he says, ' but I'm fly, and I'll die before you shall lay a fing more said, I think, finger on me.' There wasn't nothing ink, because Steve had fainted, for he was as weak as a lamb; but I heard a rummaging and a scrambling about, and presently this man darts out, with his face all white and skeered like, and when out, with his race an write and skeered has, and when he see me, he started and turned purple, for all the world like a beet, and as soon as ever he could, off he goes, out o' the place. Then I steals up to my lodger's room, and found him lying more dead than alive, and I see that the little bundle at the foot of his bed had I see that the intile bundle at the foot of his bed had been tore open and the things pulled about. Says I to myself, "There's somethin' not just right about this 'ere,' and out I starts into the road, and there, sure enough, was the prisoner making as fast as his legs would carry him, for the lock-up. He went in at the cate and I saw no more of him." the gate, and I saw no more of him."

"And when did you next see him?" demanded

"A short while ago, when he came to my place again, and wanted to see Steve, and I told him he was gone; and he asked after a woman, too, as used to nurse Steve, and I told him she was gone, too; and when he asked where? 'To the old quarry,' I says, and I thought he'd ha' dropped dead. He asked me leave to go into my cottage, but I said, 'No, we don't want no murderers here!' and with that he turned tail

"You called him a murderer to his face?

And he made you no reply."

'He didn't say a word, but he seemed ill, and he ed off."

Mr. Jangle intimated that he did not wish to ask

is witness any more questions.
On this Mr. Tullett rose, with an air of contempt, as if the evidence just given was utterly worthless, both as to its nature and from the person who had

What's your occupation, Lee?" he asked.

Agricultural labourer. "Oh, that's your term for it, is it? Have you ever been in the prisoners' dock yourself?"

I have

"You've been convicted and imprisoned for poaching, haven't you?

ing, haven't you?"

"Yes, worse luck."

"Ah, then your 'agricultural labour' includes a little poaching, and a little hard labour at the treadmil, it seems. Now, who was this Steve Broad?"

"A racing-stable groom."

"Ween't he a year futing from justice on suggletion.

Wasn't he a man flying from justice, on suspicion of having poisoned the famous racer, 'The Rattler?' "Your client knows most about that."

"What do you mean?"
"Why, he knew Steve long afore I did. They was thick over the Rattler; and I should say, if I was

thick over the Rattler; and I should say, if I was asked, which I ain't, that he was the likeliest o' the the two to have 'got at' the Rattler.

"Oh, that's your opinion?" asked Tullett, not quite pleased at the turn the examination was taking. "Well, now, you call this man Broad your lodger; isn't it a fact that you were concealing him from justice? Apart from the suspicion attaching to him in respect to the loss of a valuable racer, had he not attempted a gross outrage at Redruth House, and were not the officers in pursuit ofh im?"

"Well," said Lee. "I know nothing about that. I

"Well," said Lee, "I know nothing about that, didn't see no outrage, and I didn't see no officers. took my room, and paid my rent, and that was all I

"Wasn't it a fact that the prisoner visited him out of kindness, having heard that he was in extreme ill-"I don't know what he visited him out of, but what

when he couldn't get it by fair means he — "

Mr. Jonas Tullett interposed that this was mere gratuitous assertion, mere surmise, and ill-nature—

nothing more.

court agreed in this view, and Tullett, having "Well, take the first time. What did he come for, and what happened while he was there?"
"He came," said the witness, "to see a lodger of client, and so would ask no more questions.

Flora's heart beat tumultuously, as the next witness was called in. She did not catch the navie; but she instinctively shut her eyes that she might not see who stepped into the box, so extreme was her terror as to the unknown accuser.

(To be continued.)

Monster Balloon;—The balloon now being constructed for M. Godard is called the Colosse. The chromference will be 92 metres, 36 centimetres; the diameter 22 metres, and the entire surface 2.840 metres. The material employed in its construction is unbleached calleo, and 4,000 metres, at the width of 110 centimetres, will be used. A net containing 8,000 metres of ribbon is to cover the whole surface. Added to this there are 96 cords, whole surface. Added to 9 cones, give a strength and solidity MONSTER BALLOON, -The balloon now being concontaining stow meters of roots in to cover the whole surface. Added to this there are 96 cords, which, added to 9 ropes, give a strength and solidity that is hardly credible to this monster acrisi machine. The same catastrophe which occurred to M. Nadar's balloon cannot be feared with the Colosec. parachute of 146 metres in circumference, and tich is M. Godard's own invention, will—even should the calico fail, or the net and cords ome to grief—prevent any casualty. A hundred workwomen are engaged daily in unrolling and cutting out the millions of yards of material.

A CONTEMPTUOUS WIFE.—Two days after this wedding, Louis went out with his wife to hunt seals: she steered and he took the gun—the way these Indians do. Louis fired at the seals one after the other and missed them. His wife then turned the canoe in disgust to shore, and stepped straight to her father's lodge. After much bother, Louis prevailed upon her to come with him again to hunt, and give him a chance. So she agreed to go again, and on the following day she steered him close to a seal—he fired and missed. She brought him up to another: he fired and missed. She brought him up to another: he fired CONTEMPTUOUS WIFE. -Two days after this and missed. She brought him up to another; he fired again and missed a second time. She looked—so Louis told his people—just looked, said nothing; but that look made Louis nervous. She brought him to a third seal—close to it—he missed again. She said nothing, but paddled to the shore, and then ran to her nothing, but paddled to the shore, and then ran to her father's lodge. She says she'll never live with him again. Up to this time she's kept her word; but they say the priest will make her when she goes to Seven Islands next month—we shall see. I turned to look at Louis's wife. She stood near the place where we were talking, a handsome, determined woman; lips full, but tightly compressed, a dark, intelligent eye, which, when it met yours, rested upon you with a tranquil, self-possessed gaze.—Explorations in the Interior of the Labrador Peninsula. By Henry Youle Hind, M.A.

JOHN BUNYAN'S BONES.—A meeting of some hundreds of working men has been held in the Lambeth Baths, Westminster Road, on the rumoured attempt of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to appropriate Buntaneses. the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to appropriate Bun-hill Fields burial-ground to building purposes. Mr. G. Hill, of the Lambeth vestry, presided, and intro-duced the business of the meeting by calling upon Mr. G. M. Murphy to deliver a lecture upon the subject. The lecturer traced the history of Bunhill Fields, from the time it became a bone-hill, by the burial there of many who died of the plague in 1665; soon after which it became a Nonvanternist hurid ground; and arrange the buried, there lie John Owen, George Fox, John Bunyan, Daniel De Foe, Isaac Watts, John Wesley's mother, Dr. Lardner, and many martyrs of political and ecclesiastical tyranny. Mr. Murphy concluded by proposing the following resolution, which was unanimously carried:—"that this meeting, having learned with surprise that it is in contemplation by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to remove the remains of the honoured dead from Bunhill Fields, and to let the land for building purposes, cannot but express its utmost indignation at such a sacrilegious project, especially as in that renowned place are the mortal remains of the immortal author of the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'"

THE LUCKY SHOEMAKER.—A French journal gives the following particulars respecting the origin of the fortune of M. Bravay, the deputy whose return in the department of the Gard has just been annulled :—M. Bravay was born at St. Esprit, in the Gard, where his father was a tradesman in narrow circumstances. After serving his apprenticeship to a shoemaker, the son went abroad, and returned last year with a fortune, which the least exaggerated reports estimate at 15,000,000f. It appears that on leaving France he went to Egypt, and obtained occupation in a shoeshop at Cairo. One day, a stranger, evidently a person of rank, who had torn his embroidered slipper while walking, entered the shop, and wished to have it repaired while he waited. The master of the establishment called Bravay, who repaired the slipper very neatly, to the great satisfaction of its owner. On Bravay was born at St. Esprit, in the Gard, where his neatly, to the great satisfaction of its owner. On going away, the stranger told Bravay that he would send for him next day, bout other repairs which he wished to have oxecuted. A messenger accordingly came, and conducted Bravay to the palace, where he

was ushere he recogniz viceroy sho have repair business, a supply shoe M. Bravay emment su influence. realized hi nify all pe many year

> WOI Author 0

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has stru time! I his mith the grav pressive was ushered into the presence of the viceroy, in whom he reognized the stranger of the previous day. The vierry showed him the slippers which he wished to have repaired, entered into conversation about his have repaired, outside and conversation about about business, and at last proposed that Braway should supply shoes for a part of the army. Frem that time, M. Bravay became an extensive contractor for Govment supplies, and soon acquired great wealth and mance. At the death of the Pasha, M. Bravay walized his fortune, and returned to France. His first pealized his lorenic, and returned to France. His first action, on returning to his native place, was to indem-nify all persons who had suffered by his father's failure many years before.

WOMAN AND HER MASTER. By J. F. SMITH, Esq.

Author of "The Jesuit," "The Prolute," "Minnigrey," &c.

CHAPTER LL

Oh, what a tangled web we weave, When first we practise to deceive. Scott.

POOR Mand never perfectly recovered from the effect of the blow which Kelf struck her on the night of Ned Cantor's appearance at Borderclough. True, death was not immediate—for she lingered for al months, and even occupied herself about the her death was not house as usual. "Nae-nae!"

she used to say, in answer to the con-"Nae-mae: "she used to say, in answer to the con-solation of Mabel; "it's nae use to deceive yoursel" or ne ither! I ha' gotten my death-hurt! Could I but see my puir bairn, Willie, I'd no regret leaving a warld where my dreed has been a sair one!"

At times she would complain of violent pains in her which Ned Cantor brutally used to observe were nothing more than rheumatic ones.

The old Scotchwoman shook her head in silenceshe was not to be deceived. As she used to say to Mahel, it was "no the rumatiz." Mabel, it was

faithful creature took to her bed at last, as she The faithful creature took to her yet as man, as one predicted, never to rise from it again. To all the ementatics of his wife, that a surgeon should be sent for, Xed returned a positive refusal.

"Where was the use?" he said; "Maud was old,

and her time had come ! "

The truth was, he had no wish to draw attention to the late proceedings at Borderclough, of which the suf-lerer was a dangerous witness. He felt impatient for her death, as it would release him from more than half his care: his wife, he well knew, he could mould or to his purpose.

"I ha' been a puir, sinful, ignorant creature! ed the dying woman, as she held the hand of in hers, "and could ha" wished for the presence Mabel in hers, of some godly minister to pray wi' me at the last hour!
But the Lord is merciful, "she added, in a tone of resignation, "and will tak! the will for the deed!"
"Shall I pray with you?" demanded her companion

in misfortune.

"Ay," answered Maud; "but it maun be none of our superstitious English Church prayers! I belang to the Kirk of Scotland, and wadna wish to die wi' the buzzing of prelacy or popery in my lugs!"
Mabel understood her wish, and, kneeling by the side

of the bed, offered up one of those simple prayers which the heart dictates in the hour of trial and mis-

From time to time Maud nodded her head approv-

ingly.
"I can understand you," she said; "fine words dina touch the heart—they maun be truthful anes!"

Mabel next repeated the Lord's Prayer. When she
came to that sublime portion of it which implores pardon of the Deity for our offences against His-Divine commands, even as we pardon those who have "tres-passed against us," she paused, and, fixing her eyes upon the dying woman, asked her if she perfectly understood the meaning of her words.

"Why for the no?" murmured Maud with a look of

My husband!" exclaimed Mabel, who felt that Ned's Ned's refusal to send for a surgeon, in all probability had abridged the days of the sufferer: "can you forgive

There was a pause, during which the old Scotchwoman seemed to be wrestling with her spirit.
"I can!" she said, at last: "nae doot but he is a

"I can!" she said, at last; "nae doot but he is a bal, bad mon! But I forgi him, for your sake. Perlaps he may mend—but I doot it—sairly doot it!"
"And Kelf?" added her companion.
At the name of the man whom she considered as her murderer, the eyes of Maud flashed fiercely.
"Nae—nae!" she cried; "that is no reasonable!
The Lord canna expect that I should forgi him! He has struck grey hairs, and his ain shall no whiten wi' time! He has deprived Willie o' the last blessing o' his mither—and nae bairn o' his shall follow him to his mither-and nae bairn o' his shall follow him to e grave! My bluid rest upon his head!" Again Mabel, in a low, deep voice, repeated the im-

words-

that trespass against us."
"Oh, Maud!" she added, "remember who it was
that spake those words! The worm should not rebel against its Maker!

There was evidently a violent struggle in the mind of the sufferer. It was hard to forgive the man who had separated her from her child, and by his brutal blenee brought her to the grave.
"It's a hard dreed—a varra hard ane!" she sighed.

"but, sin'it must be, it must! I forgi' him, too—that is," she added, firmly, "provided nae harm has come to Willie! An'it has, my curse here and hereafter pursue him—haunt him to the gibbet!"

Exhausted with the effort, the poor creature sank

back, and, clasping her hands, exclaimed—
"Lord forgi' me, Mabel, but we are sinfu'creatures! Speak the words again, and I'll try to repeat them after ye! But the flesh is a sair rebel—the heart will wrestle!"

"And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them

"And forgive us our trespasses, as we lorgive them that trespass against us."

"And forgi" us, as we forgi' them! "faltered Maud. With these words upon her lips, the old Scotchwoman rendered her last breath. The pious heart of her long-tried friend was consoled that she expired with those simple but Divine words upon her lips. Ned Cantor rejoiced at the poor creature's death, The necessity of guarding Bordercleugh whilst she remained an inmate had been irksome to him, from the check it placed upon his liberty.

check it placed upon his liberty.
"So the old fool is gone at last!" he exclaimed, as his wife, with a tearful countenance, entered the lower

room, where he was sitting.
"Ay, Ned," said Mabel, "gone where we must one
day follow! Gone to answer before a Judga with day follow! Gone to answer before a Judge with whom hypocrisy cannot avail—who reads the heart, its trials, failings, and temptations!"

Her husband began to whistle—the usual means by which he manifested his distaste of his wife's sermon-

izing, as he termed it.
"What have I to reproach myself with?" he claimed, after a pause; "it was not my hand that struck her down! Besides, she had lived long

enough!"
"You may not always think so, Ned!"
"Pooh! that is a very different matter! You would
not compare me with a canting old hypocrite like her!
Now that she is gone," he added, "it is time, Matel,
that we understood one another! Here we are com-

that we understood one another! Here we are com-fortably provided for as long as we live!"

"It is the price of crime!" interrupted the unhappy woman, "and will never do us any good!"

"Mabel!" exclaimed the ruffian, "don't provoke me! This life of solitude has not improved my tomper: I can't, and, what's more, I won't endure it! So be wise in time, or-"

The victim of his brutality guessed what was to

Don't beat me to-day, Ned!" she said, laying her

"Don't beat me to-day. Ned!" she said, laying her hand upon his arm, which he had raised menacingly against her; "I could not bear it—indeed I could not! My heart is sad, Ned—very sad!"

"And whose fault is it?" answered her husbend, in a grumbling tone; "there, I ain't a-going to beat you! It's your own obstinacy whenever I raise my hand against you! But you are so provoking! Sit down, and listen to me! Why don't you sit down?" he added, ferociously; "one would think I was a tiger or a wild beast, you look so precious frightened at me!"

Mabel tremblingly obeved him.

beast, you look so precious rightened as the:

Mabel tremblingly obeyed him.

"Now that Maud is gone, you will give me your word not to quit Bordercleugh?" continued her husband, who, although he never hesitated to break his own promise, had every confidence in that of his wife.

"Hear me out!" he added; "I have not done yet! If

my mind were once easy about you, I could see after Meg, and perhaps find her again I."

The last condition decided her to make the long-demanded promise. It could injure no one now, she

thought, since her companion in captivity was beyond the reach of further outrage.

"I promise, Ned!" she said; "faithfully premise!"
"That's right!" exclaimed her husband, kissing her;
"now that you are come to your senses, and listen to reason, we may be as happy as the days are long! I'll

on hunt Meg up, I warrant!"

"Have you discovered any clue?" eagerly demanded abel, whose heart cherished but one hope—the reco-Mabel, ose heart cherished but one hope—the reco-er child. "Tell me, Ned, if you have—feel very of her child.

a mother's agony!"
'Well!" said Ned, deliberately, "perhaps I have! Then she lives?

"Then she lives?"

"I have no doubt of it!" replied her husband. "I have received a letter from old Quirk—who I always suspected to have had a hand in stealing her. He re quests to see me without delay, at his office in London. I have been there before!" he added.

At the name of Quirk, the hopes of Mabel were suddenly damped. She knew the part he had acted towards the unfortunate Clara Briancourt, and suspected

"And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them | her husband's share in it. She had little faith in any good resulting through his means

"Let me go with you!" she said; "he will not deceive me

And who is take care of the place? " demanded Ned. "No—no—you must remain at Berdercleugh! As soon as Maud is buried, I shall start for London! Who knows," he added, with a smile, "but I may bring back Meg with me?"

The heart of Mabel bounded with joy at the antici-

pation of such an event. Nor was the feeling alto-gether a selfish one, for she doubted not that the child of her dead mistress had shared the fate of her own girl; and she mentally vowed to see justice done there even though the large and the see justice done to er, even though she braved the anger of her husband to a

accomplish her purpose.

The funeral of Maud took place the third evening after her death. The only comment it occasioned among the villagers was a natural feeling of surprise that the old servant of Gilbert Rawlins should have remained at Bordercleugh with the new tenant, without any being aware of her residence amongst them.

out any being aware of her residence amongst them. The next day, Ned Cantor, after repeatedly cautioning Mabel as to the conduct she should observe during his absence, started for London. The pardoned felon smiled complacently as he approached the vast metropolis. The last time he had entered it, it was as a fugitive, flying from justice. He now returned to it a free and comparatively wealthy man. "Honesty, after all," he thought, "is the best policy—that is to say, legal honesty. The law leaves margin enough for enterprise and tact; its web is elastic—it will stretch almost to anything. The only danger is to those who break it!"

to those who break it!"

Instead of returning to his old haunts, Ned took up Instead of returning to me old manns, Ned took up his quarters at a respectable hotel in the City. His intentions were not to call on the lawyer, at Serjeants' Inn, till the following morning. One circumstance puzzled him extremely—he could not make out how the old man had discovered his return to England and residence at Bordercleugh.

Quirk, on his arrival at his chambers on the morn

ing after the arrival of his old acquaintance, Ned, in-quired impatiently of the clerks for his letters. Several were given to him, and he hastened to his den, eager to peruse the correspondence. But the one he m

to peruse the correspondence. But the one he most desired was not amongst them.

"Strange!" he muttered: "very strange! Snape would not deceive me? No, no! I have too many holds upon the rascal for that."

A half-suppressed titter was heard in the outer

"Can they have outwitted him?" continued the

"Can they have outwitted him?" continued the lawyer, still communing with himself. This supposition was even more unlikely, for the confidential clerk possessed a spirit as erafty and patient as his own. The mirth in the outer office was renewed. Quirk rang the bell impatiently. It was answered by Mr. Snape in propria persona, but not in his proper dress. The immemorial drab trousers, gaiters, and brown coat, had been exchanged for a full suit of black, and his short transport here, was thickly noweded. This his short, iron-grey hair was thickly powdered. This, even more than the change in his costume, had excited the amusement of the junior clerks.

"Snape has taken orders!" whispered one, struck

by his semi-clerical, semi-butler appearance.

"Amongst the new lights!" suggested another.
The idea of the old clerk's exchanging the law for divinity excited the irreverent peal of laughter which had disturbed the meditations of their principal. " Dear me!" exclaimed the lawyer, scarcely believ-

ing the evidence of his senses, "Snape, is that you?"

"All that is left of me," replied his agent, "since I have been butler in the service of Mrs. Graham."

The eyes of his employer twinkled with satisfaction.

"In the service of Mrs. Graham!" he repeated, in

a tone of admiration; "Snape, you muyour cards well to have achieved that! u must have played.

your cards well to have achieved that!"
"Tact, sir! tact!" modestly answered the clerk.
"The family arrived in town three days since, My new mistress has taken a house at Brompton. I would not write," he added; "it might have excited sus-

"And how did you contrive to enter the family? inquired his employer; "but I need not ask. Doubt-less you made the acquaintance of Caleb Brown her steward?"

46 No. "The lady herself, then?"

"No; but I did what was better: I secured an interest in the good graces of her waiting-maid. Mrs.

'A tall, thin, sour, old-maidish-looking person?"

inquired the lawyer.

"Had she sat for her portrait, you could not have painted it better," answered the clerk.

Quirk threw himself back in his chair, and laughed till the tears ran down his wrinkled face; the features of Mr Snape expressed mute astonishment: during the many years they had been connected, he had never seen the old man indulge in such exuberant mirth.

Who would have supposed," said his master, "that u would have found a soft place in her frozen heart? you would have tound a sort place as knotty as a point in equity, as sour as curdled cream! Would you believe it, Snape," he added, in a confidential tone, "that the old fool refused me thirty years ago? And to be snared by you! The proverb is a false one—old birds are to be caught by chaff

At this unexpected confession, a sudden light broke upon the mind of the confidential clerk. "Bless me!" he exclaimed, in a tone of mingled astonishment and admiration; "then Mrs. Graham

"No matter who she is!" interrupted his master;
"you have played your cards admirably, and shall be
well rewarded! But now to business! When do you

In an hour or two

"And what has brought your mistress to London? "And what has brought your mistress to London?"
"TI intended marriage of her grand-daughter with the son of the rector of Fulton!" answered Snape; "I learned that through Mrs. Williams. There is to be a grand party in three days!" he added; "Dr. Harland and his son, Sir Cutabert Sinclair, and his nephew, who is the lover of Miss Jane, are invited!"

"Quite a family party!" observed the lawyer, with a bitter sneer; "I will take care that it shall be complete; the information you sent respecting the residence of Ned Cantor at Bordercleugh was most im-portant! I have written to him!"

What can Ned Cantor have to do with it?" de-

"What can Nou Cestal manded his agent.
"You shall see!" replied Quirk; "you shall see! My plans are all laid—the net is spread, and they cannot escape me! Tell me," he continued, "have you observed any difference in the manner in which Mrs. Graham treats her grand-daughters?"
"Difference?"

any marked affection towards "Any preference-

one more than the other? You are too close an observer not to have noticed the distinction!"

"I have noticed it!" said the clerk, who perfectly understood the drift of the question; "on one occasion I mentioned it to Mrs. Williams, whose conduct towards the young ladies is even more marked than her mistreas's! To Miss Mary late is all search and her mistress's! To Miss Mary she is all respect and attention, whilst she scarcely condescends to conceal her contempt or dislike of her sister!"

A long conversation followed, in which Snape re-eeved the most minute instructions as to his future conduct.

What those instructions were will appear in another

chapter.

On the departure of his confidant, Quirk wrote On the departure of his contenant, quite whose hasty letter to his grandson, who was staying at the manor at Lexden, requesting his instant return to town. Without entering into particulars, he stated sufficient to secure compliance with his wishes. Just as he had sealed it, Ned Cantor was announced by one of the clerks.

Send him in!" said the lawyer; "he comes as I ld wish! Fortune seems in the humour to grant

me everything !

For some moments the pardoned convict and his old acquaintance eyed each other in silence: both were on their guard. Ned was much changed—he had lost that half-gipsy, half-rakish air which formerly distinguished him. Both in dress and appearance he looked like a respectable farmer. The lawyer was still the same meagre, ferret-like personage.

"So, Ned," said the latter, "you have risen in the world?"

Thanks to you!"

"To me!" repeated the old man, with astonishment; for he could not recollect any act of his long life of chicanery and craft by which he had ever benefited to the could be the could not be the could be the could not be the could no a fellow-creature.

"At least to your lessons!" continued the hus-band of Mabel. "You taught me that it was better to profit by the villary of others, than to break the law myself! I have done so, and you see the result!" "Quite confidential!" observed the lawyer.

"Yes! there is no need for concealment between

"And that little affair at the goldsmith's, which

sent you over the water?"

d coolly opened his pocket-book-in doing which he estentatiously displayed a roll of bank-notes—and drew from it the copy of his pardon. The original he never suffered to be for an instant from his pos-

ssion.
"There!" he said, throwing it upon the table; that! You will find that I can walk the streets of London as freely as you can; and no fear of the 'de-tectives!' I can cook my hat in the face of justice, and defv it!

Quirk carefully perused it. He was secretly annoyed at the contretemps. He would have preferred that the instrument he intended to use should have been completely in his power. "I congratulate you!" he said, returning him the aper—the authenticity of which he determined to as-artain by a visit to the Colonial Office—"congratuThe heart of the gentle, quiet Mary was filled with

late you sincerely!"
"No doubt!" replied Ned, drily. "And now that
I have satisfied your curiosity." he added, "it is time
that you should answer mine!"

"In what respect?" "It have no reason to mines my words! All the world may hear them, for anything I have to fear! You remember the night when Lady Briancourt's daughter died?" Perfectly!

"My Mog and her child disappeared at the same time. In your letter to me you hinted that you had some intelligence to communicate respecting her?"

"Speak out then!" added Ned; "for I am no longer in a humour to be trifled with! I am a respectable man, now, Mr. Quirk, and a moneyed man! No one, be he gentle or simple, shall trample on me! I don't want to be hard upon an old acquaintance, but I am determined to have my child! So give her up to me at once: and if no harm has happened to the girl, per-haps I may look over the dirty trick you played me carrying her off!"
"Vastly liberal!" exclaimed the lawyer, satirically,

"Well, I suppose it is!"

"But you contradict yourself!" added Quirk.
"How so?" demanded his visitor.

How so? demanded his visitor.

"You said that you owed your advancement to my sons," continued the old man, "of profiting by the villany of others, and keeping your own neck out of the nose of the law! Now, supposing that I really had any hand in the abduction of Meg, do you think I should have left any clue to detect it?" Ned began to look uneasy.

"Or that you would ever have heard of her again No-no! My precautions would have been too well taken for that! Till within these few days I was as

ignorant of the fate of Meg as yourself!
"But you have obtained it?" eagerly eagerly exclaimed the returned convict.

"I have not said so yet!" replied the lawyer; "and after the temper and ill-feeling you have evinced, I shall be cautious how I make any such admission!" "Look you, Quirk!" said Ned Cantor, "it remains

with yourself either to make an enemy or a friend of You are a rich man-and I am no longer a poor You have a character to lose-mine is lost added, gloomily-for, despite his present opulence and security, the speaker at times still bitterly regretted that he was only a pardoned felon. "You forget our former transactions—the letters from Captain Stanley, which I suppressed, and the papers I stole from the room of the house-steward, on the night of my escape from the manor-house!

And the less you speak of them the better!" replied the lawyer, with the most perfect assurance. The pardon of the Governor of Sydney does not extend to any untried offense—only to the one of which you were convicted; but I have no wish to quarrel with you," he added; "it would neither be to your interest nor

Ned was of the same opinion; and after some further conversation they perfectly understood each other. The convict listened to the instructions of the lawyer, and promised to follow them implicitly. In three days, then," said Quirk, as his visitor took

his leave, "I shall expect to see you again?"

Ned replied in the affirmative,
"Till then, not a word: everything depends upon

your prudence—a hasty move might lose the gam "It shall not be lost through me! All I wa

Bad as I am, I have still a father's Home would be home could I see Meg my daughter! by my fire-side; it's anything but home," he added, "without her!"

"It would be a curious speculation," thought Mr.

Quirk, as his visiter left him, "to analyze that fellow"s heart! Talk of poetry!" he added; "there is more poetry in real life than in all the dreams of imagination! A lawyer's office is a library, and every brief an epic, if rightly read!"

With this philosophic reflection, he seated himself at the desk, and began his daily task of chicanery and craft; for his practice, although extensive and lucrative, was what is generally termed a sharp one.

CHAPTER LIL

Love! I will tell you what it is to love:

It is to build with human thoughts a shrine,
Where hope sits brooding like a beauteous dove—
Where life seems young, and, like a thing divine,
All tastes, all pleasures, all desires combine
To consecrate this sanctuary of bliss,
Above the stars in cloudless beauty sine,

and the stars are their flowary margins lies.

Above the stars in cloudless Dennay survey.

Around the straums their flowery margins kiss;

And if there's heaven on earth, that heaven is surely this.

Charles Sizain.

THE removal from the holm to London was a source of joy to the two sisters-for it brought them nearer

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the university.

The heart of the gentle, quiet Mary was filled with The heart of the gentle, quiet mary was filled with those delicious dreams and hopes which rest, like hidden melodies, within the soul, and, when revealed, paint the pure cheek with blushes. Even to herself she trembled to acknowledge the power which her love for Charles exercised over her; it had become identified with her very being; she had but one thought, one feeling, which were not his-and they were for her sister.

And well did the noble-hearted fellow requite the

passion he had been happy enough to inspire. He loved the fair, confiding girl with a tenderness rivalled only by respect—with manly truth and disinterestedness. By her side, life was Eden—absent,

it appeared a desert.

Yielding to his entreaties, the worthy rector and Ars. Graham had both promised that, as soon as he had taken his degree, they would offer no epposition to his union; and Mary, unable as unwilling to trifle with the man she loved, had looked, as if she had already spoken, her consent.

When Jane heard the blushing avowal from Mary

she answered only by a deep-drawn sigh; not that she was envious—on the contrary, so dearly did she love her, that she could have sacrificed even her own hap-

piness to insure hers.

"But it must be on one condition," added the con scious girl, hiding her burning cheeks in the bosom of her sister; "that you are married to Harry at the same

Jane pressed her yet closer to her breast.

"Even London," continued the affectionate girl,
would be lonely to you without me; and I am sure
poor Harry loves you."

"I think he does," replied her sister.

A year before she would have pledged her life that

A year bottom sale would have packed her life that he did—fondly and devotedly, "He is only a little giddy," continued Mary. "Charles says that at college he speaks of no one else but you." nt you."

Jane looked incredulously.

Jane looked incredulously.

The property of the property

"I believe he loves me," exclaimed Jane, relessing herself from the embrace of her sister, and dashing aside a tear; "but I cannot conceal from myself that he is changed. Love has quick eyes, and detects a shade where indifference would fail to discover the "Does it not sometimes imagine?" demanded Mary.
"Not with me—I am not jeulous."
"Only doubtful?" substance.

"Nor doubtful?" continued Jane, "unless upon sure grounds. Perhaps I showed him my heart," she continued, "too frankly at first—let him perceive how completely he was its master. Men are naturally ungrateful, I have heard, and cease to prize what they have easily won."

have easily won."
"Jane—Jane!" exclaimed her sister, interrupting her, "I will not listen to any more; positively you are growing unjust. Did I not give my heart as freely Poes he not know how completely he is Was I not easily won? And yet you see I to Charles ? its master? do not doubt him."

You have no cause; even my watchful eyes have not detected coolness or indifference in his.

"Nor in Harry's either."

"Whatever my fate, dear Mary," exclaimed the agitated girl, "may yours be a happy one. A shadow has fallen upon my path—it startled me in childhood, but I strove to forget it; lately its outline has become more terribly distinct. I would avoid it, but it pursues me still. I will know my fate," she added, "Mrs. Graham owes me that justice.
"Mrs. Graham!" repeate

repeated Mary, with surprise;

why not say grandmamma?

June, however, kept her reasons to herself. She did not wish to cloud the heart of the fair girl, whom she loved at least with a sister's love, by imparting her suspicion that they did not both stand in the same degree of relationship to Mrs. Graham—a suspicion which had lately become more rooted in her mind, by the increased superciliousness of Mrs. Williams. Since even sounded Caleb Brown upon the subject; but the old man evaded her questions by observing that Williams was a fool, and begging her to pay no attention either to her words or manner.

The thought that Harry had heard some hint of

the kind, and suspected her of deceiving him, added to the torment she endured; and she resolutely determined to know the worst from the lips of her whom she still believed to be her relative as well as

guardian.

With this intention, an hour after her conv tion with Mary, she sought the dressing-room of Mrs. Graham, whom she found busily occupied, with her waiting-maid, in unpacking some jewel cases. Despite her agitation, she could not avoid an expression of surprise. She had never seen them before.

" What is the matter, Jane? " inquired the old lady, in a tone of kindness, for the warm heart and un-waried attentions of the poor girl had gradually con-quered the indifference with which she at first regarded e, and changed it to affection; "do you wish to eak with me?"

If you please, grandma?" Fig. Graham closed the ecris which she held in her l, and prepared to listen. Mrs. Gra

and, and prepared to instem.

"Alone!" added Jane.

By direction of her mistress, Mrs. Williams left he room, with an angry tose of her head, muttering:

"What next, I wonder?"

"What has happened?" inquired the old lady, ner-

yously.

"I cannot comprehend, madam," said Jane, "the manner of that person towards me. To my sister she is full of respect and kindness; to me—but I need not describe her conduct; you yourself have just wit-

nessed it."

Mrs. Graham bit her lips in silence.

"Tell me," continued the speaker, in a tone of increased agitation, "have I the same claim to your love and her respect which Mary has? I have asked my heart that question, and it replies only by horrible doubts and suspicious! I can endure them no longer. For pity, if not for justice sake, dispel or confirm them!"

them? This was indeed an unexpected blow to Mrs. Gra-ham, whose heart acknowledged the justice of her ples. Even at that moment she felt compelled to turn

deaf ear to it.

she said, drawing the suppliant towards "Jane," "Jane," she said, drawing the suppliant towards be, "hare you seen any coldness in my conduct to-wards you that you ask this question? Are you not dear to me as Mary is? Have I ever made any difference between my children?" "No—not lately," replied the poor girl, her eyes kindling with a ray of hope.

you doubt my affection?"

"No, grandmamma!"
"Then do not doubt it still!" said Mrs. Graham; "there is a mystery connected both with you and your sister, which a few months—perhaps days—will, I trust, dispel for ever! Why torment yourself with imaginary ills? The stern realities of life are quite h to bear. Have you any other cause," she in an anxious tone, " for this extraordinary susugh to bear.

Jane murmured a few words of which the name of Harry was the only one that fell upon the ear of her

grandmother.

"Harry loves you!" replied the old lady, with a smile; "and Sir Cuthbert appears even more fascinated with you than his nephew! Trust to my prudence and effection!"

"But should Harry suspect that I am deceiving bim?" urged Jane, who felt but half-assured by the words of her relative.

"He would be unworthy of your love!" interrupted Mrs. Graham; "for true hearts never doubt the ebject of their choice! Rest assured," she continued, "that I have too deep a sense of what is due to myself and your future happiness to permit you to

mary Harry Sinclair with the least mystery hanging over you! Everything shall be explained!"

"Let it be soon, grandmamma—pray let it be soon!" replied the unbappy girl, whose pure mind and frank spirit revolted at the thought of having soon: repnet the untappy and the thought of having and frank spirit revolted at the thought of having anything to conceal. "This mystery will kill me! I cannot endure his glance whilst it remains! I feel as if I were acting a disingenuous part—that I merit the neglect and coldness I dare not reproach him for!"

Neglect and coldness! Fancy, Jane-fancy!' Auguett and coldness! Fancy, Jane-fancy!" said Mrs. Graham. "But why should I feel surprised? Lovers are full of such! The fortune which I can give you will render you no unsuitable bride, even for the nephew of Sir Cuthbert Sinclair!" clair

And the same?" added Jane, with a pleading

"On that point you must question me no more!" said the old lady, in a decided tone; "the past must answer to you for the present: both you and Mary have much to learn, before either of you exchange my protection for that of a husband!"

protection for that of a nuscand! "So peremptory a reply forbade all further questioning. The poor girl was compelled to appear, if she did not feel, content with the hints which her grandmother had dropped. The same degree of mystery appeared to apply to Mary as well as to herself, and the conviction somewhat reasoned has

the conviction somewhat reassured her.

The following evening a cheerful, if not happy arty, consisting of Sir Cuthbert Sinclair, Dr. Harparty, consisting of Sir Cuthbert Sinclair, Dr. Harland, together with Harry and Charles, were assembled in the drawing-room of the Retreat—the name of Mrs. Graham's new mansion. Mary and Jane were both delighted and surprised at the stately ease with which their grandmother did the honours of the house and received her guests.

With the rector, the sisters felt equally at home—
for during the last two years he had been a weekly
visitor at the holm; they were gracefully shy with the
baronet, whose long residence in India, where he had
been accustomed to command all around, had given
him a impositor manner in gracking—a fault, as they been accustomed to command all around, had given him an imperious manner in speaking—a fault, as they afterwards discovered, of the head—not of the heart. To Jane his attentions were so marked, that his nephew more than once felt piqued: not that he was

too ridiculous : but still alous-the supposition was

Mrs. Graham noticed it too: and anxious, for many reasons, to confirm the favourable impression which the fair girl had evidently made upon the wealthy old bachelor, she called her to her, and said-

"Sing to Sir Cuthbert, my love, that little Indian song which you learned at the holm."

"Not now, grandmamma; perhaps Sir Cuthbert does not care about music."

With the gallantry of a much 'younger man, the baronet earnestly repelled the supposition, and handed her to the piano

"I am so glad your uncle likes Jane!" whispered Mary in the ear of Harry, who sat, in a half-sulky humour, on the sofa beside her; "see how he turns over the leaves of her music-book!"

Jane had scarcely commenced the prelude of her song, when, Perkins, the new butler, threw open the door of the drawing-room, and, in a loud voice, announced Sir Phineas Briancourt and Mr. Quirk.
"Who?" exclaimed Mrs. Graham, with a tone and

look so expressive of terror, that every eye was drawn

"Your grandson, Lady Briancourt," said the lawyer with a look of triumph. "You see we have found you At the name of Briancourt, Dr. Harland rose from

his seat, and walked towards the window, to hide the emotion which threatened to overcome him.

The baronet advanced towards his new-found relative with an air in which mockery and respect blended.

blended,
"Delighted," he said, "to pay my respects to one so near, and who, doubtless, will become very dear to me by her future kindness. Which of these charming girls," he added, "is my cousin?"

Scarcely knowing what she did or said, his grand-

mother pointed with a trembling hand to Mary; and then, unable longer to contend with the shock she had ounexpectedly received, fell back in her chair, and

so unexpectedly received, reil back in her chair, and fainted. Mary and Jane flew to her assistance, "This is a strange—a very strange proceeding!" observed Sir Cuthbert; "I cannot comprehend it! You address Mrs. Graham as Lady Briancourt—call yourself her grandson—and, under that plea, are guilty of an intrusion which no gentleman would commit!"

"Do you mean to say that I am no gentleman? demanded Sir Phineas, in a tone of defiance.

"If Sir Cuthbert does not think proper to assert it," exclaimed Charles Harland, stung almost to madness by the tears of Mary, "I do! and must request you to leave the room instantly; for, by heavens! if you do not walk down-stairs, you shall make but one step from the top to the bottom!"

ne baronet turned very pale, and looked towards the lawyer, as if for his countenance and support.

"Von will be careful what you do, sir!" said Mr.

"You will be careful what you do, sir!" said Mr. Quirk; "such words are actionable!"
"Help!" said Jane, in a paroxysm of terror; "grandmamma is dying!"

Sir Phineas burst into a loud laugh.

"Dying!" he repeated; "pooh—pooh! We are up to all that sort of thing, and are not to be shirked off by a faint! And as for you, Miss Insoleut," he added, "who presume to call Lady Briancourt by the name of grandpather. the blicken is now to the name of grandpather. of grandmother, the kitchen is your proper place! You will find your father already there, waiting to receive you!

Jane turned very pale, and would have replied, had not Harry and Charles—who found it impossible any longer to endure the insolence of the intruders—for-

bly ejected them from the drawing-room. Lady Briancourt—for we can no longer c onger conceal from our readers that Mrs. Graham and the haughty mother of poor Clara are the same—was borne, still insensible, to her room; and the gentlemen descended to the library, to hear the explanation of the scene which had

course," observed Mr. Quirk, in a mysterious tone, "you cannot expect that I, who am so nearly connected with her family, should explain the reasons why Lady Briancourt thought proper to secrete herself for so many years under the name of Graham! It will be her own fault if ever she compels me to

At this moment Caleb Brown quietly entered the

4 Or why she brought up the daughter of her former waiting-maid, and one of my late son-in-law's keeper's, as her own grandchild!"

Charles and Harry exchanged a painful look; each emed to ask the other which of the sisters was the

daughter of a menial.

"Really this affair," observed Sir Cuthbert Sinclair,

begins to wear a very strange appearance!"
"Very!"replied the lawyer.
"But it will be clearer soon," observed Caleb Brown; " and perhaps to your confusion, Mr.

The old man turned round and recognized the

The old man turned round and recognized the reader's former acquaintance, Barnes.

"Her ladyship's accomplice," he said, intending to convey a meaning which the domestic alone should understand; "that is, the companion of her extraordinary flight."

Before the house-steward could reply to him, Jane entered the room. Her features were very pale, but there was a resolution in her look which bespoke a settled purpose: she resolved at once to know the

"Do not speak to me, Harry," she said, as her lover took her hand, and was about to whisper words of con-solation to her; "I do not know whether I am worthy of your love. At least," she added, with a blush of "I have not deceived you."

"That I will answer for, young lady," said Sir Cuthbert, warmly; whatever deception may have been practised on my nephew and the world, they must acquit you of any share in it."

"You will quit this house instantly, gentlemen, said the faithful Barnes; "you have no warrant fo your intrusion.

This was addressed to Quirk and his grandson, who

were perfectly astonished at his self-possession.
"Warrant!" repeated the lawyer; "certainly not—

I would not willingly call in the assistance of the

police," added the house-steward, "to expel the graud-sen of my old master."
"Expel me!" exclaimed Sir Phineas, in an insulting tone. "Ridiculous!"

Is your mistress mad?" whispered the lawyer.

"Is your mistress mad?" whispered the lawyer.
"No—she has recovered her senses! I act by her orders—they are most peremptory!"
"Stay, sir," said Jane, advancing with modest dignity, and addressing herself to Sir Phineas; "you stated just now that I was not the grand-daughter of Mrs. Graham, for so I shall still designate her, till I learn from her own lips that she is entitled to another name." name

name:"
"Well, young woman!" replied the baronet, in a seering tone, "suppose I did! What then?"
"Insolent!" replied her lover, raising his arm.
"Patience Harry—patience, for my sake!" exclaimed the insulted girl, imploringly; "the truth cannot shame—it is the doubt that will destroy me. You also stated," she added, addressing herself once more to the baronet, "that my—my father was in this house?"

" I did."

"And upon what authority did you make that assertion?" demanded the high-spirited girl. "Where is he? If he prove his claim, and is worthy of my love, I will not reject him, though his station should prove Where is as humble as yours is elevated!

"Pray oblige the young lady!" exclaimed Mr. Quirk, ringing the bell; "and desire Mr. Ned Cantor

"My father's gamekeeper," added Sir Phineas.
"What a sinking in poetry—a regular romance of the

The door opened, and the convict made his appear ance. Despite his rugged and even brutal nature, the working of the hard lines in his countenance betrayed the emotion he endured at the sight of his child—who stood, pale as a statue, in the centre of the group before him.

"There she is Ned," said the lawyer.

" Is that my father ?

"What, Meg! don't you remember me?" said the fellow, dashing aside a tear; but I ain't forgotten you! Never mind the sneers of these fine fellows," he added. "Maybe Ned Cantor can give his girl as good a fortune as the best of them that hold their heads so high."

"Back!" said Mr. Harland, with great dignity, "I cannot permit the feelings of this young lady to be outraged by your urging a claim which may or may not be founded on truth."

Truth! Why, ain't she my own flesh and blood?" " Prove it."

"Prove it."
"Prove it. My heart proves it. Deesn't it spring to her? Quirk, there, can prove it. Did not Lady Briancourt steal her at the same time she carried off the child of poor Miss Clara?"
This was the account which the lawyer had given him of the transaction, and which the speaker believed to be the transaction.

to be the true one.

"False!" said Barnes. "Lady Briancourt had nothing to do with the abduction of the children."

"Who, in the fiend's name, had, then?

Barnes pointed to Quirk.

He?

"He, and no other," continued the house-steward. He gave a fellow, well-known in the country as a "He gave a fellow, strolling vagabond, fifty pounds to remove them from the cottage. Lady Briancourt did but save them from the life of obscurity and shame to which that villain would have consigned them."
"Quirk!" exclaimed Ned Cantor, in an exulting

tone, "for once you have forgotten your own lessons, and brought your neck within the pale of the law! But I'll not be hard upon you," he added, "for old acquaintance sake, though you did steal my child; we were pals too many years for that!"

The vulgar tone and avowed intimacy of the speaker

with the lawyer inflicted an additional pang upon the sensitive heart of Jane—in the presence of her lover, "Come!" said the returned convict, addressing her

"Come!" said the returned convict, acuressing may,
"if is time that we left this house!"

"We left it;" replied Jane, in a voice of terror.
"Ay!" continued her father—for such, beyond a
doubt, was the relationship between them. You don't
suppose I'm a-goin' to leave you here, do ye, with those
who will teach you to despise your own flesh and
blood? No, no!"
Ske Phineas Briancourt highly enjoyed the scene
He had neither forrotten nor foreiven the spirited re-

He had neither forgotten nor forgiven the spirited re-tort he had received from Jane on the morning he encountered her and Mary at Fulton, and, like a das-tard thought the present moment of her discress the

"Yes," he said, "you had better go, young woman!"
Of course this is no longer a place for you! I cannot permit my cousin to continue such an improper association! I dare say," he added, "Lady Briancourt will permit you to take your clothes with you."
Harry Sinclair walked deliberately up to the speaker, and whispered in his ear:
"Sin Dhine."

"A coward!" faltered the baronet, turning very

"A coward—a miserable, spiritless coward!" re-peated the young man; "one word more of insult or outrage to that poor girl, and by heavens I'll kick you

like a cur into the street."

Jane could not catch the words, but she guessed what was passing between them, and, woman-like, trembled for the safety of her lover. Had she known how utterly void of courage and manhood the crest-fallen Sir Phineas really was, she might have spared

fallen Sir Phineas really was, she hight have spans-herself the pain.

"Not for me, Harry!" she said; "pray do not quarrel for me, for I neither fear nor resent the un-nanly triumph of that titled thing!"

"Insolent!" exclaimed Quirk, who felt that his age

protected him from the chastisement which Harry

protected nm from the chastisement which Harry threatened to inflict upon his grandson.

"Come, Meg?" said her father; "you have not kissed me yet! Let us quit this place!"

"I cannot permit," observed Sir Outhbert Sinclair, for the first time interfering, "this young lady to be removed, without the consent of Mrs. Graham—or Lady Briancourt!"

"Aln't I her father?"

"Aln't I her father?"

" I don't know ! "Ask old Quirk there!"

"I shall neither take his word nor yours upon the subject!" coolly answered Sir Cuthbert. "Retire, my love!" he said, addressing the bewildered Jane. my love!" he said, addressing the newmorrow onne-et If this person really possesses the claim he as-serts he does, he must prove it incontestably, and by the evidence of respectable witnesses, in a court of

law!"

"And should he prove it!" said Jane, with modest "And should no prove it?" said sane, with modest firmness, "I will pay him the obedience and love of a child! I shall never blush," she added, fixing her eyes upon Sir Phineas, "because my birth is humble; especially when I see those whom accident has ele-vated to superior rank so miserably disgrace it!"

Ned Cantor felt a sickening sensation, mingled with pride and newly-awakened tenderness for his girl. For the first time in his life, he trembled lest the brand

For the first time in his life, he trembled lest the brand upon his name should be revealed.

"How very pretty it would sound in a romance!" exclaimed the baronet; "the humble, honest home of Ned Cantor! Ha, ha, ha!"

The convict glared fiercely upon him—but Sir Phineas had no fear of him. He imagined that his rank would be sufficient protection.

"Beware!" muttered Ned.

"Beware!" muttered Ned.

"Beware of what?" haughtily demanded Sir Phineas. "Do you suppose that I should measure my words at the threat of a convicted felon?—a fellow who—"

Before he could complete the sentence, the heavy hand of Ned Cantor felled him to the ground.

Then, unable to endure the look of agony, surprise, and shame with which his horror-stricken child regarded him, the pardoned convict rushed from the house, muttering curses on the lawyer and his granders.

Jane was assisted to her chamber by Barnes and Harry Sinclair: the last blow had crushed her.

"A folon's child!" she murmured; "any doom would have been preferable to that."

The gentlemen resolved to postpone all further explanations till the following day; and Quirk and his crest-fallen grandson reluctantly left the house. They did so when Sir Cuthbert and Dr. Harland declared that fixed resolution of remaining as long as thay their fixed resolution of remaining as long as they stayed in it, in order to protect Lady Briancourt and

stayed in it, in order to protect Lady Brancourt and her family from further outrage.

"Father," exclaimed Charles Harland, grasping the hand of his parent, as soon as they were alone, "my happiness, my life, depend upon you. Mary, whatever the conduct of her grandmother has been, is not less pure and good, less worthy of my love, than when my heart first acknowledged her worth."

"I admit it," replied the rector.

"And recoverill rect withdraw your consent?"

"And you will not withdraw your consent?"
"On the contrary," said his father; "I confirm it.
I cannot explain to you all my reasons, but, could I have chosen a wife for you from the noblest families of England, irrespective of your happiness and her virtues, there is not one I should prefer to the granddaughter of Lady Briancourt."

(To be continued)

ANOTHER YEAR.

ANOTHER year is past and gone, With all its hopes and fears;
Its joys and cares alike are fleet,
Its sighs, its smiles, and tears.

A band of friends last year stood round, But now, oh! where are they? Some have left me, grown estranged, And some have "passed away."

Tis sorrowful and hard to bear, When those we love must die; But harder still, when love doth change, And yet we know not why!

When calumny hath been at work, With its all-blighting breath, Detraction robbing you of love 'Tis worse, far worse, than death.

It leaves a void, an aching void, Which nought can ever fill, Though other friends may claim the heart, That place is vacant still.

Moss-Rose Bud.

GAS AND WATER FOR JERUSALEM .- Jerusalem is coming under the Londonian system of pipes under the causeway, for this, that, and the other—that is by this gas, by that water, and by the other sewage. We hear that Mr. J. I. Whitty, C.E., has been commis-sioned to estimate the cost of supplying Jerusalem with water. He argues that there can be no difficulty with water. He argues that there can be no difficulty in supplying the wants of the present population, which amounts to 20,330, their habitations occupying 218½ acres; and he calculates that for constructing a main sewer, repairing cisterns, forming drains, and restoring Herod's aqueduct from Solomon's Pools, a greater sum than £8,479 would not be required; while the most essential part of the works might be com-pleted for £4,986. If there be a charitable work about pleted for £4,986. If there be a charitable work about the utility of which there can be no dispute, it is that which would cleanse and beautify the most celebrated city in the world, and restore health to its inhabi-

MR. CHARLES KEAN IN AUSTRALIA.-A Melbourne paper says that the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Kean to Australia suggests far other and higher considerations than are comprised in the mere pleasure of witnessing their performances. The advantage is not so much that of immediately agreeable reminiscenes as of the utilimate of immediately agreeable resulting effect of our securing an able and intelligent exponent of our social condition and progress. The opportunities Mr. Kean possesses of disabusing the public mind in England of those ignorant prejudices they still continue to entertain towards us will be used, we are quite sure, with the best results to our-selves. He will have seen with his own eyes how reasonable are our demands to be considered some-thing beyond a new settlement undergoing the dis-agreeable transition from a condition of unorganised unorganised aggregation to that of a complete and systematic com-munity. He will have discovered that we are much nearer to the latter condition than to the former. He will have perceived that, in our dramatic institutions, we have arrived at a degree of completeness which, if it is to be taken as an indication of a corresponding degree of refinement in our general habits and modes of living, must prefer for us a claim to be but little behind our friends at home, and his own habits of careful observation will enable him to verify the correctness of this indication. It is by this means that

the bonds which knit us to the parent soil will be made strenger and more enduring. We require but to be understood, and being understood there can be to be understood, and being understood there can be but little fear of our having proper justice done to as. In this way, Mr. Kean's coming among us is to be looked upon as a great national advantage. He will find attentive, intelligent, and nicely discerning suffiences, very prompt to recognize all his great merits, and acutely sensible of the great good he has rendered to the drama; and he will discover, also, that the ability to estimate what is good in the drama, and great in himself, is very accurately proportionate to the faculty we possess of comprehending the ra-quirements that refined minds and cultivated habits

suggest.

Poisoning of a Bridge.—The Europe of Frankfort
publishes an account of a strange case of poisoning
at Wiesbaden, after a wedding-dinner at which about
20 persons were present. In the evening a dance was
organized, when during the quadrille the bride Mille.

von Puyenbrock, was taken suddenly ill. Medical
assistance was obtained, but unmistakeable symptoms
of consening declared themselves and the young belonger. assistance was obtained, but unmistakeable symptoms of poisoning declared themselves, and the young lady expired a few hours later, it is supposed from something eaton at the dinner. Either from the grief occasioned by this unexpected calamity, or from the effects of some unwholesome food, the bridegroom died two days after in great agony. With the exception of a few elight cases of indisposition the other persons present escaped.

AN EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENON.—Hunsdorf, in Hungary, is a small place, with a Jowish community of about 150 families, in which there are not less than 20 individuals between the age of 80 and 90. One of these octogenarians, Rabbi Abraham Yathom, was for the last 40 years blind of both eyes, and his wife, a centenarian, served him as a guide in his visits to the synagogue or any other place. At last the sold haly died. Who was now to be the guide of the old man? But lo! a few months ago, Rabbi Abraham awoke one fine morning, and behold the long, long night had departed from his eyes. He could again see the golden rays of the sun. Yes, the power of vision was restored rays of the sair. I res, the power of visual was restored to him in its full vigour, and the plous old man is now seen daily, morning and evening, hastening to the place of worship, without a guide, there to pour forth thanks to the All-merciful for the mercy shown

THREATENED DESTRUCTION OF TOOTING COMMON. THERATENED DESTRUCTION OF TOOTING COMMON.

—Application has been made to the Inclosure Commissioners by the proprietor of Tooting Common to build upon a part of it a number of villa residences. One of the Assistant Commissioners has opened an inquiry in the village on the subject, and on the result of his report the destruction of the common, which has so long been a source of enjoyment to the inhalitants of the contloy understand t tants of the southern suburbs, appears to depend. It is stated on behalf of the proprietor that the present scheme does not involve an occupation of the tract, but is only an application for "permission to build round the outskirts of it," under obligation "to keep the remainder for the public inviolate." But the lineal measurement of the outskirts is only about a mile and a half, and taking at only 60 yards the deph which would be required for each house and its private plot, together with the necessary readways, there would actually remain for the benefit of the public not one-third of the present open land.

ENGLISH AND SCOTCH MORALS,-Mr. Cochrane, ENGLISH AND SCOTCH MORALS.—Mr. Cochrane, first minister of Cupar-Fife, has delivered a lecture descriptive of his experiences during a recent tour, in the course of which, he said, he saw a festival of the Foresters at Hampton Court, where there were 70,000 persons assembled, dressed like so many Robin Hoods; but he did not think there was a single case of intexipersons assembled, dressed like so many moun moves, but he did not think there was a single case of intoxication among the whole of that large multitude. He could not help contrasting the behaviour of that assembly with what happened among ourselves on similar occasions. It seemed that Scotch people could not meet without getting themselves intoxicated—without meet without getting themselves intoxicated—without getting into low public-houses, and getting themselves made utterly useless in an hour's time. That was a practice which ought to be discountenanced by every right-thinking man. Another thing he noticed was the good-humour of an English crowd. He remembered being in London and seeing the Lord Mayor's show pess by, and he thought he never was in the midst of so many jokes, cheery, and amusing remarks. Among these crowds he never heard anything like bad language; whereas, in our town here, at last market, when he walked from one end to the at last hiring market, when he walked from ene end to the other, he heard more blasplemy within ten yards than he heard during all the previous part of his life. When down at the railway-station, he saw scenes there the most degrading in the world. Scores of young men from the country—apparently farm servants—were beastly drunk, and were uttering oaths and obscure language of the most decisable kind; they were, in fact, utterly unfit to be allowed to travel in railway environment.

THE 4 Ir h said Sir do not pr The asked Re "I ne Rashleig "Theriellow!" ruffle it.

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painter.

Sir Ra to drive Madai uccessf was not awe of l had had counter could co n adame l is con estinac easury ality, xtende To se sulted bich 1

e use pistol made ell th ng as lice, er, an So I



SIR RASHLEIGH BRANDON FINDS HIMSELF IN BOUGH COMPANY.

SIBYL'S CLIFF.

CHAPTER X.

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THE BATTLE .- THE CHEAP LODGING-HOUSE.

"Ir has never been my custom to yield to menaces, mid Sir Rashleigh, with aggravating coolness, "and I

do not propose to depart from it to-night." Then you will not comply with my demand? asked Red Cravat.

"I never will comply with demands," replied Sir

maniegn.
"Then garde à ross, look out for yourself, my fine fellow!" roared the bully. "I shall soon spoil that smooth countenance, that looks as if nothing could ruffle it."

"Are you mad, Sir Brandon?" whispered the inter. "He is capable of killing you." Sir Rashleigh smiled scornfully; the look appeared painter.

de drive his antagonist to fury.

Madame Poisson might possibly have interfered successfully in behalf of the painter's friend, for there was not a man in that assembly who did not stand in awe of her. Some of them were her debtors, and a dettor is always at the mercy of his creditor; others had had an experience of the hardness of her knuckles and the sharpness of her claws, and did not care to encounter then again, while a third class knew that she ould consign them to the guillotine by a word. But nadame felt no little resentment against Sir Rashleigh. is compliance with Red Cravat's demand would have

is compliance with Red Cravat's domand would have must a good many francs into her till, and his distinacy she sensibly regarded as a fraud upon her teasury. She therefore determined on a strict neutably, whether the war was confined to words or stended to overt acts.

To say the truth, Red Cravat was a little daunted by the freezing imperturbability of the man he had issilted. There was a moral superiority about him, which had its natural effect upon a lower nature. Had te use of deadly weapons been allowed, he would not a very health and the policy of the control of t

presented itself. He was in hopes some of his friends | lead through that thick skull of yours, before your would remonstrate with him, and he prepared gracefully to subside. But his bosom friend decided his | The man obeyed, quivering with passion. fate otherwise.

"Go in, and win!" he cried, clapping the bully on

"Yes, pitch into the niggardly aristocrat!" cried a dozen voices. "Who knows but what he is a mouchard!"

dozen voices. "Who knows but what he is a mouchard!"

"Down with him!" cried a lady, brandishing an empty bottle, evidently a legitimate descendant of the fish-fags of the first revolution.

Thus impelled, the champion of the cellar deliberately untied his cravat, tossed it to his friend, and pulled his bleuse over his head. Sir Rashleigh simply slipped his gold watch into the painter's pocket. The little artist was terribly alarmed. He could have looked with perfect equanimity on the desperate strife of cavalry, artillery, and infantry—indeed, he was very fond of painting battle-pieces—but he had a Frenchman's horror of what he called leboxe. Sir Rashleigh, however, was trained in another school, and strong in the consciousness of science, a waited the assault without the slightest perturbation.

The bully put all the strength of his muscular right arm into the first tremendous blow he simed at the slight but well-knit frame of his antagonist, but, to the surprise of the spectators, it encountered only empty air, while Sir Rashleigh retorted with a "facer," that sent the Frenchman reeling half his length, and almost threw him off his balance. Infuriated at this punishment, he returned to the charge like a mad bull, but only to receive a right and left-hander, delivered with the speed of lightning and the force of a paviour's rammer. Down he went like a log, amidst the consternation of his immediate friends, and the exultation of many present, who had acted as the "Monsieur," said the thief, who had acted as the

"Monsieur," said the thief, who had acted as the fallen champion's backer, "you have slain my friend, and I shall expect satisfaction from you."

and I shall expect satisfaction from you.

But the bully was far from being exterminated. He sprang to his feet, and rushed upon Sir Rashleigh a third time. A third time the Englishman guarded

third time. A third time the Englishman guarded adroitly, and delivered his one—two, with smashing force, and down went the fallen giant, the blood pouring from his mouth, nostrils and ears, a red rain.

The sight was too much for his friend and backer. A knife gleamed in his hand; but Madame Poisson jumped on the counter with the alacrity of a cat, and levelled a cocked pistol at his head.

"Put up that apple-parer, my infant!" she cried, in an ear-pieroing voice; "or I'll put a half-ounce of

know what's hurt you."

The man obeyed, quivering with passion.

Red Cravat did not come to time. Some kind friend-

Red Cravat du not come to time. Some and trans-dashed a glass of water in his face, and his senses were-slowly restored. He sat up, wiped his lips and fore-head, passed his brawny hand over his head, and then-stared at Sir Rashleigh with a strange expression of terror and curiosity. Finally he rose to his feet, and. walked up to his antagonist, with his hands un-clamphed.

wanted up to his always and clenched.

"Monsieur," said he, humbly, "will you let me lookat your hand?"

Sir Rashleigh disdainfully complied with the re-

The fellow turned it over, and examined it as euriously as if it had been some rare work of art-instead of nature's finishing. "I have heard of the band of steel in the glove of

"I have heard of the hand of steel in the glove of velvet, but I never understood what it meant till tonight. A thousand devils! you don't deal in love-taps.
monsieur. You made me see more stars than I could count, and it seems as if all the bells in Notre Dame were ringing a triple bob-major in my skull. What apity you aren't one of us!"

"Henceforth," said Sir Rashleigh, "I think you'llhe a little more eareful how you insult strangers."

be a little more careful how you insult strangers."
"I accept the lesson, monsieur," said the bully, humbly, as he put on his blouse, and re-tied his cravat,

ith the assistance of his crony.

The rough men who crowded the cellar now looked. The rough men who crowded the cellar now lookedon Sir Rashleigh with curious respect, while the representatives of the fairer portion of humanity, ever
ardent-in the appreciation of the valour they de notpossess, bent on him looks of undisguised admiration.
"And now, Madame Poisson," said Sir Rashleigh,
turning to the counter, on which he flung a gold
piece, "I beg you will give these ladies and gentlemen whatever they call for."

A loud cheer burst from the throats of the assembly. How easily boucht are popular suffrages! The

A four direct ourse from the threats of the assembly. How easily bought are popular suffrages! The jaded waiters, however, cursed the generosity of the stranger, which suddenly gave them tenfold occupation. Madame Poisson, however, smiled as sweetly as

tion. Madame Poisson, however, smiled as sweetly asshe could on her liberal patron.

"If monsieur would like a bettle of the genuineBurgundy," she whispered; "not such as these people
drink, it is heartily at his service."

"I wish for nothing, madame. I am here to-night
to see one of your clients, who calls himself —"
"He means the Crow," hastily interposed the painter. "That's the name St. George goes by here," he

" Oh! Le Corbeau. Well, he has been and gone. He has been indulging pretty freely—was stupid and sleepy, and has gone to bed." py, and has gone to bed."
You can't tell where he lodges, madame?

"You can't tell where he lodges, madame?"
"Yes, I can," she replied, with a sweet smile. "He as poor as his name now—poor as a crow, literally, ad consequently he lodges in the Rue Pierre-Lescot."
"The deuce!" cried the painter.
"It is as I tell you, monsieur."

"It is as I tell you, monsieur."
"It is as I tell you, monsieur."
"Then we must be going," said the painter. "It

"Only ten o'clock," said the landlady, ostentatiously

onsulting a splendid gold watch, set with jewels. You need not tear yourselves away."
"Your company is very attractive, madame," said to painter. "But the hour is late for us, and we

the painter. "But the hour is late for us and we must tear ourselves away."

"Don't make it so long before you call again—you and your brave friend," said the lady.

"I do not forget my friends so easily," said the painter. "Ah! one thing I had almost forgot—at what number does Le Corbeau lodge?"

No 16."

"Thank you. Good-night, madame."
"Good-night, my children."

porter bowed very respectfully, as the two ssed him. He had been a witness of the battle,

men passed him. He had been a witness of the battle, and admired the prowess of the victor.

"And is this Rue Pierre-Lescot far from here?" asked Sir Rashleigh, when they were once more in

Only a short distance, Sir Brandon."

"Only a snort distance, on many of the state in the shadow, stopping every moment and looking about him. At last he emits a low whistle. A window is opened, and a light is shown. He makes for the doorway of the house, but before he can reach it, a band of hidden men leap out of the darkness, seize and bind him. The night-bird is an assassin, who has escaped the search of the police—he only comes back to Paris by night, and very seldom even then. But no murderer can escape arrest for ever."
"None!" said Sir Rashleigh, in a deep voice

And so," continued the little painter, nab their man. At the row in the street, the win fly open, and men's and women's heads appear. and terror they behold their comrade dragged away-they will never see him again, till he appears on the scaffold of the guillotine to be made a head

shorter. But here we are in the Rue Pierre-Lescot."

The miserable shops in the lower stories of the houses were all closed, and the lamps were burning dinly. But there were rows of paper lanterns sus-pended from the second story windows, on which were inscribed "On Loge à la Nait-Lodgings by

We must look out now for No. 16." said the

They had not gone far before they saw this number on one of the lanterns.

"Here is his lodging-house," said the painter. "It is one of the cheapest in the street."

What is the price of a lodging here?"

"Two sous! Can they furnish a bed for that?"

"They don't pretend to-but come in.

They went into a doorway, and ascending a rickety wooden staircase, entered a low but spacious hall, lighted by a single lamp, placed in a lantern hung in middle of the ceiling.

Does Le Corbeau lodge here?" asked Bruno.

nswer of a man who sat at a pine-table at the door.

Ion't make a noise."

Sir Rashleigh looked with astonishment at the scene services the second with asconsament at the scene presented to his view. Four rows of sleepers lay extended on the bare floor, the lines being separated by ropes, stretched the length of the dirty and dingy apartment. It was a pandemonium of strange figures apartment. It was a pandemonium or strange against and dilapidated costumes. Here was a man who had come in drunk and, fallen on his back, was snoring soundly, with his mouth wide open. There two ill-looking fellows, broad awake, were whispering to apartment. southly, with a houter water open. Infere we in-looking fellows, broad awake, were whispering to each other, one of them showing some article which he land doubtless stolen. Here lay a young man, deadly pale, his arms crossed on his breast, his eyes fixed upon the ceiling, engaged in profound and painful reflection. He was a workman who had been on the spree for a week, who had exhausted his last sou, and was obliged to return to his labour on the morrow with shattered nerves and a conscience ill at ease. There was an old man sitting up, propped against the wall, mending, by the dim light, a rent in his coat, while a slight and delicate child, leaving against him, was aleeping soundly. Fever and want had hollowed his cheeks, and in his slumber the child murmured the word "mother!" He was dreaming of the happy

days that preceded his orphanage, when he had a home

and enjoyed, at least, the ordinary comforts of life.

Sometimes the repose of this wretched dormitory
was broken, as the painter whispered to his companion,
by a visit from the police. They roused up the
sleepers, and compelled each one to show his papers,
and give an account of himself; for not seldom thieves and assassina, reduced to the last extremity, find lodgings in Paris. At twelve o'clock the light is extinguished, and silence reigns throughout this wretched abode of misery.

abode of misery.

The painter picked his way among the eleepers, till he reached the prostrate form of "the Crow," as he was styled, alies the Chevalier St. George, alies Konrad Wolfert. This prostrate form, clothed in sordid rags, was an inert mass, buried in projound slumber. He took hold of the sleeper's collar and shook him.

"What the deuce do you want?" he growled. "It

"What the deuce do you want?" he growled. "It isn't morning yet."
"No, but a friend wants to see you."
"A friend, That's droll. I thought I lost my last friend when I parted with my last five-franc piece. What! is it you, Napoleon? A queer time and place for a visit."

"Ah! there's another friend waiting to see you. You

must get up."
"Not for twenty friends, Napoleon."

"Not for Sir Rashleigh Brandon?"
"Sir Rashleigh Brandon, my eld friend! Where is he?

"There by the door."

"Give me your hand, Nap., and set me on my

legs."
"This way, chevalier." Konrad was still under the effects of the liquor drunk in the earlier part of the evening; that is, though not perfectly sober, he was imperfectly drunk, and he not perfectly sober, no was imperiectly druna, and he stumbled over more than one sleeper, who cursed him roundly for disturbing him.

"My dear Sir Rashleigh, this is really kind of you," said Konrad. "I began to fear my letter had miscarried. When did you get it?"

"Three days aco."

"Three days ago."
"Where are you putting up?"

"At Meurice's, of course."
"A fine hotel, but confoundedly expensive. Now hotel is not fine, but it's remarkably cheap. Sir Rashleigh, I should like to make a night of it, if I were dressed a little better."

"You're not in a condition to talk of business to-

night, I see," said Sir Rashleigh.
"No—I am not. I must clear my head by a sound

night's sleep." "If you'll accept a sofa in my painting-room, said the artist, "it is heartily at your service."

"Well, Bruno-I accept.

Sir Rashleigh took the painter aside, and put a sum of money in his hand.

Get him a good breakfast in the morning," he said, "and such a suit of ready-made clothes as he chooses to order. I will call round on you at eleven

The three men descended to the street, and Sir Rashleigh called a hackney-coach. Having set down the painter and Kourad in the Rue des Tenebres, he as driven himself to Meurice's, where he flung himself upon his bed, worn out with the adventures of the evening.

CHAPTER XL

AN IMPORTANT INTERVIEW. THE CHEVALIER IN HIS GLORY.

SIR RASHLEIGH did not fail to keep his appointment on the following morning. Precisely at eleven o'clock, a.m., he tapped at the door of the studio, and received an invitation to enter. He did so, and saw an elegantly-dressed gentleman sitting at the easel, putting some bold touches of colour on an unfinished head

"Talco a seat, sir," said this exquisite, without turning his head; "you won't interrupt me—I like company when I am at work."

Patent leather boots, immaculately fitting black

pantaloons and coat, a spotless white vest, crossin which a broad black ribbon sustained a double eye which a broad black ribbon sustained a double eye-glass: such were the outward adornments of the person who occupied the seat of Napoleon Bruno. A glossy black hat, a pair of lavender-coloured kid gloves, and a light walking-stick were laid on a stool beside the easel. Who could this fine gentleman be? He turned his head towards his visitor, with a roguish twinkle in his dark eyes, and then, in the handsome but sinister face, Sir Rashleigh recognized the man he came to meet.

"Konrad!" said he.
"The Chevalier de St. George, if you please," replied the quondam gipsy—quondam vagabond.
"Excuse me fer not recognizing you at the first

Willingly, mon cher. You see, now, what money, judiciously expended, can accomplish. I rather flatter myself I can pass muster on the boulevards towards dusk, or even in a salon by gaslight."

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Sir

"You are quite a dashing figure."

"I am not amiss, I think!" said the adventurer,

"I am not amiss, I think!" said the adventurer,

eyeing himself complacently in a Psyche glass. "Ah!

now, if fortune but send in my way some elderly

marchioness with a plentiful stock of tin, and a penchant for a young husband, I may prove a successful candidate for the honours of matrimony, Nothing so respectable as wedlock, Sir Rashleigh, and it is quite time for me to become a ranged man—a French idiom for settled in life."

"A truce to your matrimonial speculations," said Sir Rashleigh. "I did not come to Paris to listen to them, and you, I think, urged me to visit you for some

ness, then i

I am "Well, then, I have some important information to

You are in a mood for talking busi-

impart—for a consideration, of course."

"Of course; I do not expect you to help me with-

out an equivalent.

"I am not a man to be guilty of that weakness, Sir Rashleigh. Some persons would make a bargain be-forehand, but I was in a tight place. You have already extricated me from it, and I will trust to your

generosity."
"Stay!" said Sir Rashleigh. "Are we perfectly free from eavesdroppers, and from interruptions

here?"

"Perfectly, there is no soul upon this floor but ourselves, and Napoleon will not be back for two hours.

Draw your chair nearer. You are aware that the removal from this sublunary sphere of A. Franklin, Esq., was but one point in the great game you are playing?"

Sir Rashleigh made no reply, and the self-styled charmler want on

chevalier went on.
"The individual alluded to-there is no need of mentioning his name—left a wife and child."
"Yes," said Sir Rashleigh, clenching his hands con-

vulsively.

"The wife is a young woman—and I should say, a good wife; the boy, a fine, robust little fellow about seven years old."
"Go on."

"Ah! if the grandfather could see either of them. it would be all over with you, Sir Rashleigh. Mrs. Franklin is one of the loveliest women I ever set my eyes on-one of the most fascinating; the boy, a perangel."
Why do you enlarge on their merits?" cried Sir

Rashleigh, with irritation.
"To show you your danger. If the widow had the slightest clue to the identity of her dear departed, she would seek Cakland Manor House at once, put in her claim, and sweep away the inheritance from you, or, at least, as Hotspur says, slice you 'a huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out." "Who and what was she?"

"Who and what was she?"

"The orphan daughter of a village curate—Wilson, I think, the old gent's name was. From her mother she inherited beauty—the rarest beauty—from her father she received all he had to give, a finished elucation. She was left, quite young, with an aunt so poor that she could hardly keep out of the almshouse. Arthur Franklin was nearly as poor when he married her—and they led a hard life of it, I tell you, he was forced to go to see to keep up married employments to forced to go to sea, to take up menial employments, to turn every stone to support his wife and child and

himself."
"Had she any idea that she had married above her

"Had she any idea that she had married above her station?" asked Sir Rashleigh.

"An inkling. She could not but see that A. F. was born a gentleman—that he was not used to the rude labours he assumed, for her sake. The old-maid anut. Miss Wilson, opposed the match—she said poverty wedded to poverty made misery. The old girl was right—so the marriage was a chandestine one."

"But was it legal?"

"Are wear the compared to have and fast for life I.

"Aye, aye, they were tied hard and fast for life, I warrant you. They were married in the town of Newcastle, by an old rector named Popkins, I remember the state of the state ber him well-more by token, Ranting Bob and I cleaned out his hen-roost one night, when the moon

"And this man who solemnized this ill-assorted marriage, is he alive still?"

"No, the poor old fellow is under the sod."

"Of course this woman has her marriage certifi-

cate."
"No, she has not, or, at least, she did not have it a "No, she has not, or, at least, she did not have it a widow. short time before she unexpectedly became a widow. You see, Arthur Morton, as he was called, made quite a confidant of me. The reverend gent who performed the private marriage was very old and very forgeful, and when Arthur heard of his death, he said he would get the signature witnessed and authenticated by the

bishop of his diocese. I know for a fact that he had bishop of instances. It is possession and on his person a few days before he—in short, before he met you for the last time on Sibyl's Cliff, on the night of the 12th of September, 1842.

of sinster fire shot from the dark eyes of A gream of shaker he shot from the tark eyes of Sir Rashleigh Brandon. His busy brain was at work upon a scheme he had been revolving while listening to the talk of his companion. Konrad watched him

"You have forgotten to tell me one thing," said Brandon. "Where do this woman and her brat

nt. Do you know the place? Well." In the village of Moorlands—ten miles from Clare-

"You remember the long lane that runs to the northwest from the village green, and loses itself in the est path across the meadows?"
"Yes, I remember the locality. I have often ridden

through that lane."
"Well, then, you must recollect an old, ruinous, weather-beaten, two-story house, that stands far from any other habitation, on the left-hand side as you leave the village, about a mile distant from it."

"That, too, I remember perfectly."
"There the widow and her child live—or, at least,

"There the widow and her child live—or, at least, they did, a few weeks since."

"They would be likely to be still the.o?"

"Yes, for she would be expecting him whom she will never see again this side of the grave."

Sir Rashleigh mussel long, with drooping head and clasped hands. Konrad was the first to break de

silence.
"Sir Rashleigh," said he, "I have made a c..an breast of it. I have told you, without reservation, all I know about these people, and you cannot deny that I fairly represented the information as valuable."

"I admit that it is so—that is, if rightly used."

"You are not the man to misapply it. Now, as I said before, I expect to be rewarded, and that liberally, for this intelligence, but I leave the reward entirely to your generality."

for his intelligence, but I leave the several country your generosity."

"Konrad," said Brandon, "I will deal frankly with you, as I have every reason to believe you will behave frankly with me. I might say that, by your own slowing, this woman is not likely to have any valid proof of her marriage. But again, I freely concede that, gifted as you represent her to be with extraordinary charms, she might, if she guessed when she that, girled as you represent her to be with extraor-dinary charms, she might, if she guessed when she was married, even without legal proof of her status, so win upon my old doting uncle, that he might pro-vide liberally for her brat, even if he did not take it into his head to settle the bulk of the property upon her. Now you are in the possession of the secret that might prove a fortune to her, namely, the identity of Arthur Morton and Arthur Franklin. I must make it for your interest to be true to me."

I have no desire to treat with any other party. "Not to mention that I know of certain practices of yours in England," said Brandon, "that the law is apt to treat with relentless severity."
"Pardon me for interupting you," said Konrad, "but permit me to remark, Sir Rashleigh, that you shoot

permit me to remark, Sir Kasnleigh, that you shoot wide of the mark when you make such a suggestion. I admit that I have not always paid that respect to the statutes of the realm which a good subject is bound to accord, but I possess a secret of such tremendous importance, that were I to take my chances in a court of law I should be sure of impunity for the consequences of any little peccadilloes in the past, if I chose to assume the interesting position of Queen's evidence,"

"You are right, Kourad, and I was wrong," said

"You are right, Konrad, and I was wrong," said Sir Rashleigh. "Then I appeal, solely, t. your interest. It is the true motive that governs all men. I have the will to make it worth your while to be true to me-I regret that my means are not equally

"Come, now, don't put in the plea of poverty, I beg,
Sir Rashleigh," said Konrad, sarcastically.
"I am not absolutely a beggar, it is true," said Sir
Rashleigh, "but I have at present nothing but what

allows me."

And what you can make as steward of his estate "I have to be very careful in that capacity,
Sir Rashleigh. "My accounts must be arranged very
adroitly, and the tenants must not be strained too
hard. I have too much at stake to jeopardise my
future for a present limited gain."

"Well, there's something in that," said Konrad.

"Still, I can manage to get hold of enough to make
you a liberal allowance—so that you can live comfortably on the continent, while awaiting the death of
lay uncle, and the realization of my heirship."

"But I must have something handsome down. I owe
money—I can't show my face in Paris without it."

"I am coming to that, Konrad. I have with me
the sum of three hundred pounds."

"Ah! now you're talking like a man of sense!" I have to be very careful in that capacity," said Rashleigh. "My accounts must be arranged very

"Ah! now you're talking like a man of sense!" cried Konrad, rubbing his hands.

"This I will pay over to you at once," said Sir

Rashleigh. "But I implore you to reflect that even I cannot command so large a sum as three hundred pounds often, You can't expect to live like a prince whilst my affairs are in their present unsettled

state."

"Don't be afraid of my running down so again. I have had a severe lesson, and one that will last me, Sir Rashleigh. I shan't lodge another night in the Rue Pierre-Lescot—I had rather stretch myself in the

Sir Rashleigh counted out the sum he had mentioned, and it was carefully secured.

"Is the arrangement satisfactory?" asked Brandon.

"Perfectly. You are a man of your word and a gentleman—and so sure as there's honour among thieves, you may count upon my never betraying you so long as you are true to me. That's as good—better than if I had sworn it. And now, Sir Rashleigh, where are you going?" are you going?"
"To Meurice's, to settle my bill—and then I leave

Paris directly.'

"I will go to Menrice's with you."
"You don't surely think of living at so expensive an hotel?

"Only for a day or two—just long enough to rehabilitate myself there—I left it under a cloud, you

Sir Rashleigh sat down and wrote a hasty adieu to Sir Rashleigh sat down and wrote a hasty adien to the painter, enclosing a sum of money for the picture he had commanded, and directing where it should be sent when finished. Then they left the room, Konrad-locking the door, and committing the key to the porter as he left the house. Sir Rashleigh called a back, and directed the coach-man to drive to Meurice's. On the way his companion

remarked:

remarked:
"I'm not going to make Paris my permanent residence. Life in Germany is very agreeable; and there are very pretty pickings among the flats at Hamburg and Baden Baden. Hesides, nobody knows me in Germany—it's a new field to operate in."

Arrived at Meurice's, Konrad entered the house with a most overweening swagger, ordered a room, and then sent for the landlord. At first sight that in-

and then sent for the landlord. At list sight that in-dividual did not recognize his former lodger. "Do you remember me?" asked Konrad, sternly. "Word of honour—it is—it is the Chevalier St.

"Word of honour—it is—it is the Chevalier St. George."

"Yes, sir, the Chevalier St. George," replied the adventurer. "I left your house, sir," he continued, "being summoned away suddenly by an important despatch from my friend the reigning sovereign of the duchy of Hesse-Cassel, without having time to attend to your small bill. I have it with me, I think. Yes, here it is; and here, sir, is a bank-note," at the same time tendering the money. "Now, please to pay yourself and return me the balance."

The landlord took the bill, but not the bank-note. He was trembling like a leaf.

"Now, I will thank you," continued the chevalier, "to send the trunk I left in your charge to my room directly."

directly."

"The trunk!" stammered the landlord.

"Yes, sir, I said the trunk. Good heavens! I hope nothing has happened to that. It was full of mineral specimens from the territory of my friend his Serene. Transparency, the Duke of Hesse-Cassel. They were a sacred doposit."

"Pardon, newdow!"

a sacred deposit."

"Pardon, pardon!" cried the landlord. "But my hononred patron, you went away so suddenly—what could I think? I consulted the lawyers and the police—I acted by authority—I seized the trunk and broke

it open."
"Well, well, sir," cried the chevalier. "But my

precious minerals?"
"Indeed—indeed," cried the terror-stricken land-

"Indeed—indeed," cried the terror-stricten haulord, "I did not know their yalus—I am no lapidary
—I thought they were only paving-stones—that I had
been duped, and, wretch that I was! I ordered them
to be thrown into the Seine."

"Sir!" cried the chevalier, in a tearing passion,
"you shall never hear the end of this. I could disdain—I could contemptuously pardon your suspicions
of my character—but to wantonly destroy the proparts of his Serone Transporters—never will of his Serene Transparency--never--never will I forgive this!

"I implore clemency and silence, noble chevalier! said the landlord. "I will make reparation."
"Reparation!" sneered the chevalier. "I wild dredge the Seine."

"Pshaw!"

"Consider your bill as paid. Consider yourself as
the honoured guest of Meurice's. Your bill is paid in
advance—command all the resources of the house—
you are absolute master of all it contains."

The chevalier strode up and down the room with an ominous frown upon his countenance. At last, he

"Anything your excellency pleases—only don't ruin the reputation of the house."

"An idiet rather than a knave," said the chevalier.
"Hold! I accept your terms, and I forgive you. Send me the best dinner you can get up, and a couple of bottles of Burgundy."
"You shall find no fault with the dinner or the

"Tou shall not no issue was the children of the wine, your excelleney."

"Enough—let it be forthcoming at five o'clock— and now leave me," said the chevalier. "After this cruel disappointment, I have need of repose."

In the office the landlord found Sir Rashleigh wait—

In the office the landlord found Sir Rashleigh waiting to settle his bill.

"Ah, Sir Brandon," said the landlord, "it is nothing. The friend of the Chevalier St. George is welcome to anything my house affords."

"I am not accustomed," said Sir Rashleigh, "to accustome hospitality at public houses. Let me know the amount of your bill."

It was far more moderate than it would have been hospitality as which had into these canada. Sin his for the scene which had into these canada.

but for the scene which had just been enacted. Sir Rashleigh, discharged his obligations, and after a hurried interview with Konrad, took his departure from Paris, anxious to return as speedily as possible to the Manor House, from which he dared not long absent himself, however terrible were the associations now connected with it.

(To be continued)

Son of Pomare.—The infant son of Mr. H. Pomare, one of the New Zealand chiefs now on a visit to this country, was baptized according to the rites of the Church of England, in the district church of St. Paul's, Tottenham. The sponsors were her Majesty the Queen (represented by Miss Margaret Rose Dealtry), Mr. William Dealtry (private secretary to his Grace the Duke of Newcastle), and Mr. Arthur N. Birch (of the Colonial Office). The infant was named, by desire of its royal godmother, Albert Victor. Mrs. Colenso (with whom Mr. and Mrs. Pomare have been staying) acted as interpreter to Mrs. Pomare at the service. A very handsome present to the infant from her Majesty was brought by Mr Dealtry. The present consists of a richly-chased goblet, a spoon, and a knife and fork, all of pure gold. They were supplied by Mr. Turner, of Bond Street. The goblet and also the knife bear the following inscription:—"To Albert Victor Pomare, from his godmother, Queen Victoria, November, 1862." The articles were inclosed in a beautiful case, and were accompanied by a note for £25. Mr. and Mrs. Pomare proceeded to Windsor, to visit her Majesty. They will leave this country on their return home is about a month's time.

A Brave Girl.—A Jew, living in an Hungarian SON OF POMARE. - The infant son of Mr. H. Pomare.

their return home is about a month's time.

A BRAVE GIRL—A Jew, living in an Hungarian village, went out to his devotional exercises on the Day of Atonement. On leaving home he cautioned his daughter not to admit any one into the house. Soon after his departure a man asked for admittance, which the girl refused. The manservant, however, opened the door for him, and was immediately struck down with a hatchet. The robber then burst into the girl's room, and bade hay deliver up to him the opened the door for him, and was immediately struck down with a hatchet. The robber then burst into the girl's room, and bade her deliver up to him the property of her father and prepare for death, as he could not allow her to live, lest she should divulge his name to the authorities. In vain were her entreaties to spare her life. "Then, if I must die" she at last said, "let me rather meet a speedy death at my own land, then a slow linearing and nainful one at hands than a slow, lingering, and painful one at yours." To this the villain consented, and, closely followed by him, she went to the shop, took down from the shelf a bottle, opened it, and carried it to her lips. In a trice the contents of the bottle were in the eyes and face of the robber; with a strick of agony he sank to the ground. The girl was saved. The bottle contained oil of vitriol. The police, who had entered the house on the cry raised by her, found the servant weltering in his blood, and the murderer writhing in agony on the ground. The next day he died.

INDIAN STRENGTH.—Otelne, and Arkaske and one or two others joined us, and we all went together to the store of a trader to turn over his things. I saw to the store of a trader to unrover ms things. It saw a twenty-eight pound weight lying on the counter, and being desirous of testing the strength of the Indians, I asked them to hold it out at arm's length. None of them would begin. I therefore set the example my-self, and held the weight at arm's length for a few seconds. Otelne then tried, but he could not even bring it up to a level with his eye. Arkaske's turn came next, but he, like Otelne, failed to lift the weight. came next, but he, like Otelne, failed to lift the weight. Two or three Montagnais next tried their strength, but none of them succeeded in raising the weight until the outstretched arm became horizontal. I next caught hold of a beam about four inches square, and slowly lifted myself so that my chin rested on the beam, then allowed my arms to assume a perpendicular position: this I repeated half-a-dozen times—a common gymnastic exercise which every schoolboy can do with a little practice. One by one the Indians tried to do the same, but in one instance only did any of them succeed in touching the top of the beam with his chin; the others could not even touch the bottom. It tested the muscular strength of these Indians in various ways muscular strength of these Indians in various ways

but I found them to be all comparatively weak. No doubt they were not in good condition, having most of them been at Seven Islands or on the coast for some weeks, and living on seals and fish. A few weeks in the woods would probably make a change; but their physique is certainly inferior to that of the white man.—Explorations in the Interior of the Labrador Peninsula.—By Henry Foule Hind, M.A., F.R.G.S.

BE KIND TO THE POOR.

Ir was a cold winter's eve of the year 18—, that the sun disappeared among the far-off hills of the busy city of B-, casting a deep gloom all around. The wind whistled with unusual flerceness; the snow fell in large flakes, and the poor were busily engaged in gathering food and fuel to sustain life until the dawn of the morrow. It came came in mildness the silvery rays of the sun flitting over the bay, and, resilvery rays of the sun nitting over the bay, and, re-flecting on the heavy masses of snow, caused them to give way under the gentle influence. The hearts that were fearful of the stormy night beat lighter, and a pleasant smile of joy illumined their faces. They were now busily engaged in making preparation for the remaining storms of that never-to-be-forgotten

We will now turn our attention to a low, darkened we will now turn our attention to a low, darkened-chamber of No. 53, M.— Street, where lived Mrs. Sumner and her son George. They were once wealthy and happy; but, in a low heavy transactions, they were left penniless, and poverty had seized upon them in the sternest manner imaginable. Mrs. Sumner was stricken down with sorrow, and lay upon a couch in one corner of the room, while the only chair was upled by George, who was a bright and interesting f fourteen summers.

As she lay there, borne down by grief and sorrow,

As she my there, borne down by grier and sorrow, no sigh broke from her lips; no tear came to her eyes; she was perfectly calm; but, resigned as she was, the stern immovability of the features told that grief, far deeper than could find any outlet, lay heavy on her hea

heart.

The last ember had gone out, and a quiet chill stole round the room. Fondly did George watch over her; he loved her well; and often he would sit beside the bed and listen unwearied to the histories of other years, when fortune smiled upon them—looking to her almost with reservition as she told of sex time. of her hanny with veneration as she told of past time life until new.

George laboured hard and carnestly; but his carn-gs were not sufficient to sustain them. The rent was sen dae, and Heaven only knew how it was to be ings w paid.

One afternoon, while seated beside the bed, he gave

full vent to all his grief; and, with a tear trickling down his cheek, he said:

"Mother, had I not better go and try to get some-

thing to eat? "

"Yes, my son," answered the mother, in a tone that was full of grief.

George started out upon the hospitality of the calthy to gather subsistence; and, for a long time, met with but little success.

As one of the wealthy merchants was emerging from his costly mansion in full costume, never thinking of those who had not sufficient to support them until the morrow, he was addressed, in a pleading and polite

manner, by George:
"My mother is sick and dying of hunger; our last

penny has been spent; and, if you would give me a few pence I would thank you kindly."
"Get out of my way, you young vagabond," was answered by Henry Leslie, with a scorn on his lip, for

such was his name.

George, with a toar in his eye, but vengeance in his heart, sat down on the steps of the adjoining house, saying silently to himself:

saying siently to himser:
"Must she, whom I love dearer than life, perish for
want of foed? would he only had given me a trifle,
I might have previded against hunger."

His hopes were stunned by being refused by one who had everything in abundance. While sitting there sobbing, a plain, but open-hearted man saw him; and,

sobbing, a plain, but open-hearted man saw him; and, stepping up, in kind tones asked him:

"What are you crying for, my lad?"

George was cheered by the kind tones of the unknown gentleman, and related all the circumstances—of his sick mother, who was perishing for want of food, and the cold-hearted man who refused him a few pence in the dark hour of peril.

The gentleman is one became interested in him.

The gentleman at once became interested in him. for he was a bright intelligent youth; and, in a voice that came from his heart, said:

"I will go along with you and administer to all our wants."

"Heaven bless you," replied George, with a smile that told of receiving assistance. After a long journey through numerous streets and

alleys, they arrived at their destination.

"George did you meet with any success?" were the first words that greeted their ears, coming from the mother, in a low tone, for she was too weak to speak

"Yes, mother," answered George; "and here it is a good gentleman, who said he would assist us. "God bless him," ejaculated Mrs. Sumner.

The gentleman was moved by the kind tones of the other and son, and said:

"Madam, while walking along, my attention was attracted by a lad seated on a step crying; walking up to him I asked him what he was crying for. He

Hastily taking a card from his pocket, he handed it to George, and bid him go at once to Dr. M.—, and tell him to come immediately, while he went to the

nearest shop, and procured provisions."
George took the card, and hurried to his destination as quick as possible. While on the way he looked at the card, and there read, "G. G. Clark."

"I shall remember him," said he to himself. He had been to the doctor's, and was on his home. When he entered the room he found a large basket, filled with provisions, on the table; a bright fire had been kindled; and Mr. Clark was busily engaged in making everything appear as cheerful as

"The doctor will be here in a few minutes," said So much the better," said Mr. Clark.

"So much the better," said Mr. Clark.
Mrs. Summer lay upon an aching bed of pain; but
was still. Her heart was lifted up in prayer, and long
and fervently did she pray for him who was trying to
cheer and comfort her in sorrow.

The doctor at last arrived; and on entering the

room he saw lying, in one corner, the sick and dying

"Do yeu think there is any hope, doctor?" asked Mr. Clark, in tones fearful of the result.
"It is too late," replied the doctor. "Already that fatal heart-disease has won its victim; but I shall do all in my power to relieve her pain."

He case here a few stimplants: but already she wash

He gave her a few stimulants; but already she was too weak to speak; and it was thought that she could survive no longer than the morrow. George's eyes were filled with tears; and, addressing Mr. Clark,

"How can I thank you for your kindness? I shall ever be able to return it." "I have been paid already," replied Mr. Clark, in a

mild tone.

Before he departed, he handed George five shillings,

and said : "With this you will be able to provide until to-morrow, when I will call again;" and, addressing the doctor, said: "You will do all in your power to relieve

dector, said: "You will do an in your policy her, and I shall recompense you."

They departed together. They had done all in their power; but it was too late. The morrow came—came in sorrow—snow was lying in all the streets; the naked trees, the fron railings—all were robed in the

shroud of winter.

Oh, some cold snow, some cold wind had entered that bouse! The passing traveller looks meurafully up as he wanders on: there must be gloom in that use; yes, the snow-white shroud of death lies upon the brow of an only parent. George watched her patiently; but the spirit had fled silently. Mr. Clark entered—to find her dead, cold dead; the only son with his arms twined lovingly around her neck, and his lips pressed to her cold forehead, almost insensible. With the night had passed the spirit from earth for the night had passed the spirit from earth for He bowed his head reverently and wept aloud, ever. He bowed his nead reversity and weps and and then softly restored George to consciousness.

After considerable exertion, he was restored so much as to be able to speak, when he said:

"Mr. Clark, she is dead, cold dead. Dear mether is

"Yes, she is dead," answered Mr. Clark, with a tear trembling down his check, "and what time did she

"About midnight," replied George. "Before the icy hand of death was laid on her brow she called me to her side, and, taking my hand in hers, said: ""My son, already I see the angels around my bed

o are waiting for me. You have been a good, kind, and always done as I told you.'
Her spirit had fled; the angels had come and carwho are

ried her home."

Tears were rolling fast over his cheeks, and he would have no beautiful mother now. Death had not

even kissed the freshness from the cheek of that dear mother—it smiled in spite of death.

They were now busily engaged in making prepara-tions for the funeral, which was to take place the fol-lowing day. Everything was arranged, and she was laid in a coffin with a single rose above her pale bosom, and a small plate on the coffin said: "Carrie

Sumner, aged 85."

George, Mr. Clark and his family were the only followers to her last resting-place-the grave.

ceremonies were performed and they returned—George with Mr. Clark to his residence, there to live in pe

and happiness.

By this time he was able to write a tolerably fair hand, which was of great benefit to him, as Mr. Clark had a great deal of writing matter to be done. He had new, good clothes; exough to eat, and some money besides. He was not the poor beggar-boy that he used to be; but he did not despise them.

Time sped on—summer, winter and summer had assed—but the vision of that dear mother never left passed—but the vision of that dear mountry never less him; he could see her often in his dreams. The green him; he could see nor otten in his dreams. Ine green sod covered the grave, and bright, blooming flowers were there. Often the attention of the passer-by was attracted by the small tablet bearing the inscription, "Carrie Sumner." It had been placed there by the industry of George, who was ever ready to assist the

industry of design, "poor and needy."

One pleasant summer morning, after he had been with Mr. Clark several years, he stepped up to him politely, and said:

olitely, and said:
"I have been with you a long time—ever since my
other died. I have been faithful and honest, but mother died. I have been faithful and honest, but have never been able to pay you for your goodness, and now, as an act of kindness, I ask, could you give me one hundred pounds?"
"Why, what is the matter, George?" replied Mr.

Clark, in surprise.
"Oh, nothing!" answered George, "only after
"Oh, nothing!" have come to the conclusion ong and careful study I have come to the conclusion that I should like to go to New Zealand to try my industry, and make a fortune by my honesty. I have thought of it long, and believe it to be the best thing that I can do.

"You shall have the amount, and as much ryon wish!" exclaimed Mr. Clark. "Any ass exclaimed Mr. Clark. Any assistance

that I can give you will be liberally given."
George received the amount, and was busily engaged in making preparations for his departure. He had a great many things to attend to and get ready. had a great many things to attend to and g He must first visit the grave of his mother, haps, for the last time. His old home is not forgotten, and it is paid a short visit. Everything is in readiness, and the day arrives when he must part from those who love and cherish him as their own child The train whistles to start, and George, too, is ready to start on his "road to fortune."

to start on his "Youd to fortune."
"Good-bye, Mr. Clark. Perhaps I may never see
you again; but God bless you for your kindness."
"Good-bye, George. I hope and pray that you may
be successful in all your undertakings."
Mr. Clark returned to his business, not knowing

when he would see him again.

Years rolled swiftly on, and no tidings had been

heard of George. He was reaping the reward of a rich harvest. We will leave him for years and return. The Norfolk Hotel was the largest and most fashion-able house of resort at B——. It stood not far from

the shore of the sounding sea.

Among the many who came here to pass a pleasant season, and to restore health, was the millionaire, George Sumner, and his family.

Mary, the wife of Mr. Sumner, was a beautiful and

interesting woman; and, in her voice, there was a mildness that told of good breeding and kindness. Her ways were all natural, and her voice was pure, clear and sweet. The whole group enjoyed themselves happily.

An awful commercial crisis came. The business community was in a terrible state of excitement; men, once had millions were left penuiless; large establishments were being sold out on account of not meeting their payments; while George Sumner never felt its effects. Poverty was now staring many of the wealthy in the face.

Harry Leslie, the merchant who refused George a few pence, was not able to meet his payments, and unless he could receive assistance must become bankrupt with the rest.

one day, when in the depths of his trouble, he was advised by some of his friends to call upon Mr. Sumner, the millionaire, stopping at the Norfolk Hetel, who was leading aid to some of the merchants who were was lending aid to some of the merchants who were on the verge of ruin, on account of the terrible crisis. The next day he called at the hotel and asked for Mr. Sumner. He was shown to his room. On entering, he handed his card, and said:

"Mr. Sumner, I presume."

"Yes, sir, that is my name," answered Mr. Sumner.

They at once entered into conversation on the state of affairs, the crisis, &c., &c. Leslie little dreamed that he was talking to the poor boy to whom he once refused

a few pence.
"Mr. Sumner," said Leslie, addressing him, "I have some heavy payments to make; and unless I can receive assistance I shall be rained."

"How much would be necessary to meet your obligation?" asked Sumner.

" One "Mr. a few per who told per. "Yes, answere penny She years af ttentio

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In the p report o tion whi sonby, o to the Pavilion He state Mr. De that a ve were in various greatest and the that he applicati mention

forming pleased t in accord letter, h Mr. De "One thousand pounds," replied Leslie.

"Mr. Leslie, do you remember refusing a poor boy afew pence one cold, winter's eve, in the year 18—, who told you that his mother was dying?" asked Sum-

"Yes, sir, I think I have a faint recollection of it

"Yes, sir, I think I have a laint recollection of it,"
suswered Leslie.
"Well, sir, I am that same boy; and if one
penny could save you now you should not have
it. She, who I told you was starving, died; and
years after I went to New Zealand; where by strict years after I went to New Zealand; where by strict attention to business I amassed a fortune. You, wherefused me, to ask my assistance! Leave me, I cannot lend to you; and Sumner, addressing him and looking him full in the face. If death had been in his presence he would not have been more shocked. He left the abode of the one whom he had refused a few pence, in shame and disgrace. We will leave him and return to George's

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disgrace. We will leave him and return to George's friend.

Mr. Clark was beginning to feel the heavy blow that the crisis was striking; and unless he could receive aid he must succumb to the pressure.

While Mr. Summer was straying along one pleasant afternoon, his attention was attracted by a sign with large gill letters, which read, "G. G. Clark." He had heard through a friend that a gentleman by the name of Clark was hard pressed; and was this the same man who was so kind to him? He stood a few minutes and entered, with a full determination to repay part of he kindness shown him. He was at once recognized by Mr. Clark, who exclaimed:

"George Summer, how do you do? Why, I am happy to see you once more. It is so long since Isaw yee that I thought you would never return."

"I am very well," replied George, in a cheerful manner.

With a shake of the hand, and a few congratulation they were seated. George related to him all the circumstances that had occurred; and how he had amassed a fortune by strict attention to busin. Addressing Mr. Clark, he said:

"I have been informed by a friend that you are hard-pressed by the crisis, and that you will not be able to meet your payments without you have some

"Yes, it is very true," answered Mr. Clark, "for by a little help I would be able to brave the storm and

"You shall have y. ave it," replied George; and drawing "You shall have it," replied George; and drawing a purse of five thousand pounds from his pocket, he handed it to him, saying: "If this will aid you, take it; and it is not half enough to repay you for your kind-ses shown me in the hour of my mother's death."

By receiving this amount from a friend so unexpected he was able to pass through the crisis untwhed and unharmed.

uched and unharmed

But we will now return to Leslie, who heeded not But we will now return to Leslie, who needed not the pleading words of George on that cold winter's evening. The crisis came and overwhelmed him; all his property and everything he possessed was sold, and he was left "without where to lay his head." He is now a poor, miserable, degraded beggar; not de-graded because he is poor, but because he once despised and hated the poor. He is dragging out a miserable existence, but was he rightfully punished?

Time passed; summer, winter and summer; but it wrought no change in Leslie; he was still the same poor beggar. George, moved by a feeling of compassion, lifted him out of his miserable condition by furnishing bian with a little cottage and a good position.

He confesses his great faults, "vanity and pride; slopts the motto of George, "Be kind to the poor; and is now on a smooth road to fortune.—S. M. W.

RESTORATION OF THE PAVILION APARTMENTS.— In the proceedings of the Pavilion Committee was a In the proceedings of the Pavilion Committee was a report of the Surveyor, in reference to a communica-tion which he had had with the Hon. Spencer Pon-sonby, of the Lord Chamberlain's Office, in reference to the decorations which were removed from the Pavilion, previous to its being purchased by the town. He stated that he attended at Kensington Palace with Mr. De Val on the 3rd instant, when they found that a very considerable portion of the said decorations were is store there and in excellent preservation. The various packages were opened and examined, and the greatest courtesy was shown to them by Mr. Pousonby and the officers at the palace. Mr. Pousonby desired greatest courtesy was shown to them by Mr. Ponsonby and the officers at the palace. Mr. Ponsonby desired that he (the surveyor) should make a further special application to him with a view to the subject being mentioned to the Queen, and he, therefore, wrote to him as he wished, and received in reply a letter informing him that her Majesty had been graciously pleased to accede to the request of the corporation, and in accordance with the intimation contained in that letter. letter, he attended again at Kensington Palace with Mr. De Val, on the 19th instant, and, in company with Mr. Ponsonby, made a selection of such articles as he

thought most likely to be useful in the re-decoration of the Pavilion, consisting chiefly of paintings for wall-decorations, some screen-doors, the carved peacocks and dragons from the banqueting-room, onices, lamps, &c. He had permission to remove the cocks and aragons from the banquesure roots and aragons from the particles at ence, and he was only awaiting instructions from the council in order to take the measures necessary to bring them to Brighton. The committee had resolved, "That the thanks of the council, under the common seal of the borough, be presented to Her Most Gracious Majesty for her condescending kindness in the town the decorations formerly beresenting to the town the decorations formerly be-onging to the Pavilion."

SCIENCE

A COAL OIL QUARRY .- At Santa Cruz, in California A COAL OIL QUARRY.—At Santa Cruz, in California there are over a thousand acres covered with a sub-stance resembling asphaltum, from one to ten feet thick, which is in reality a species of petroleum, easily melted, and susceptible of being purified and refined into accellent burging fluid. refined into excellent burning fluid.

GISBORNE'S STEERING AND ENGINE SIGNALS. GISBORNE'S STEERING AND ENGINE SIGNALS.—By the use of these instruments the officer in charge of a vessel may, from any position on deck, transmit his orders to the helmsman or engineer, the order appearing instantly in printed letters, and remaining in sight as long as required. The signal is accompanied by the ringing of a bell to attract notice. By a single motion of the helmsman or engineer, the officer on deck receives the response to his command; at the same time the movement of the helm is made known with perfect accuracy. The result is made known in all perfect accuracy. The states of the weather.

ALUMINUM BRONZE POWDERS AND LEAF .- A patent has been taken out by J. Erwood of London, for manufacturing powders of aluminum brouze to take the place of common bronze powders and Dutch metal leaf, to be applied to paper-hangings, gildings, &c. Aluminum, bronze is composed of 90 parts copper and 10 of aluminum, and is of a beautiful yellow colour. It is rolled, annealed, and beaten, until it becomes as thin as foil or leaf, in which condition it can comes as thin as foil or leat, in which condition it can be used for common gilding. To reduce it to powder the foil is stamped and ground in the same manner that common bronze powders are reduced from tin and brass. The foil or leaf and the powders are applied to ornament paper-hangings by pressing and dusting them upon varnished surfaces.

them upon varnished surfaces.

BLUE COLOUR OF THE SKY.—If you wash a black horse with whitewash, he will be blue; and if you wash another black horse with a thinner coat of whitewash, he will be a darker blue. This is the whole story of the cause of the blue sky. The dark region beyond the atmosphere is here the black horse, and the atmosphere is the whitewash. The atmosphere interposes between the eye and space, and causes the latter to appear blue, which is always lighter near the horizon, because a thicker stratum of air interposes horizontally than perpendicularly. The transparency and consequent purity of the atmosphere can always be known by the degree of intensity of blue above. After a thunder-shower, the sky is a much deeper blue than it was before it. Those countries (France is one) which have the bluest sky, have the purest atmosphere; and those with the palest blue (England is one) the contrary. This is the reason why some prefer the moon of Naples to the sun of England. son why some prefer of England.

COLOURS OF THE STARS.

If the stars be observed on a clear night, it will be seen that they shine with different colours. The most noticeable hues are red, white, and yellow; no most noticeable hues are red, white, and yellow; no stars exhibit a distinct blue or green colour, though some have a bluish or greenish tinge. In our Northern latitudes, where the air is scarcely ever free from haze and vapour, this diversity of colouring is not, perhaps, very striking; but in Southern climes, and especially in inland regions, where the air is less humid, the effect is far greater; the whole vault of heaven seems set with sparkling gems. The difference of tint we have mentioned, is perceptible to the naked eye, in our clime, only among stars of the first and second magnitudes. Even among these, observers differ slightly.

The aucients noted some of these brighter stars, and we thus learn the remarkable fact that their colours

we thus learn the remarkable fact that their colours are not unchangeable. Sirius was celebrated in the writings of the ancients as a bright red star; it is now decidedly white. Other changes have been noted, and some of these have occurred within a compara-

however, no stars of a deep blue or green tint occur

however, no stars of a coop black of great and singer.

Thus far, then, the telescope has merely extended the range of our view, without disclosing appearances differing in any important respect from those already observed. When, however, a telescope of sufficient power is directed successively to double or multiple stars, we soon notice new and singular phenomena. Not only do we find every shade and that of the primary and secondary colours, and such has a grey, fawn, and ash-colour, but we notice phenomens. Not only do we find every shade and tint of the primary and secondary colours, and such hues as grey, fawn, and asb-colour, but we notice that in many cases the stars forming a binary system are of complementary colours. Struve has observed that this is the case in upwards of one hundred of the double systems. In triple and hundred of the double systems. In triple and multiple systems, similar arrangements of colour are

Volcanors.-In the year 1759, during an eruption voicanosa.—In the year 1709, during an eruption of the voicano Jombio, in Mexico, a mass of lava 500 feet was thrown up, and 68 years after was found smoking and sufficiently hot to light a cigar. In 1783 two streams of lava, one 15 miles broad by 40 miles long, and the other 7 miles broad by 40 miles miles long, and the other 7 miles broad by 40 miles long, and varying in depth from 100 to 600 feet, were thrown up by a volcano in Leeland. This mass would cover the city of Glasgow with a mountain rivalling in height "the lofty Bon Lomond" or Ben Nevis. A.D. 472, 473, ashes from Vesuvius fell in Constantinople, Syria and Egypt. In 1815 the sun was obscured and the streets and houses in the island of Java strewed with ashes from Toraboro to Sumbowa, a distance of 300 miles. It was not a stream of lava from Vesuvius, but simply its ashes, that buried the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum. And this same volcano in 1779 threw jets of lava a perpendicular distance of 10,000 feet. During an eruption of Cotopaxi, a block of stone weighing more than 200 tons was thrown a distance of nine miles.

LEAD AND WATER.—By taking a strip of clean lead, and placing it in a tumbler of pure water (say rain or soft water), in less than an hour, by dropping in the tumbler a little sulphide of ammonium, a black precipitate will be thrown down, consisting of the sulphide of lead—lead, therefore must have been dissolved and held in solution in the water, and as the salt of lead happens to be classed amongst some of the most dangerous poisons, we are necessarily led to the conclusion that lead pipes conveying water, if the latter is pure, must be somewhat dangerous. Water standing in a lead pipe for some hours decomposes the metal, and when it is run off, the poison is carried with it. Water decompose the poison is carried phide of lead-lead, therefore must have be en dissolved with it. Water drawn in the morning through a lead pipe should never be used for domestic purposes, such as cooking or drinking, and servants in cities should be instructed respecting this particular subject, because they are usually ignorant of the nature of lead, and the effects of water upon it. Several metals taken in food or drink accumulate slowly in the human system, and ultimately produce disease; but it approaches so stealthily that the danger is not usually apprehended. Seme of the salts of lead are not poisonous, and the sulphide is of this class. The interior of lead pipes may be converted into an insoluble sulphide of lead by subjecting them for some time to the action of a hot sulphate of soda in solution, according to the recent discovery of Dr. Schwarz.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES

Bread from Tailing Whear.—The tailings of wheat are sent to the mill, and ground into flour. This flour is made into dough with buttermills instead of water. A dessert-spoonful of carbonate of soda is mixed with a portion of the milk, and a little yeast added, with salt to taste. This leavens the lump in a few minutes; it is at once shaped out into leaves, and put into the kitchen oven, from which is taken in rather less than an hour, in the form of wholesome brown bread, pleasing to the palate, and easy of digestion. The cest stands thus:—A bushel of tailings, weighing 57 lbs., gave a return of 54 lbs. flour; value of wheat, 7s. 6d.; milling and cartage, 6d., total 8s. A baking of 6 lbs. flour at this rate costs 19d.; half gallon buttermills, 3d.; yeast, carbonate of sods, and BREAD FROM TAILING WHEAT .- The tailings of A caking of 6 lbs. hour at this rate costs 1044; hair gaillon buttermilk, 3d; yeast, carbonate of sods, and salt, 14d; total, 1s. 3d. From this is produced 104 lbs. bread, which costs 14d; per lb, say 6d for the 4 lb. loaf. The oven of the cooking stove is ordinarily hot enough to fire the bread put into it.

NEW ZEALAND FLAX CULTURE.-This plant has and some of these have occurred within a comparatively short time.

Among the stars either altogether unseen, or but faintly visible to the naked eye, the telescope reveals the same diversity of colouring. Many of these stars, indeed, are found to be coloured in a more marked manner than those we have litherto mentioned. Stars are found shining with a scarlet, bloodered, brilliant orange, or deep yellow colour. Still

a thickness of soil equal to that of the seed. Place the nice gentle heat. Keep duly supplied with water, and when fairly up, gradually harden off, and place in a cold frame. Prick them out in a cold frame when refficiently large to head to be a cold frame when reference when refer when rainy up, a second frame when sufficiently large to handle, making the soil moderately rich by adding some leaf mould or well-rotted manure to it. Keep rather close until the plants become established, then admit all the air and light possible, and give copious supplies of water. The plants should have the lights put over them in sovere weather, some bracken or straw being placed on the lights in longand give copious supplies or water. The plants should have the lights put over them in severe weather, some bracken or straw being placed on the lights in long-centinued frosts. Plant out in the April following. They require a moist soil and climate, and will no doubt do well on the margin of our lakes.

HONEY VINEGAR.—Mix one pound of honey with a gallon of cider, and expose it to the sun, or keep it where it is warm, and in a few months it will be so strong that water will be necessary to dilute it.

FACETIÆ.

WHAT article is that which is never used but once in England?-Letter A, of course.

HAPPINESS only begins when wishes end; and he who hankers after more enjoys nothing.

A LAST ATTEMPT.-Why is Mr. Coxwell like a man disinherited? Because he is an heir-o'-nought.

How would you translate into Latin. " The Staff of Life?" Why any little boy could tell you, "Lignum Vita," to be sure.—Punch.

GILDING THE IRON WAYS,-The Charing Cross Railway is computed to have cost £1,000 a yard. It London streets are not paved with gold, London railwave are .- Punch.

A Scoren paper says-horrible to relateance hall has been sold for £150 to a spirit-dealer, who will convert it into a retail shop for ardent spirits. Of course, some of the former visitors will make a and drop in-in ingorance of the change and have a drop.

A MOST DECIDED CASE OF COMING DOWN .case heard in one of the London police courts, a few days ago, the name of the defendant was Anna Boleyn, being asked how she came by her name, she that she believed she came down from Henry the Eighth,"

WANTS AN ANSWER.—Somebody wants to know the name of the tune which was "played upon the feelings," and if the "cup of sorrow" has a saucer? The same inquisitor would like to know if "the light of ether days" was gas or electricity? Also, if the girl who "clung to hope" had not a slippery hold, and if people do not get fatigued by the exercise of forbearance?

Something out of the Common.-" I suppose SOMETHING OUT OF THE COMMON.—"I suppose," said a gentleman—pointing to one of those huge perambulating photographic vans that go rolling about the country, and which was then stationary on the common—"that thing is the fellow's parlour, kitchen, bedroom,—in short his everything?" "Yes, his drawing-room included," replied his witty companion.—Punch.

A POPULAR AIR .- A new system of ventilation is A POPULAR AIR.—A new system of ventilation is about to be tried, by the Emperor's orders, upon the railways in the South of France. Why does not his Imperial Highness try a still more popular mode of ventilation—the freedom of the press? All subjects would be well ventilated them. Perhaps he thinks by such an excessive admission of free air, and draughts of a non-military character, his power would suffer a layer—Free product of the suffer a layer product o

A SAVAGE Dog .- The celebrated John Curran said he once when a schoolboy, having heard of the dodge of facing a savage dog, tried it, to enable himself and friends to rob a miller's orchard. He got backward through a gap in the hedge, but "he soon found to his cost that a dog did not care which end of a boy came first, for he seized the nearest part, and bit out a piece.' And Curran said that he believed he had lost his centre of gravity, as ever afterwards he had been unable to stand for any length of time. A friend told me this as having been related to him by Curran.

LORD DUNDREARY AGAIN,-There is something welative to the w-war now w-waging in Amewica that I-I n-never could un-understand. They c-call it a civil war. N-now, if several th-thousand fellah think pwoper to go out into a field to twy which fellah can c-cut the other fellah to pieces, c-can any we-we-sonable fellah be bwought to th-think it a civil action? sonable fellah be bwought to the think is a civil action. If the Amewicans can consider this civil, we what on earth memust they be we when they got in a wewage? I we wonder whether brother Samh-has had any fighting? S-sam was always a very cowageous fellah.

I we we member when we were boys at home to-to-

gether, S-sam punched his sister's head one d-day. N-no. I don't mean that exactly; he didn't punch his sister's head, be-because he never had a sister. What I m-meant to say was, that if S-sam had had a sistater, he-he w-wouldn't have stood any nonsense fwom her. I have always un-understood th-that an Amewican's motto was, "I cal-calculate; "now it seems to m-me that some of 'cm are out of th-their w-weekoning this time. How, however, when they have I fornoth." ing this time. How-however, when they have f-fought until there isn't a single Amewican left, I-I suppose they'll come to an understanding w-with each other. P-poor fellahs, they are all w-waving mad.

NEW THOUGHTS BY AN OLD MAID.

are like lucifers; the silent ones are much more to be depended on than those that go off with loud a report that they extinguish their o

There is a time of life when we content ourselves with sitting at the window to see other people pass, and this is about the earliest symptom of middle age. The window which is the most eligible for this purpose is the old beau-window.

Matrimony resembles the moderator-lamp. There is always something the matter with it.

How refreshing is tea, and how exhilarating is an evaning party; yet for both a spoon is required, to prevent the sweets remaining unmixed for want of

Existence, with its one success, after so many disappointments, reminds us of the game at whist. It is only the last card that we deal which turns up a

What a wonderful thing is starch, and what a pity it is we cannot dip some weak minds in it.—Fun.

THE King of Greece has addressed a letter of congratulation to his father on his accession to the throne of Denmark, and must have felt gratification in commencing it, "Monsieur mon Frère." For a lad only yesterday released from all the chances of paternal thrashings, to congratulate his father in this very condessed in the congratulate of the paternal thrashings. desceading way on attaining his own level among the monarchs, must have been almost as enjoyable as a regular romp with his old schoolfellows, or a successful trick upon his old schoolmaster.

HOW TO SELL A HORSE,

Mr. Cooper, who kept the Red Lion Yard, in Regent Street, was the best to sell a horse I ever knew, sir; and I've known some good uns. I have, but he was the best. He'd look at you as though butter wouldn't melt in his mouth, and his small wall-eyes seemed to have no more life in them than a dead herring's. My master, Captain Smith, stood his horses there, and, of course, I saw a good deal of Mr. Course

ourse, I saw a good deal of Mr. Cooper.

One day, a gent came to look at the stable, and see if he could buy a horse. Cooper saw in a minute that he knew nothing about horseflesh, and so was uncommon civil. The first thing he showed him was a great grey coach-horse, about seventeen hands and an inch.

grey coach-horse, about seventeen hands and an inch, with a shoulder like a Hercules.

The gent was a little man, so of course the grey was took in again, and a Suffolk Funch cob, that would have done for a bishop, was then run up the yard. But, lor! the little gent's legs would never have been of any use to him, they'd ha, stuck out on each side like a curricle-bar; so he wouldn't do. Cooper showed him three or four others—good things in their way, but not at all suited to the gent. At last Cooper said to him, with a sort of sight. to him, with a sort of eigh:
Well, sir, I'm afear'd we shan't make a deal of it

to-day, sir; you're very particlar, as you've a right to be, and I'll look about, and if I can find one that

to be, and I'll look about, and if I can find one that I think will do, I'll call on you."

By this time he had walked the gent down the stable to opposite a stall where was a brown horse, to opposite a stall where was a brown horse, or about. fifteen hands

"Now, there would be the thing to suit, sir," says Cooper, "and I only wish I could find one like him."
"Why can't I have him?" says the gent.

"Impossible!" says Cooper.
"Why impossible?" says the gent.
"Because he's Mrs. Cooper's horse, and money
would not buy him of her; he's perfect, and she

knows it."
"Well," says the gent, getting his steam up, "I don't mind the price."
"What's money to peace of mind?" says Cooper.
"If I was to sell that horse, my missus would worry

"Well, the more Cooper made a difficulty of selling that horse, the more the gent wanted to buy, till, at last, Cooper took him to a coach-house, as though to

last, Cooper took him to a coach-house, as though to be private, and said to him in a whisper:

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll take ninety pounds for him. Perhaps he's not worth that to everybody; but I think he is to you who wants a parfect thing, and ready made to your hand."

"You're very kind," said the gent, "and I'll give you a cheque at once."

"But mind," says Cooper, "you must fetch him away at night; for if my missus saw him going out of the yard, I do believe she'd pull a life-guardsman of him. How I shall pacify her I don't know! Ninety pounds!—why, ninety pounds won't pay me for the

The gent quite thought Cooper repenting of the bargain, and so walked away to a little counting-house, and drew a cheque for the money. When he was gone, I burst out laughin'; because I knowed Mrs. Cooper was as mild as a bran-mash, and would never have dared to blow up her husband; but Cooper wouldn't have it—he looked as solemn as truth. Well, sir, the horse was fetched away that wight.

But why at night, Davis?"

"So they shouldn't see his good qualities all at once, I suppose, sir; for he'd got the Devonshire coat of arms on his off-knee."

"Devonshire coat of arms?"

"Devonshire coat of arms?"
"Yes, sir, you see Devonshire's a very hilly
country, and most of the horses down there has broken
knees, so they call a speck the Devonshire coat of
arms. Well, sir, as Mrs. Cooper's pet shied at everyarms. Well, att, as Airs. Cooper's pet shied at every-thing and nothing, and boited when he wasn't a shy-ing, the gent came back in about a week to Cooper." "Mr. Cooper," says he, "I can't get on with that horse at all; perhaps I don't know how to manage him; he goes on so odd that I'm afraid to ride him;

horse at all; perhaps I don't know how to manage him; he goes on so odd that I'm afraid to ride him; and so I thought, as he was such a favourite with Mra Cooper, you shall have him back again."

"Not if you'd give me ninety pounds to do it," says Cooper, looking as though he would bite the gent.

"Why not?" says the gent.

"I wouldn't go through what I have gone through," says Cooper, hitting the stable-door with his fist enough to split it, "not for twice the money. Mrs. Cooper never left off rowing for two days and nights, and how I should have stopped her I don't know, if lock hadn't stood my friend; but I happened to meet with hadn't stood my friend; but I happened to meet with a horse the very moral of the one you've got, call perhaps just a lestle better, and Mrs. C. took to him wonderful. I wouldn't disturb our domestic harmony by having that horse of yours back again, not for half the Bank of England.

Now, the gent was a very tender-hearted man, and believed all that Cooper told him, and kept the horse; but what he did with it I can't think, for he was the viciousest screw as ever put his nose in a manger.

CLASSIFICATIONS OF WEDDINGS .- A "honey wedding" is when you start in wedded life. A "wooden wedding" is the tenth anniversary, when five little ones make everything look wooden—to some folks. A wedding? is the tenth anniversary, when fire little ones make everything look woodeu—to some folks. A "silver wedding?" comes on the twenty-fifth anniversary, when the "old man's" pile begins to swell, and his hair is growing silvery. A "golden wedding" comes on the fiftieth anniversary of the match, when riches become solid gold, and the golden days of enjoyment are past. A "diamond wedding" must come the sweaty. Aft maniversary, for no one young mile romes become solid gold, and the golden days of enjoyment are past. A "diamond wedding" must come on the seventy-fifth anniversary, for no one runs up to the one hundredth in this climate, then all is sparkling—in, the future: and that is about the last of it,

A BROTHER AND A KING .- The King of Sweden on a recent journey in Gothland, stopped at an hotel—the Palmar (Swede)—and wrote his name in the book of visitors, "Charles, literary man." In Sweden literature does not get its £10,000 a-year as in England and France, and the landlord smiled at the man nand and France, and the landlord smiled at the man he had before bowed down to. The next day his guests left, and he received the following note:—"Sir, my brother,—I intended to stop a week, but perceiving you did not much respect a literary guest, it was as well that a literary guest should leave you. I am, my brother, Charles, King of Sweden, and literary man." His Majesty has poetical claims of no small value, as 1 a heart of a poet, as all will say who read this.

A SWAN AND A DEER COMBINED.—There is in Nova Scotia a young woman, seventeen years of tgc, who is seven feet two inches in height. She measures who is seven feet two inches in height. She measures forty-three inches round the waist, thirty-three inches from her armpit to the tip of her fingers, weighs two hundred and seventy-four pounds, and has a foot thirteen inches long. She is good-looking, quite social, although diffident, not being accustomed to see the public, and her name is Anna Swan.

A BROADWAY "STORE,"—There is in the fashion-she street of New Yorks, "markle store," in which is

able street of New York a "marble store," in which is carried on the largest wholesale and retail business— it being at once the Leaf's and the Swan and Edgar's of America. On the underground floor, below the basement, are four steam-boilers of 50-horse power capacity each, which operate separately or in connection. These are used in heating the building and in division of the property of the pro driving the engines. The space in the building driving the east of steam-pipe are used for this purpose. The introduction of the steam works cost about twenty-five hoisting el also five el Except the reconstruction appearantision of M the design GAME F elected lot just been Southland, PORTRA Rristol has Gallery a John Hery

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en report

A STATE rees in tural work imployed i EXPORTS a little ove quarrel bro out £6,0 £21,000,00 SCOTCH

0 8 W 577,391 to eriod of 1 ome depre 1862; in . July, 1862 as in A against 49 8.753 tons

THE PI beyond all dustry, an ree rece have been a great me of the ten

Novem

November,

trenty-five thousand dollars. There are five steam hoising engines of 6-horse power each. There are also five elevators, each worked by one of the engines. Each the walls, the whole building has been lately reconstructed. The interior has been much changed in appearance. The work was done under the supervision of Mr. J. Kellum, the architect who furnished the design for the new city court-house.

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necid in ding GAM FOR NEW ZEALAND.—A valuable and wellplacied lot of grouse, pheasants, and wild rabbits has int been shipped from the Clyde for the colony of suthland, New Zealand, by the Grasmere.

PORTRAIT OF LORD HERVEY.—The Marquis of prisol has recently presented to the National Portrait Galley a full-length portrait of his ancestor, Lord John Hervey, Keeper of the Privy Seal to George the Second, and the subject of one of Pope's severest

ABOLITION OF TURNPIRES.—In addition to the netropolitan turnpikes to be removed on the 1st July next, as Act of Parliament was passed at the end of last session to continue until the 1st November next, and "no longer," nearly 80 turnpike acts, unless Parliament otherwise directs.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—A boy was amusing himself at Macclessield by putting his head through his scarf, sied in the form of a noose, and picking up marbles from the floor with his mouth. The scarf was fastened to a door-handle. His father, on entering the room, found his son dead. The boy's head was only about for from the floor, and was stretched forward, his legs being against the door. There were several marbles at the floor, and one was found in his mouth, between his teth and cheek.

his teeth and cheek.

AN OFFICIAL WHIM.—Manchester is greatly excited by one of the oddeet acts of official tyranny ever reorded. There is a place near the city known as Alderley Edge, which has grown into a kind of suburb for the wealthier citizens. It was prospering quietly enough, when suddenly all its letters were sized, carried to Congleton, and there re-directed to "Chorley," the new postal name ordered by the Postmaster-General. The unlucky inhabitants protested that the place had been called Alderly Edge since the Coaquest, but without effect. The Postmaster-General is Lord Stanley, of Alderley, and according to Manchester belief, he is determined that his lordly name shall not be borne by a thriving colony of vulgar villas which do not belong to him. The story seems incredible, but it is repeated in shoals of letters from the place unlucky enough to possess a name which Lord Stanley wants to keep exclusively to his own groperty. Is there no right of action against the Postmaster-General as a common carrier?

STATISTICS.

THE stock of bullion in the Bank of France has increased to £8,440,000.

WRECKS.—During the past week 62 wrecks have been reported, making a total for the present year of 2319.

A STATISTICIAN calculates that there are 2,116,175 lorses in England; 1,200,000 are used for agricultural work, 600,000 for private use, and the rest are employed in public conveyances.

EXPORTS TO FRANCE.—Our exports to America were a little over £20,000,000, when the unfortunate family quartel broke out, and to France they were somewhere about £6,000,000; whereas they now amount to £21,000,000.

Scorch Pig Iron.—The exports made of Scotch pig iron during the first 11 months of the current year slow a considerable increase, having amounted to 577,391 tons, against 522,558 tons in the corresponding period of 1862, 546,940 tons in the corresponding period of 1861, and 517,370 tons in the corresponding period of 1860. During the first five months of 1863 mone depression prevailed, but since then there has been considerable activity, the shipments in June laving been 53,806 tons, against 42,167 tons in June, 1862; in July, 51,181 tons, against 41,581 tons in July, 1862; in August, 59,534 tons, against 57,025 tons in August, 1862; in September, 56,153 tons, against 49,79 tons in September, 1862; and in November, 2,556 tons, against 45,872 tons in November, 1862.

THE PROGRESS OF OUR COMMERCE.—We are, beyond all doubt, a people of great and elastic industry, and have good reason to be proud of our strength. Through the madness of America our commerce received the heaviest blow which could possibly have been inflicted upon it, yet from that we have in a great measure already recovered. Comparing our supply of cotten for the ten months of 1861 with that of the ten months of the present year, we find it re-

dueed, in round numbers, from 10,000,000 of ewts. to 4,000,000, the minor supply cost us very nearly so much as the full one. The later having cost us some £33,000,000, and the former, £31,500,000. The difference, about £13,000,000, is the bounty we are now paying to all the cotton-producing countries. Not-withstanding all this, our exports, which in the first ten months of 1861 were only of the value of £105,000,000, were for the same period of the present year £119,000,000; so that in spite of the cotton dearth they had risen by 14,000,000, a sum exceeding the whole exports of any second-rate nation of Europe.

ARECDOTE OF A SHARK.—In the United Service Museum (Whitehall Yard) are exhibited the "jaws of a shark," wide open, and enclosing a tin box. The history of this strange exhibition is as follows:—A king's ship, on her way to the West Indies, "fell in with," and chased a suspicious-looking craft, which had all the appearance of a slaver. During the pursuit something was thrown overboard. She was subsequently captured, and taken in Port Royal to be tried as a slaver. In absence of the ship's papers and other proofs, the slaver was not only in a fair way to escape condemnation, but her captain was anticipating the recovery of pecuniary damages against his captor for illegral detention. While the subject was under discussion a vessel came into port, which had followed closely in the track of the chase above described. She had caught a shark; and in its stomach was found the tin box which contained the slaver's papers. Upon the strength of this evidence the slaver was condemned. The written account is attached to the box.

THE DYING YEAR.

The fair year fades: where ripe and sweet, The strawberries reddened in the sun, There come no more the eager feet Of children, when the day is done.

No more I watch the barefoot boys, Across the clover-fields at dawn; Or catch upon the scented breeze, The faint notes of the farmers' horn.

Through all the woodlands' purple hush No sweet-voiced minstrel pipes his lay; But 'neath the swart and crispèd leaves, The squirrel hides his stores away:

While softly through the beechen woods,
The royal hectic ebbs and flows:
And bare brown vines, like weary hands,
Lie meekly crossed in calm repose.

The fair year fades—as fades the day, In lingering splendour down the west; So nature, in a loving mood, Folds her gay mantle o'er her breast

The red blood ebbing from her heart,
With crimson stains the pallid lips;
While on her bosom's tender bloom,
Decay in greedy hunger sips,

I watch her through the sad, swift day,
Weaving her shroud o'er vale and hill,
And in the pauses of the night,
I hear her fitful breathings still.

Oh fair, sweet year!—a weary pain
Is at my heart; as day by day,
I count thy pulse's languid beat,
And see thee slowly fade away.

R. B. E.

GEMS.

GENIUS.—Genius is a plant, whose growth you cannot stop without destroying it.

A CHEERFUL DEMEANOUR.—A troubled mind is often relieved by maintaining a cheerful demeanour. The effort withdraws its attention from the cause of pain, and the cheerfulness which it promotes in others extends by sympathy to itself.

AUTUMNAL DAMPS.—The damps of autumn sink into the leaves and prepare them for the necessity of their fall: and thus insensibly are we, as years close round us, detached from our tenacity of life by gentle pressure of recorded sorrows.

I had much rather break the wall of a prison, and the laws themselves, than my own word. I am nice, even to superstition, in keeping my promises, and therefore upon all occasions have a care to make them certain and conditional. In those of no great moment, I add the jealousy of my own rule to make it weight; it racks and oppresses me with its own interest. Even in actions that are wholly my own, and free, if I ence say it, I conceive that I have bound myself, and that delivering it to the knowledge, I have positively enjoined it my own performance! Methinks I promise it if I but say it, and therefore am not apt to say much of that kind. The sentence that I pass upon myself

is more severe than that of a judge who only considers the common obligation; but my conscience looks upon it with a more severe and penetrating eye. I lag in those duties to which I should be compelled if I did not go. As Cicero says, "Even that which is well done, is only just when 'iis voluntary." If the action has not some splendour of liberty, it has neither Grace not Honour.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EXPENSIVE TRIAL. — The expenses of Colonel Crawley at Aldershott have been reckoned at £60 a day.

day.

CONTRIBUTION TO LANCASHIRE.—The Lord Mayor of London has received a cheque for £7,090 from Bombay for Lancashire.

THE YARMOUTH FISHING SMACKS.—There are about sixteen Yarmouth fishing smacks missing since the late gale. Between thirty and forty fishermen are already known to have been drowned.

MEXICAN POSTAGE.—The postage in Mexico is something enormous. A French officer writes from there stating that the charge for a letter from Puebla to a place only fifty hours off is twenty-seven francs.

SHAKESPEARIAN BUSTS.—Her Majesty has commissioned Mr. Perry, the wood-carver, whose elegant bust of Shakespeare we noticed a few weeks ago, to execute for her another bust of the poet from a piece of Herne's Oak.

SALARY OF THE GOVERNOR OF INDIA.—It is not generally known that the salary of the Governor-General of India, which is the highest in the gift of the Crown, is £30,000 a-year, exclusive of allowances, which may be estimated at £10,000.

Present from the Queen.—Mr. Richard Hind, of Bradford, hairdresser, whose wife presented him with three daughters, at one birth, has since received from her Majesty the Queen, through Colonel Phipps, a gift of a sovereign for each of the three daughters.

THE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK'S DIAMONDS.—A Commissaire of Police arrested on his way from Boulogne to the steamboat for England a person who had absconded from Paris with £120,000 worth of diamonds belonging to his Highness the Duke of Brunswick.

The King of the Hellenes having decided upon re-

THE King of the Hellenes having decided upon reorganizing the Greek army, has requested the services of a few French officers as instructors. The Greek Government is about to address the European Powers, and explain its opposition to the destruction of the fortifications of Corfu.

Southern Independence Association.—An institution, of which Mr. Beresford-Hope is chairman, has been founded in London, called the Southern Independence Association, having for its object to diffuse information as to the merits of the war in America, and to keep before the mind of the British public the policy and justice of recognizing at the earliest possible moment the independence of the Confederate States.

THE CANADIANS.—A New York correspondent of the Spectator states that, during a recent tour in Canada, "from west to east, I heard but one voice raised in favour of my country, and that voice was my own. Everywhere, I found what I cannot describe, except as a cultivated indifference, a cherished scorn, accompanied with a hearty desire for the success of the insurgents, and partly that the Republic might be destroyed, and partly that the Yankees might get a thrashing."

Go to Work.—The idea of "respectable employment" is the rock upon which thousands split, and shipwreck themselves and all who depend on them. All employments are respectable that bring honest gains. The labourer who is willing to turn his hands to anything, is as respectable as the clerk. Indeed the man who is ready to work whenever work offers, whatever it may be, rather than lie idle and beg, is a far more respectable man than one who turns up his nose at hard labour, wearies his friends with his complaints because he can get nothing respectable to do, pockets their benefactions without thankfulness, and goes on from day to day, a useless, lazy grumbler.

goes on from day to day, a useless, lazy grumbler.

The Proprosed MERROPOLITAN RALLWAYS.—The following is a correct list of the proposed metropolitan schemes to be submitted to Parliament in the ensuing session (1864):—Kensington, Hammersmith, and Richmond; Hammersmith and City Extensions; North and South-Western Junction; Metropolitan, Notting Hill, and Brompton Extension; Metropolitan Extension to Trinity Square, Tower Hill; Metropolitan and St. John's Wood; Metropolitan Grand Union; Charing Cross (Northern); Charing Cross (Western); Wimbledon and Brixton; Tooting, Mitcham, and Wimbledon; Petersham; Hammersmith; Metropolitan District; London, Brighton, and South Coast; New Lines in Battersea: Paddington and Charing Cross.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Art and Fashion; with other Stetches, Songs, and Poems. By Charles Swall. London: Virtue, Brothers and Co.—Mr. Swain, in the capacity of poet, has, for a number of years, been before the public, who, generally speaking, have not been wanting in their appreciation of his merits. The present volume is beautifully got ip, and contains, besides six dialogues written in blank verse, and held by soveral professors of "Ark" in a by-gone day, some of the most saxquisite affusions that have come from the muse of Mr. Swain. The first of the "Dialogues" is entitled "Art and Fashion," and is held in an artist's studio among busts and cases and draperies, the usual accompaniments of such an apartment. The dialoguists are a young artist and his cousin Augusta, whose portrait he is painting, and whose head when represented on the canvas by his hand, even he thinks does credit to his skill as

"It fills the room with life—effuses light."

when represented on the carvas by his hadd, even he thinks does credit to his skill as
"It fills the room with life—effuses light."

The next scene occurre in the dining-room of Sir Joshua Reynolds' house, and is conducted by Sir Joshua and Goldsmith, the author of the "Vicar of Wakefield." The next is in the room of an old-fashioned house in Sudbury, where young Gainsborough holds a dialogue with his mother. The next is entitled "Haydon," the next "Leonardo da Vinci," and the next "Guillo Romano." All these treat more or less of srt, and are enriched with many beauties of true poetical feeling and fancy. Although the dialogues do not occupy a third of the volume, still they must be considered as its most prominent feature. The rest of the volume consist of poems of a miscellaneous kind, many of them very beautiful, and most of them marked by the usually pleasing characteristics of Mr. Swahr's muse.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS

PARESSEUX GARCON.-1. Oldings. 2. Order at any book-llers. 3. 1s, or 1s: 6st.

C. O. Lucas.—Lending money without security is loaning to the borrower on the strength only of his own word. Shall make inquiry respecting your other question.

hake inquiry respecting your other question.

D. E. feels very sorry that H. Graham has had so long to ad a solitary life. D. E. will endeavour to enliven the remainder of his existence if he will be brave enough to give er the chance. D. E. is extremely pretty, being very fair, as between two and three hundred a year, and is good-mpered and an excellent housekeeper. D. E. sincerely opes that her feelings may not be trifled with.

Marx Blythe.—The rose in the language of flowers is an ablem of love; but in the language of symbols, it is the ablem of human frailty and mortality.

emblem of human frailty and mortality.

INSUTREE.—The circumstances which led to the adoption of the tri-colour of the French were as follows:—On the 13th July, 1789, it was decided by the newly-formed Nation Assembly that the cockade should be of the colours of the city, namely, blue and red; but as these were also those the House of Orleans, white, the old colour of France, we added on the proposal of M. de Layfette. "I give you," as he, "a cockade which will go round the world."

A Struyer.—It is the natural course of popular poetry, me

A STUDENT.—It is the natural course of popular poetry, pro-pagated by oral tradition, to treat the best thoughts of pre-vious poets as common property, and to give them a new life by working them up in a different context.

life by working them up in a different context.

J. PHITCHARD.—Silica, formerly called the carth of flints, constitutes the basis of all commercial glass, and is, by itself, infusible in the strongest five of our furnaces.

George Hammonn—The general proportions of the ingredients used for the making up of artificial stone are about the following:—Ten pints of sand, one of powdered lints, one of clay, and one of the alkaline solution of flint. These are first well mixed: in a pug-mill, and kneaded until they are thoroughly incorporated, and the whole mass becomes of a perfectly-uniform consistency. When worked up with clean raw materials, the compound has a putty-like consistence, which can be moulded into any required form, and is capable of receiving very sharp and delicate impressions.

Emma.—True it is that man protects the woman, but then

is capable of receiving very sharp and delicate impressions. EMBA.—True it is that man protects the woman, but then the woman is the mother of the man. Female domesticity is one of the very purest and brightest of charms.

To THE EDITION.—SIF.—Seeing that you must have plenty to do, I shall not occupy your time with a long episite, therefore, can you tell me how I can increase the size or the prominence of my eyes, and oblige.—A Molk. (Begin on the lat of January, 1864, to keep an account of the money you spend foolishly, and add it up at the end of the year sud see what it makes. We believe this recipe will be found effective.]

what it makes. We believe this recipe will be found effective.]

Tow Doyle—We would not willingly offend; but may it not be this, that what you conceive to be failings in others may be owing to some deficiency in yourself? Judge charizably. Plain men think handsome women want passion, and plain women think young men want politeness; doll writers think all readers do not appreciate the most brilliant wit. Old men can see nothing to admire in the present days, yet former days were not better. It is they who have become worse.

JANE EYRE—A moral casay of almost any length could be written on your question; but as you are yet young, and not likely so well sequainted with the ways of the world as you may be, we will say to you what the Hindeo priest says when about to bestow a name on an infant. "Little babe, thou enterest the world weeping, when all around thee smile; contrive to live that thou mayst depart in smiles, while all around thee weep." Remember this and thank us for it.

for it.

HERMAN.—Practice and study alone can accomplish it, and
its consequence cannot be too highly considered. Few, indeed, can appreciate the real extent and importance of the
influence which language has always exercised on human
affairs; it is, therefore, of the utmost consequence that strict
accuracy should regulate our use of it, and that every one
should sequire the habit as well as the power, of expressing
his thoughts with clearness and correctness.

his thoughts with clearness and correctness.

Heraldus.—There are three kings-at-arms in England—Garter, Clarencieux, and Norroy. The first is styled principal king, and the other two, provincial kings, because their duties are confined to the provinces. The name Clarencieux is said to be derived from Clarence, brother of Henry

V., first king-at-arms for the south of Engiand; that of Norroy (Norman Franch for northern king) is self-explanatory. There is also a Lyon king-at-arms for Scotland, as well as an Ulster king-at-arms for Ireland, whose duties are nearly analogous to those of England. The origin of the office is involved in obscurity.

S.—All mansions inhabited by dukes and nobles in are called palaces.

D. F.—Read "Hallam's Introduction to the Literature of -We should think she is, provided you are T. SIMPLETS.-

both enamoured of each other. G. H.—If she loves and respects you truly, she will not insist on going to dancing parties with other young men absinst your wish.

Francis.—The ryots are the cultivators of the soil in Hindostan.

M. A. P.—Lampblack is the soot obtained by the imper-fect combustion of resin of turpentine; this is burned in chambers hung with old sacking, upon which the smoke collects, and is from time to time scraped off. It contains about 20 per cent of peculiar resinous products, water, and

saline matter.

Della—It has always been a subject of investigation. In the library of the British Museum there is a book printed in Low Dutch, containing upwards of sixty specimens of paper, made of different materials, the result of one man's experiments alone, so far back as the year 1772.

Bek. Randolfi.—The reason is, that in old age the pupil of the eye becomes flat, and the rays of light are consequently not refracted sufficiently in passing through it to meet on the 'retina and produce distinct vision. The defect is remedied by a convex lens, which produces a slight convergency of the rays before they onter the eye.

Henn Ross.—Four swords are used at the coronation of a British Sovereign. I. The sword of state, properly so called. 2 The cartance (from curius shortened), the sword of mercy, which is pointless. 8 The sword of spiritual justice. 4 The sword of temporal justice. These three are carried before the sovereign, and he is girt with the first.

JAME DAMLING has kindly sent us some of her poetical flusions upon subjects of an extremely happy and appropri-te kind, and as the verse in which they are composed is rell adapted to give a pleasing effect to them, we select the following:

THE OLD FAMILIAE HEARTH.

THERE'S no spot so dear, so full of cheer,
In all this wide, wide earth,
As the place where we play'd and in childhood
stray'd— The old familiar hearth.

How light and free, how full of glee
Was all our youthful mirth;
As with merry sound we gather'd round
That dear old family hearth.

A mother's face still haunts the place Old Time has left so dearth; And with list'ning ear her step I hear, Upon the dear old hearth.

With tear-dimm'd eye and deep-drawn sigh, I quit the place of my birth; And though ills may beset, can I ne'er forcet I quit the place of my birth: And though ills may beset, can I ne'er forget The dear old family hearth.

ALE.—Your stanzas are very pretty, but the verses of which they are composed are entirely out of measure. To write even tolerable verse requires great practice, whilst to write poetry, properly so called, necessitates a combination of mental faculties possessed by comparatively few. F. D.—The force which retains the planets in their orbits is the attraction of the sun; and if they were acted upon by no other force, the laws of Kepler would be accurately observed, and the elements of their orbits would remain invariable.

D. G.—1. No. 2. The Remiges are the quill feathers of the wings of a bird, which, like oars, propel it through the

AREL—Reis Effendi is not a man's name; but the name given to one of the chief officers of Turkey. He is chancellor of the empire and minister of foreign affairs, in which capa-city he negotiates with the ambassadors and interpreters of

foreign nations.

RICHARD MARKS.—The difference between a reliquary and a case is, that the former is smaller in dimensions and contains only fragments of things; whilst the latter, in many instances, contains entire bodies. They are both, however receptacles for the relics venerated in Roman Catholic character.

churches.

COMAD MION AND ISHMAEL WORTH.—We thank our correspondents for their "testimonial." We like to know that we have such ardent admirers and energetic supporters; and, without being egotistical, we think that The Loxnox Readen has well carned the patronage which, we are proud to say, it is receiving from the public. The illustration, No. 2 of the "Shakespeare Gallery," is in preparation, and will be presented shortly.

FLORA GREY.—The case of MISERABLE CHARLIE, FLORA CHEY.—The case of MISERABLE CHARLE, who cannot (as he says,) "do anything right," has awakened more sympathy amongst our lady readers than we anticipated. FLORA thinks she would just suit him; she is 5 f.6 fin, has dark halr and eyes, and her friends tell her she is rather good-looking; she has no fortune, and can only offer a loving heart." Will not this render MISERABLE CHARLE happ

happy?

J. O. has also taken compassion on MISERABLE CHARLE, (who really ought to be a happy dog). This young lady says: I am about the middle height, am not fair, nor yet very dark; I am twenty-two years of age, am a good house-keeper, and can promise to make a good and loving partner for MISERABLE CHARLE, and should be most happy to exchange cartes-de-visite.

exchange covies-de-cusic.

A. S.—A retainer or retaining fee, in the language of the bar, is a fee given to a counsel to secure his services, or rather, as it has been said, to prevent the opposite side from engaging them. A special retainer is for a particular case expected to come on. A general retainer is given by a party desirous of securing a priority of claim on the counsel's services for any case which he may have in any opent which

that counsel attends. The effect of it is morely this—that it a counsel, having a general retainer, receives a special retainer on the other side, he cannot accept it until twenty-four hours after notice shall have been given of its arrival to the party so generally rotaining him; when, if he does not receive a brief or a special retainer from the latter, he is bound to accept it.

PSILANDER.—We never heard of a hospital of the kind and do not believe that any such institution exists in London or anywhere else in England.

J. H. C.—Yes; consult a Directory. Your writing is good, ut needs practice.

LEFATIER JENSY Will by this time have been gratified with the re-appearance of her favourise tale.

MARION M. wants a seafaring man for a husband, because she thinks they are possessed of the most affectionate hearts.

hearts.

Thosas Jeweins.—It is not safe to remove it, and as it is not unbecoming a man, and a general sign of health, we advise you to let it grow.

P. D.—No man can be an authority against fact. In the case to which you refer, even Milton's cannot be taken as indisputable. Thus, in his "Paradise Loss," the word Michael is used six times as of three syllables, but eighteen times, as a word of two only.

W. C. S., who is twenty-eight years of age, wishes to correspond or exchange carles-de-tritle with A. E. C. with a view to matrimony. His height is 5 ft. 8 in, is good-looking, and has a pleasant address.

Bella Informs all and sundry bachelors that she feels

Brill informs all and sundry bachelors that she feels very lonely, and would be glad to meet with a fond and loving husband. In height she is 5 ft, has golden hair, large dark eyes, every fair complexion, and is seventeen years of age. Bella ends the list of her attractions by stating that she has an income of 2200 per annum. That being so, we think she will not sigh very long in "single blessedness."

thinks ane will not sight very tong in "sangle blessedness."
Minnie would be most happy to correspond with Cax.
BRIAN; she is still, has received a plain education, is very
fond of home, and by most of her friends considered goodlooking; she has auburn hair, blue eyes, red full lips, white
teeth, roay cheeks, and fair complexion, and possesses, what
MINNIE rightly says she values most of all, a charming

Minnis rightly says are temper.

Bett. Where places her own personal advantages in rivalry with those of Gentus, and asks us to decide "who is the best-looking." Bett. "is tall and stout, with dark hair, hazel eyes, good teeth, regular features, and a great deal of colour." whilst "Gentus is tall and stout, with bine eyes, light hair, and also a good deal of colour." But, has placed us on the horns of a difference and we cannot decide her question. Fersonal beauty is in a great degree matter of culting.

question. Personal beauty is in a great degree matter of opinion.

San Goon.—We can give you no other or better prescription for toothache than that already given, but offer for your benefit and that of others, a remedy recommended in the Lance, in which a writer says; "Some time ago I tried the application of a small piece—about the size of a pin's head—of sick caustic (nitrate of siver) in the hollow of a decayed tooth from which I was suffering extreme pain. The pain instantly ceased on the caustic touching the nerve; and though it returned in 24 hours, it again ceased entirely after a similar application. If gum-holls, however, accompany the toothache, this remedy will be ineffectual, in that case the diseased part is on the outside of the tooth, and therefore the application; of caustic can do no good." The back numbers of This Losdon Reader have been regimed, and can be obtained by order from any newswendor, or from the publisher at the office.

Communications Reterved.—Le. W. Le, who wants an in-

back numbers of Tix Laxdor Reader have been regrinted, and can be obtained by order from any newardor, or from the publisher at the office.

Communications Receiver.—L. W. L., who wants an introduction to a young gentleman not younger than twenty-eight, and in a good way of business. She is of a lively disposition, and can make herself both agreeable and useful —Medical and a size of the country life, none need make application for her fair hand but farmers. Her personal appearance must be mach beyond the merely passable, for she says that she is "a next, steady girl, with dark brown hair and eyes and roy theolosis." Having said this much of herself, she addresses the editor, and says that, if he can help her to select a good husband, she will "send him a good-sized piece of the wedding-cake," with which sign of her gratitude the editor would be greatly delighted—Edwirs and William with the "the ladies of Doncaster, generally speaking, are such firig"—the editor can hardly credit this—"that it is impossible for respectable young men to obtain suitable wires from amongst them." They therefore wish introductions to the ladies of another quarter. They are both of moderately good looks—E. C. Manning, verses received—Luzziz wishes to correspond with Ernest. She is only seventeen, and very good-looking—Alice M. wishes to correspond with a steady young man. She is in her twentieth year, and is 5 feet inches high, slightly formed, with brown hair and blue eyes M. A. wishes to open as correspondence with some of our fair subscribers with a view to a matrimonial alliance—A. T. W.—Luzza would like to know more of S. S.—LOVING Lidde is highly connected, but without a fortune. She is both good-looking and lady-like, and wishes an introduction to some dark and tall young gentleman, about twenty-two years of age; she is inneteen.—ELLA is without fortune, but would vish to correspond with H. Graham, and although of passable appearance, can boses of far more sterling qualities—A. Native of Schlesswick-Holstein.

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Author of

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